

WILLY WONKA

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

MAY YOU FIND
A GOLDEN TICKET

1/11/71

Roald Dahl

THIRD DRAFT SCREENPLAY
ROALD DAHL
7/10/70

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Page 11 partially obscured

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY1 INT. A COMMERCIAL CHOCOLATE FACTORY

A series of CLOSE SHOTS of a candy-making process, impressionistic, brightly colored: swirling chocolate, bubbling toffee, stuff oozing out of nozzles, pouring into moulds, machinery slicing, shaping, wrapping... And OVER all this

MAIN TITLES2 EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON (Autumn)

BOYS and GIRLS (ages 7 to 12) explode out of school at end of day.

3 EXT. BILL'S CANDY STORE - AFTERNOON

Name over store, "BILL'S CANDY STORE." A small shop. Single window is plastered with slogans: LARGEST STOCK OF CANDY IN TOWN... ALL WONKA'S CHOCOLATES... FICKELGRUBER'S FUDGES... SLUGWORTH'S BOILED SWEETS... SLUGWORTH'S PATENT PASTILLES... CHILDREN rush the narrow entrance, jostling to get in.

4 INT. BILL'S CANDY STORE - AFTERNOON

MR. BILL, CHILDREN

CHILDREN

(holding out coins,
overlapping)

Mr. Bill!... Please Mr. Bill!...
A Wonka Triple Cream Bar!... Mr.
Bill!... Mr. Bill! A Green Dragon!
... A Fickelgruber Juicy Bar!...

BILL dances back and forth, arms flashing, fingers deftly lifting the chocolates from the shelves.

BILL

All right, all right! One Triple
Cream Cup for Christopher... A
Squelchey Snorter for Otis... One
Sizzler for Pretty June-Marie.
And listen! Wonka's got a new one
today! The Scrumdillyumptious Bar!
It's a knock-out! You want to try it?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

LITTLE BOY
(struggling with
the word)

Scrum... biblyunctions Bar! How
does he do it?

BILL

My boy, do we ask a fish how it
swims? Or a bird how it flies?
No siree, they do it 'cause they
were born to do it. Like Willie
Wonka... He was born to be a
CANDY MAN.

Chorus:

WHO CAN TAKE A SUNRISE,
SPRINKLE IT WITH DEW,
COVER IT IN CHOCOLATE
AND A MIRACLE OR TWO?
THE CANDY MAN
THE CANDY MAN CAN.

THE CANDY MAN CAN
COS HE MIXES IT WITH LOVE
AND MAKES THE WORLD TASTE GOOD.

WHO CAN TAKE A RAINBOW,
WRAP IT IN A SIGH,
SOAK IT IN THE SUN
AND MAKE A STRAWBERRY LEMON PIE?
THE CANDY MAN
THE CANDY MAN CAN.

THE CANDY MAN CAN
COS HE MIXES IT WITH LOVE
AND MAKES THE WORLD TASTE GOOD.

THE CANDY MAN MAKES
HEAVEN-ANGEL CAKES!
SATISFYING AND DELICIOUS!
TALK ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD WISHES!
BOY, YOU EVEN EAT THE DISHES!

WHO CAN TAKE TOMORROW,
DIP IT IN A DREAM,
SEPARATE THE SORROW
AND COLLECT UP ALL THE CREAM?
THE CANDY MAN
THE CANDY MAN CAN.

THE CANDY MAN CAN
COS HE MIXES IT WITH LOVE
AND MAKES THE WORLD TASTE GOOD.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

AND THE WORLD TASTES GOOD
COS THE CANDY MAN
THINKS IT SHOULD.

5 INT. CANDY STORE WINDOW (From inside looking out) -
AFTERNOON

CHARLIE is staring through the glass, nose pressed close.
He is small and skinny and wears perhaps a home-knitted
much-darned jersey and short pants.

6 OMITTED

7 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NEWSPAPER KIOSK - AFTERNOON

CHARLIE, NEWSPAPER MAN, PEDESTRIANS
NEWSPAPERMAN (MR. JOPECK) is elderly, warm-hearted
despite gruffness.

CHARLIE
Hi, Mr. Jopeck.

MR. JOPECK
Come along, boy, you're late...

MR. JOPECK picks up bundle of evening papers. CHARLIE
takes a big newspaper SATCHEL with EVENING RECORD written
on it. He holds satchel open while MR. JOPECK puts news-
papers into it.

CHARLIE
It's pay-day, Mr. Jopeck.

Mr. Jopeck takes two coins from tin, places them in
Charlie's hand. Latter continues to hold out hand.

CHARLIE
(continuing)
You promised me three.

MR. JOPECK
(indicating
empty tin)
Two's all I've got...
(Charlie
crestfallen)
Wait!
(he points up
in air)
I think there's another coming!
... here it comes!...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

His pointing finger follows imaginary coin through the air until suddenly, right in front of Charlie's face, the finger and thumb make a grab and pick a coin out of the air.

MR. JOPECK
(continuing)

There!

Charlie accepts it, laughing.

MR. JOPECK
Off you go now. Say hello to
your Grandpa Joe...

8 EXT. STREET

CHARLIE throwing newspaper into one doorway, then another.

9 CHARLIE AT GATE OF LARGE HOUSE - OLD LADY

RICH OLD LADY with garden basket in hand, is picking roses. CHARLIE, from street, tosses rolled up newspaper high in air, aiming carefully. CUT TO OLD LADY in garden as newspaper lands neatly in her basket. She jumps, looks round...

10 EXT. STREET

One more normal delivery.

11 OMITTED

12 EXT. STREET - A NORMAL DELIVERY

13 ANOTHER HOUSE - GREEK STATUE NEAR FRONT DOOR

NAKED VENUS, one hand outstretched before her. CHARLIE runs up, places half-open newspaper in her hand in such a way it looks exactly as though she's reading it...

13A EXTERIOR

Charlie's rapid gait falters as he enters the darkened corridor of a pedestrian tunnel; his eyes widening, and footsteps becoming slower as he is ungulfed in the echo of its deepening gloom. We HEAR an audible gulp, and with a sudden burst of speed, he races into the safety of light on the other side.

14 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

CHARLIE still running, is out in the country now. SATCHEL is empty of newspapers but has a bulge in it. Suddenly he stops. He is gazing across the road. Road is deserted. It is growing darker. A MIST has come down.

15 EXT. WONKA FACTORY - CHARLIE'S POV - DUSK

The immense FACTORY looms out of the MIST. Massive IRON gates extend across the entrance. Tall CHIMNEYS belch smoke. But not a soul is in sight, not a house nearby, and an air of mystery hangs over the mighty building. Above the gates, in enormous letters, we can just make out the word: WONKA.

16 CHARLIE

Watching, spellbound. Slowly he crosses street to the gates. He stands peering through the bars.

17 EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DUSK

One by one, lights come on the tallest CHIMNEY so that it spells out the word WONKA. First W... O... then N... K... A.

18 EXT. FACTORY GATES - DUSK AND MIST

CHARLIE is gripping the bars of the gates, pushing his small face through a gap in the bars, staring up at the factory windows.

19
thru OMITTED
21

22 EXT. FACTORY GATES - DUSK

CHARLIE is still staring at the factory windows.

STRANGE SOFT VOICE (off)
Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushing glen...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE turns, sees TINKER.

STRANGE SOFT VOICE
(continuing)
... We dare not go a'hunting
for fear of little men...

TINKER is standing behind CHARLIE, half-shrouded in mist. He has with him his TINKER'S HANDCART, a lovely contraption festooned with brass balls and brass rails. TINKER, as he speaks the last line, is staring up at factory windows. Then he looks at CHARLIE. CHARLIE, gripping the rails of the iron gates, stares back at the stranger. He is a bit frightened. There is something unreal about this man and his cart. He is perhaps not quite of this world. A brief SILENCE. Then...

TINKER
(very slowly)
You see... nobody ever goes in...

TINKER looks at the huge gates. CHARLIE the same.

23 GATES - CLOSE SHOT

Rusty padlocks and bolts.

TINKER'S VOICE (off)
... And nobody ever comes out...

24 CHARLIE

He turns, but already TINKER is moving away into the mist, pushing his cart, a little jingly sound attending him as he goes.

25 EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

CHARLIE in f.g. hurrying home. FULL establishing shot of HOUSE in b.g.

26 INT. COTTAGE - GRANDPARENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

MRS. BUCKET, GRANDPA JOE, GRANDMA JOSEPHINE, GRANDPA GEORGE, GRANDMA GEORGINA
Naked light bulb. Utter poverty. Miserable FIRE in hearth. MRS. BUCKET is stirring a pot of soup over the fire. The FOUR OLD GRANDPARENTS are all together in the double bed, GEORGE and GEORGINA at one end, JOE and JOSEPHINE at the other.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

These four are very old indeed. GRANDPA GEORGE is too old to speak. All have one thing in common, an abiding love for CHARLIE. GRANDPA GEORGE and GRANDMA GEORGINA are asleep, SNORING. The other two are awake, alert.

GRANDPA JOE

He's late.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

That paper round's real hard for a little boy at the end of a long day.

GRANDPA JOE

I just wish I had the strength to get out of this rotten old bed and help him.

MRS. BUCKET

He's never even seen you out of bed!... Come to that, he's never seen any of you out of bed.

MRS. BUCKET has begun to serve the soup; placing the first bowl on GRANDPA JOE'S BEDSIDE TABLE... when suddenly, Charlie bursts into the room.

CHARLIE

Hi, everybody!

Room comes suddenly alive. Charlie kisses his mother "hello," while Grandpa Joe prods the snoring ones into wakefulness.

GRANDPA JOE

(prodding)

Up'n at 'em! Everybody out for roll call!

As they grudgingly stir, Charlie moves along the bed, politely greeting each with a peck on the cheek, as he speaks their names. "Grandma Georgina, Grandpa George, Grandma Josephine... and Grandpa Joe." For the last, there is a special tone of voice, and it is obvious that Charlie and Grandpa Joe in particular share a strong affection.

CHARLIE

(to GRANDPA JOE,
looking at soup)

This your supper, Grandpa?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (1A)

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

It's yours, too!

CHARLIE

I'm fed up with cabbage water!

It's not enough!

(sudden silence;
shock; all stare
at him)

What about this!

He produces long loaf of bread from newspaper satchel,
holds it high, triumphant.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. BUCKET

Gracious child, where'd you get that?

CHARLIE

It's my first pay-day! We're going to have a feast!

GRANDPARENTS AND

MRS. BUCKET

(thrilled)

Well done, my boy!... Good for you!... etc.

CHARLIE

Here's what's left...

(he holds out change to Mrs. Bucket)

... Keep it, mother...

(he tips change into Mrs. Bucket's hand)

Except for this...

(he picks out one small coin, turns to Grandpa Joe)

From now on I'm going to pay for your tobacco, Grandpa!

GRANDPA JOE

No one's paying it! I'm giving it up!

EVERYONE

Oh no, you're not!... Don't be silly!... It's only one pipe a day!...

GRANDPA JOE

I've no right buying tobacco when we can't even buy decent food! I'm through with smoking!

CHARLIE

Go on, Grandpa, please take it...

He puts coin on bedside table. GRANDPA JOE mutters, is much moved.

27 INT. BEDROOM OF MRS. BUCKET AND CHARLIE - NIGHT

A miserable small room, dark. Two mattresses on floor. CAMERA PANS first to MRS. BUCKET'S mattress.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

She is there, asleep. PAN now to CHARLIE's mattress. The bedclothes have been pushed back and the bed is empty.

28 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA EXPLORES the dark room. GRANDPA GEORGE and GRANDMA GEORGINA are asleep at one end of the bed. GRANDMA JOSEPHINE is asleep at the other end. But GRANDPA JOE is awake, leaning over the bed, close to CHARLIE, in under-pants, who is crouching on the floor by GRANDPA JOE, a blanket over his shoulders. Both speak in WHISPERS.

CHARLIE

... But the Tinker said that no one ever...

GRANDPA JOE

(interrupting with excitement, his face hazed with melodrama)

... And right he was. Never a man has gone in or out since the tragic day Wonka locked it.

(hunching his shoulders with intrigue, he gladly spins the yarn again)

I can remember when Willy Wonka was the undisputed King of candy. But suddenly, all the other chocolate-makers in the world started sending in spies dressed up as workers to steal Mr. Wonka's secret recipes... especially Slugworth!... Oh, that Slugworth! He was a terror! In the end everything the Slugworth factory made was a Wonka invention, stolen by spies!.... And Mr. Willy Wonka shouted, "I shall be ruined! Close the factory!"... And that's just what he did!... He locked the gates! ... The factory went dead!... Mr. Wonka vanished completely!... Then suddenly, about three years later, the most amazing thing happened! ... All at once, the factory was working again! But the gates stayed locked! Nobody went in! Nobody came out!

(MORE)

(CONT INUED)

28 CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE (cont'd)
And yet... it was working full blast!
And it's been working ever since,
for the last fifteen years... And
the most magical inventions started
coming out! New ones every week!
Better than ever before! But from
then on, nobody could steal them!
Not even Slugworth! That's been
driving him crazy! All the others,
too!

CHARLIE
But Grandpa... someone must be
helping Mr. Wonka work the factory
... it's enormous!

GRANDPA JOE
Thousands must be helping him!

CHARLIE
But who? Who are they?

GRANDPA JOE
That, my boy, is the biggest mystery
of them all!

29 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. TURKENTINE, the teacher, is warm-hearted, crazy,
eccentric. He stands before the class beside a bench
containing bottles, glass jars, chemistry equipment, and
squinting his eyes, he surveys the class.

TURKENTINE
Let's see, let's see...
(pointing)
Charlie Bucket?

CHARLIE
Yes, Mr. Turkentine.

TURKENTINE
I shall need an assistant. Come
and give me a hand.

Charlie leaves desk, joins Mr. Turkentine. Latter regards
him closely.

MR. TURKENTINE
(continuing; regarding
Charlie closely)
You look rotten, Charlie, pale and
rotten...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

MR. TURKENTINE (cont'd)

Eat a big breakfast, that's what
I do. Sets you up for the day.
Now then...

(pointing to bottles)

We have here nitric acid...
sulphuric acid... and glycerine.
Mixed in the wrong way they make
nitro-glycerine. Horrible dangerous
stuff. Blow you up. But mixed in
the right way, as we shall do it...
What do you think they make?

CHARLIE

(sniffing the vial,
and recoiling)

Rotten eggs?

MR. TURKENTINE

No, but you're close. Mixed in
the right way, they make the finest
wart-remover in the world.

CHARLIE

(looking at
teacher's hands)

You have warts, Mr. Turkentine?

MR. TURKENTINE

Yes, but I left them at home.
Remind me to bring them in tomorrow.
Now then, the trick is to pour all
three of these ingredients in at the
same time... You take the sulphuric.
I'll take the nitric and glycerine.

They unstopper the bottles and get ready to pour into a
glass beaker.

MR. TURKENTINE

Good boy... you ready?

(Charlie nods)

Right. Here we go. Pour!

They pour. There is a tremendous explosion and a cloud of
dense yellow smoke. Class cheers. Through the smoke, we
see Charlie laughing, Mr. Turkentine smiling, unruffled.

CHARLIE

Your warts must be bigger'n
elephants!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

We hear the sudden SOUND of commotion in the corridor outside. Shouts, then running footsteps... and it grows louder.

MR. TURKENTINE

What on earth's going on out there?

CHARLIE

Maybe the school's on fire.

30 ANGLE ON DOOR

MR. TURKENTINE crosses to door, opens it. Through it we see children rushing down corridor.

MR. TURKENTINE

You. Winkelman! What's happening?

WINKELMAN

(FAT BOY from earlier
scene, popping head
through door, breath-
less, excited)

Willy Wonka is opening his factory.
He's going to let people in!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

WINKELMAN (cont'd)
It's on the radio! And truckloads
of chocolate! He's giving it away!

MR. TURKENTINE
(equally excited)
When? Now?

31 CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

WINKELMAN (off)
No no! It's only for five people!
He's hidden five Golden Tickets
inside five candy-bars...

32 BACK TO SCENE

WINKELMAN
(continuing)
... and the people who find them
... they'll be the lucky ones!

He turns to go.

MR. TURKENTINE
Where's everyone... rushing to?

WINKELMAN
(as he rushes out)
To buy Wonka bars!

MR. TURKENTINE
(dashing out)
Class dismissed!

Entire class makes for the door, pushing and shouting.
Suddenly the room is empty save for CHARLIE. He stands
for a moment, then walks slowly out.

33 GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

FOUR GRANDPARENTS (IN BED), CHARLIE
All are watching or trying to watch TV. The TV set is
pure Rube Goldberg, possibly an enormous cabinet with a
tiny picture in middle and a huge horn-type speaker on top.
Picture is so small that viewer has to get within 12 inches
to see anything. Therefore only one or two can watch at a
time. Set is possibly slung on a wire and pulley from
ceiling and can be moved across bed from one grandparent
to the other.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

(NOTE: Establish presence of TV set in earlier scenes but do not identify.) Great excitement in room. GRANDPA JOE is peering close to screen. CHARLIE is right alongside.

FULL SHOT of room first. Then throughout scene, CLOSE SHOTS of GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE, OTHERS and also of the crummy little TV SCREEN.

Crackly TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE is continuous with only sentence pauses. Comments of those in room overlap slightly, but come mostly during the sentence pauses.

TV ANNOUNCER

... Already, only two hours after Mr. Willy Wonka made his extraordinary announcement, long queues are beginning to form outside chocolate shops and candy stores all over the world! Everybody wants one of those Golden Tickets!... Everybody wants to see inside that mysterious factory... The news that the mythical Mr. Wonka is himself going to conduct the winners around and show them the wonders of his establishment has increased the excitement to fever pitch!

GRANDMA GEORGINA
They're all dotty!

GRANDPA JOE
Sssssshh! Listen!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
It's our turn to look!

GRANDMA GEORGINA
Come on, Joe, you've had long enough!

GRANDPA JOE
The man's brilliant!
He'll sell a billion bars!

And listen to this, folks!
At the end of the tour,
each Golden Ticket holder
will be given enough
chocolate and candy to last
him the rest of his life!
How about that!.....

GRANDPA JOE
They'll have to
deliver it in trucks!

GRANDMA GEORGINA
It makes me quite ill
to think of it!

GRANDPA JOE
Listen!

Hold it: Here's a flash
coming up! Hold everything!
The First Golden Ticket
has just been found! In
Germany! We're taking you
now straight over to our
Eurovision network for a
full report!

34

INT. GERMAN RESTAURANT - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

MR. GLOOP, MRS. GLOOP, AUGUSTUS GLOOP, 1 BROTHER, 3 SISTERS. TV CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, GUESTS (at other tables).

All members of the GLOOP FAMILY are fantastically FAT. They are seated around a table piled with food - pigs knuckles, sauerkraut, knockwurst, the lot eating voraciously. MEN are thrusting MIKES in front of various members of the GLOOP family, who continue to eat. They are as unconcerned as cattle. Go CLOSE now on TV ANNOUNCER.

GERMAN TV ANNOUNCER

(strong accent)

A proud day this is for the people of Dusselheim! The first Wonka Golden Ticket has been discovered here by the son of our most prominent pork butcher in Dusselheim!... His name - Augustus Gloop! The Gloop family is at this very moment, celebrating the boy's victory in typical cheerful fashion.

AUGUSTUS AND REPORTERS

1ST REPORTER

(AMERICAN - with mike)

How's it make you feel, Augustus, to be the first Golden Ticket finder?

AUGUSTUS

(eating)

Hungry.

1ST REPORTER

Any other feelings?

AUGUSTUS

Feel sorry for Wonka. Gonna cost him a fortune in fudge.

MR. GLOOP AND REPORTERS

MR. GLOOP, holding a SPARERIB in both hands, has just stripped it to the bone. He lays it down on his plate.

2ND REPORTER

(thrusting mike under Mr. Gloop's nose)

Mr. Gloop...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

MR. GLOOP
(taking mike)
Thanks...

He bites the head off the mike, chews it unflinchingly.

MRS. GLOOP AND REPORTERS

1ST REPORTER
(with mike)
Mrs. Gloop.

No response. She goes on eating.

3RD REPORTER
(with mike,
joining them)
Would you care to say a few words
to the television audience, Mrs.
Gloop?

Primping, patting her hair, with knife and fork still in
hands, mouth full of food:

MRS. GLOOP
... I just knew Augustus would
find a Golden Ticket!

AUGUSTUS AND 1ST WAITER (SLUGWORTH) - CLOSE SHOT

SLUGWORTH is bending close to AUGUSTUS and piling sauer-
kraut onto his plate. His lips are moving.

MRS. GLOOP (off)
(continuing with-
out pause)
... Eating's his hobby, you know.
We encourage him. He wouldn't
do it unless he needed the
nourishment, would he? It's all
vitamins, anyway.

GROUP AT TABLE

MRS. GLOOP
(continuing)
Waiter! More knockwurst!

1ST WAITER (SLUGWORTH) still bending over AUGUSTUS.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

1ST REPORTER
(to Mrs. Gloop)
I imagine it's pretty exciting
for him to be visiting the Wonka
factory?

MRS. GLOOP
(piling on knockwurst)
For him? Naw. He could eat the
whole place for dessert.

35 INT. NURSERY - DAY

SMALL BOY (5) is on floor bashing furiously but unsuccessfully at his Piggy Bank with a SMALL HAMMER...

36 EXT. ITALIAN CANDY STORE - DAY

CROWDS pushing, shouting to get in. Italian name on store. WONKA stickers on windows.

37 EXT. JAPANESE CANDY STORE - DAY

as above, but Japanese.

38 EXT. DESERT ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Tents, camels, Arabs. A small TIN HUT (general store). ARABS fighting to reach counter, shouting in Arabic with WONKA clearly audible.

39 INT. NURSERY - DAY

SMALL BOY still bashing away at his Piggy Bank but with LARGER HAMMER. Small hammer on floor beside him. Still no success.

40 INT. DIRECTORS LUNCH-ROOM - DAY

SIX MEN at table.

BUTLER
(with tray)
Port or brandy, sir?

MAN
Port.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

BUTLER fills his glass then produces what looks like a CIGAR BOX. He opens it, offers it to MAN who helps himself, deadpan... to ONE WONKA BAR.

41 INT. CONFECTIONARY DEPARTMENT

A high-class GERMAN Department Store. A crazy bearded PROFESSOR is demonstrating a ridiculous MACHINE slung over his shoulders to a CROWD of expensively-dressed people.

PROFESSOR

(German accent)

Whenever this powerful mechanical arm comes near anything that has gold inside it, wham, it shoots out and grabs it! Thus, in five seconds we shall see if there is a Golden Ticket hiding inside these ten thousand bars...

A huge stack of WONKA BARS on counter. Mechanical arm hovers over them. The CROWD presses closer. Tense silence. Then the ARM swings away and hovers above an overdressed WOMAN in crowd. ARM approaches WOMAN'S face. WOMAN opens her mouth and SCREAMS. ARM shoots into her mouth. WOMAN falls back into crowd. Crowd pulls WOMAN. PROFESSOR pulls machine. SHRIEKS rise to crescendo as ARM jerks free, gripping (CLOSE SHOT) a large gold-filled tooth.

PROFESSOR

(continuing)

It's just what I said! Anything with gold in it!

CROWD

Duchess, oh my God, duchess!
Are you all right?....

42 INT. NURSERY - DAY

SMALL BOY now has SLEDGE HAMMER. He swings it, smashes Piggy Bank. COINS spill out. MOTHER comes in.

MOTHER

Wilfred, what are you doing?

BOY

Want to buy Wonkas.

43 EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE RADIO STORE - DAY

An excited CROWD in front of RADIO STORE. CAMERA picks out CHARLIE, carrying satchel on his way home from school. CHARLIE edges through CROWD to see what's going on.

44 WINDOW OF SMALL RADIO STORE - CHARLIE'S POV

TWO TV SETS are relaying the same program. Through the window-glass the TV sound comes to us quite audibly. Picture on all screens is:

45 EXT. MR. BEAUREGARDE'S USED-CAR LOT - DAY

In b.g. a collection of the most dreadful broken-down used cars imaginable. Notices on them such as A STEAL AT \$399.50. A STREAMER says: BEAUREGARDE'S AUTO MART. Standing proudly in front of this junk is: MR. BEAUREGARDE, MRS. BEAUREGARDE and VIOLET BEAUREGARDE. MR. B. is worst kind of fast-talking used-car dealer. MRS. B. is a gone-to-seed brassy blonde. VIOLET is a girl of about 12 who CHEWS GUM incessantly. She stands between her parents, the GOLDEN TICKET in hand. On periphery are local REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, etc. INTERVIEWER stands with the BEAUREGARDES, mike in hand. Immediately behind VIOLET, is a MAN in dirty overalls polishing radiator of nearest wreck. We see only his BACK.

INTERVIEWER

(into mike)

Yes, folks, here she is! Miss Violet Beauregarde, the finder of Wonka's Golden Ticket Number Two! ... from Miles City, Montana... and with her, the proud parents. Mr. Beauregarde, a prominent local politician, a great civic leader, a philanthropist...

MR. BEAUREGARDE

(as he grabs

mike, fast)

Sam Beauregarde here, folks. Square-Deal Sam to you with all of today's great give-away bargains and the finest values you'll get anywhere in the en-tire country.

(turning to
nearest car)

Now this little number...

VIOLET

(reaching for
mike)

Cut it out, dad! This is my show!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER

(grabbing mike
from Mr. B)

Thank you, sir!... Violet, would
you care to say a few words to
the nation?

INTERCUT to CLOSE SHOTS of VIOLET where required. Also to
MAN in b.g. who keeps his back turned to us.

VIOLET

(into mike; chew-
ing vigorously)

Sure I will!

(waving Ticket)

Here it is, Golden Ticket Number
Two! It's all mine!

ANNOUNCER

Tell us how it happened, Violet...

VIOLET

... Well, I'm a gumchewer normally,
but when I heard about these ticket
things of Wonka's, I laid off the
gum and switched to candy bars
instead. Now, of course, I'm right
back on gum. I chew it all day
except at mealtimes when I stick it
behind my ear.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

(nudging her)

Violet!

VIOLET

Cool it, mother...

Furtive MAN in b.g. just behind VIOLET now turns his head.
We recognize SLUGWORTH. ZOOM CLOSE on him, then back to
GROUP.

VIOLET

(continuing)

... Now this piece of gum here -
(takes it out,
holds it up)

- is one I've been working on for
three months solid and that's a
world record, it's beaten the
record held by my best friend,
Miss Cornelia Prinzmetal and was
she mad!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

VIOLET (cont'd)
(waving)
Hi, Cornelia! How are you, sweetie?

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(pulling mike
toward him)
Let me just butt in here for one
moment to say if any of you folks
watching are dissatisfied with
your present automobile and want...

ANNOUNCER
(yanking mike away
from Mr. B)
Just a minute, sir!
(to Violet)
Are you excited, Violet, to be
going to the Wonka factory?

46 EXT. STREET - CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

staring at window of radio shop. In b.g. we hear VIOLET'S
VOICE going on and on.

VIOLET (off)
Sure I'm excited. And afterwards
Mr. Wonka's going to give me
enough gum to last me the rest of
my life... Whoopee! Hooray!

47 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - DAY

FOUR GRANDPARENTS, MRS. BUCKET, CHARLIE

ALL ADULTS
... Happy Birthday, Charlie!...
Happy birthday!

MRS. BUCKET
(handing Charlie
parcel wrapped in
brown paper)
There you are, my darling!

CHARLIE
(excited)
Thank you... Thank you! What is
it, I wonder?!

While CHARLIE unwraps parcel, five anxious faces watch
him closely. Out comes a KNITTED SCARF.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

It's terrific!
(wrapping it around
his neck)

MRS. BUCKET

We knitted a bit each, Grandma
Josephine, Grandma Georgina and me...

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I did the end pieces with the
little tassels!

GRANDPA JOE

Here's one from Grandpa George
and me!
(hands Charlie a
small wrapped parcel)

CHARLIE

(ripping paper)
I think I know what this is...
Ah-ha! It is! It's a Wonka! A
Scrumdilyumptious bar!

GRANDPA JOE

(craning forward,
tense, soft-voiced)
Open it up, Charlie! Let's see
the Golden Ticket!

CHARLIE

Oh, Grandpa! Wouldn't that be
fantastic!

GRANDMA GEORGINA

It's impossible.

GRANDPA JOE

Nothing's impossible! Go on,
Charlie. Rip it open! I want to
see the gold glistening underneath!

MRS. BUCKET

(cautioning)
Even if it isn't gold it's still
delicious.

CHARLIE

(aggressive)
I've got the same chance as
anybody else, haven't I?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

GRANDPA JOE
(irrepressible)
You've got more!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
Fifty billion to one!

GRANDPA JOE
Rubbish! Open it up, Charlie!

CHARLIE
Here goes!...

CHARLIE shielding the Wonka Bar with his hands, tears off a corner of the wrapper. The old people sit up in bed, craning their scrawny necks, trying to see. All eyes are on his hands. But the chocolate is cupped inside them, out of sight. Suddenly CHARLIE bends down, peers close.

CHARLIE
(yelling)
I've got it!

GRANDPA JOE
No!

OTHERS
Where?... Where?... Let's see!
I don't believe it!

CHARLIE uncups his hands, tears off the rest of the wrapper and of course there is no Golden Ticket there.

CHARLIE
(with a lump in
his throat, he
smiles bravely)
Fooled you, didn't I? You thought
I really had it.

Silence all around.

GRANDMA GEORGINA
You should never have mentioned
it, Joe! Upsets us all.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

GRANDPA JOE, crestfallen, says nothing.

CHARLIE

Here! Everyone have a bite!

CHARLIE, trying to mask his disappointment with action, starts to break the chocolate bar into pieces and distributes them around, ignoring the protests, "Certainly not!... It's all yours!... Wouldn't dream of it!..."

48 INT. MR. SALT'S PEANUT FACTORY - SHELLING ROOM - DAY

FULL SHOT of LONG PEANUT SHELLING ROOM seen through glass panel of MR. SALT'S office. Office is high above and at one end of the shelling room. FIFTY GIRLS are working at long tables which run full length of room. Mounds of unshelled peanuts have been pushed to back of tables which are now piled with WONKA BARS. GIRLS are tearing wrappers off bars at great speed, then throwing bars and wrappers onto floor. PORTERS are rushing in with more cases labelled WONKA, dumping them on tables, opening them, pouring contents in front of girls. Intense frantic activity. No talk. Across top of glass panel through which we are shooting it says SALT'S SALTED PEANUTS.

49 INT. MR. SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. SALT is English, bulky, nouveau riche with strong accent, probably north country. He is pacing the office, pausing to glare down through glass panel at workers below. Glass has window he can open and shout through. MRS. SALT in corner doing needlepoint on a frame. VERUCA sitting in the huge chair behind the huge desk. Desk is festooned with buttons, telephones, intercoms. INTERCUT between the three in office, with shelling-room often visible in b.g. below.

VERUCA

(shouting)

All right! Where is it? Why haven't they found it?

MR. SALT

(shouting, pleading)

Veruca, sweetheart! I'm not a magician! Give me time!

VERUCA

I want it now! What's the matter with those twerps down there?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

For five days now the entire
flippin' factory's been on the job!
We haven't shelled a peanut in
'ere since Monday! Them girls is
shellin' them flamin' chocolate
bars from dawn to dusk!

VERUCA

Make 'em work nights!

MR. SALT

(rushing to window
in glass panel,
down at workers)

Come along! Come along! Put a
jerk into it or you'll be out on
your bleedin' ears every one of
you. And listen to this! The
first girl as finds that Ticket
gets a one pound note as bonus in
'er pay packet!

VERUCA

They're not even trying! They
don't want to find it! They're
jealous of me!

MR. SALT

I can't push 'em no 'arder,
sweetheart! Nineteen thousand bars
an hour they're shellin'! Seven
'undred and sixty thousand we've
done so far!

VERUCA

(pressing buttons
on desk, throw-
ing phones about)

You promised, Daddy! You promised
I'd have it the very first day!

MRS. SALT

(quiet dangerous
voice from corner)

You're goin' to be very unpopular
around 'ere, 'Enery, if you don't
deliver soon.

VERUCA

(overlapping)

I won't go to school till I have it!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. SALT
(to Mrs. Salt)
I 'ates to see 'er un'appy,
'Enrietta, as much as you do...

VERUCA
I won't leave this room! I won't
talk to you ever again! You're a
rotten mean father! You never give
me anything I want! Never never
never!

MR. SALT
(pleading)
Sweetheart, angel, baby... There's
only three ruddy tickets left in
the 'ole world and the 'ole world's
'untin' for 'em! What the 'ell can
I do?

WOMAN'S VOICE (off)
I've got it!

ALL THREE in office jump, turn toward panel.

50 SHELLING ROOM - FROM ABOVE - DAY

WOMAN
(starting to run)
I've got it, Mr. Salt! Here it is!

51 INT. MR. SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

VERUCA
(leaping up,
rushing out)
About time, too! Give it to me!
I want it!

Mr. Salt rushes to window. Mrs. Salt stays put.

52 SHELLING ROOM - FROM ABOVE - DAY

All SHELLERS, PORTERS, etc. have turned to stare at WOMAN
FINDER now running toward stairway.

VERUCA
(rushing in, inter-
cepting Woman)
Gimme that Ticket!

She grabs it, waves it high!

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

VERUCA
I've got it! It's mine! I've
got a Golden Ticket!

Right alongside VERUCA and WOMAN FINDER a PORTER (SLUGWORTH)
puts down his PACKING CASE and taps VERUCA on shoulder.
ZOOM CLOSE on SLUGWORTH and VERUCA...

53 INT. MR. SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. SALT
(turning from window)
Thank gawd for that!

MRS. SALT
(still doing
needlepoint)
'Appiness is what counts with
children... 'Appiness and 'armony...

54 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

A TRUCK marked WONKA is turning into the gates of
Buckingham Palace.

55 INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

MAN enters, points gun at OLD FELLOW behind counter and
holds out SACK.

MAN
Fill it up.

OLD FELLOW goes to CASH TILL.

MAN
Not that, you bum! Wonkas!

56 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM

SURGEON, NURSES, PATIENT. Tense operation in progress.
NURSE is handing SURGEON the instruments required.
Absolute silence. She hands him SCALPEL. He uses it,
hands it back. She hands him RETRACTOR. He uses it, hands
it back. She hands him FORCEPS. He uses it, hands it
back. She hands him CLAMP. He uses it, hands it back.
She hands him WONKA BAR. He uses it, hands it back.

SURGEON
Ah!
(he rips off wrapping)
Damn!

(CONTINUED)

57 OMITTED

58 INT. WESTERN-STYLE BAR

THREE COWBOYS (John Wayne?) walk in.

WAYNE

(to bartender)

Set 'em up!

BARTENDER reaches under counter, slaps one WONKA BAR in front of each. They tear off wrappers.

59 INT. BOUDOIR - NIGHT

Filthy Peter Arno-type LECHER with white moustache is watching bosomy GIRL excitedly unwrapping large flat gift-wrapped BOX. GIRL stops halfway through and gives LECHER a quick kiss. LECHER signals her to go on and open it. GIRL opens lid and lifts out a magnificent MINK COAT. Anger and disappointment and tears from GIRL who flings COAT AWAY.

LECHER

What's... what's the matter, baby?

GIRL

(collapsing on
chair, sobbing
her heart out)

I thought it was Wonkas...

60 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

THREE GRANDPARENTS are asleep. GRANDPA JOE awake. CHARLIE beside him in pajamas. GRANDPA JOE has WONKA BAR in his hand. All in WHISPERS.

CHARLIE

Grandpa, that money was for tobacco.

GRANDPA JOE

I've given it up, I told you.
Open it, Charlie!

(he pushes chocolate
into Charlie's
hands)

We've got a chance! Two tickets
left... Sit close to me here...
All set... You tear off the first
bit.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(handing it back)
No, you do it. You must.

Bar is pressed back to Grandpa Joe.

CHARLIE
Go on, Grandpa!

GRANDPA JOE
Something's telling me we're going
to strike it lucky this time,
Charlie! I've got a real funny
feeling inside me...

Charlie shivers with excitement.

GRANDPA JOE
Which end shall I do first?

CHARLIE
That corner. Tear off a tiny bit.

GRANDPA JOE
(tearing corner)
Like that?

CHARLIE
Now a bit more.

GRANDPA JOE
You finish it. I... I can't.

CHARLIE
No, Grandpa. You must do it.
Give it a big rip.

GRANDPA JOE
All right. Here goes.

GRANDPA JOE tears off wrapper. No Golden Ticket. They
stare in silence. CHARLIE'S lip begins to quiver.

CHARLIE
(bravely)
Y'know, I bet that Gold Tickets
make the chocolate taste terrible.

GRANDPA JOE puts both arms around him, hugs him tight,
then tighter. CAMERA GOES CLOSE on them both.

61 INT. MIKE TEEVEE'S TV ROOM - DAY

MIKE, MR. TEEVEE, MRS. TEEVEE, CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, ANNOUNCER. Mike watching TV of gangster film. This causes endless sporadic gunfire in b.g.. Mike dressed in western outfit, toy guns in each hand.

ANNOUNCER

(Texas accent)

... That's what I said, friends.
There is only ONE GOLDEN TICKET
LEFT IN THE EN-TIRE WORLD...
Because right here in our own
community of Marble Falls, Texas,
is LUCKY WINNNNER NUMBER FOUR!
Soon to be heard throughout the
universe, his name is MR. MIKE
TEEVEE... a sensitive and gentle
young man who is destined to
receive enough candy to last him
the rest of his life!

MIKE

(watching TV)

Wham! Right in the guts!

62 MIKE'S TV SCREEN (STOCK)

of fierce gangster battle.

63 INT. MIKE'S TV ROOM - GROUP - DAY

ANNOUNCER

Hey, Mike... D'you think we might
turn that thing off just for a
moment?

MIKE

No! Pour it onto 'em. Kill 'em.
Great shot!

MRS. TEEVEE

He doesn't speak until the station
break.

ANNOUNCER

Mike... Please, Mike... The
country would like to hear from
you... The world is waiting...

MIKE

Can't you shuddup! I'm busy!
Boy, what a great show!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

1ST INTERVIEWER

You love to watch TV, Mike?

MIKE

You bet!

TV VOICE (off)

I'm going to kill you, Jackson,
nice and slow.

MIKE

Let him have it, baby!

2ND INTERVIEWER

What about that Golden Ticket,
Mike? That's what we...

MIKE

Hold it! I want to catch the other
channel!

(uses hand-clicker)

1ST INTERVIEWER

You like the killings, eh?

MIKE

What the hell you think life's all
about?

3RD INTERVIEWER (SLUGWORTH) comes INTO FRAME from behind
MIKE's shoulder and holds his microphone forward. ZOOM
CLOSE on his face, then back again.

1ST INTERVIEWER

Suppose you tell us, Mike.

MIKE

(gesturing toward TV)

This is it! This is life! Right
here on the screen!

Mrs. TEEVEE hands TV Guide over to him, but he casts it
aside, picking up his toy guns, one in each hand, which he
starts to shoot at the screen.

MIKE

Wait till I get a real one! A
Colt forty-five! Pop won't let
me have one, will you, Pop?

MR. TEEVEE

Not till you're twelve, son.

64 ESTABLISHING SHOT OF WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON

65 INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, WHITE HOUSE

In this famous office, with its two flags on either side of the desk, the President is on the phone. The RED PHONE.

PRESIDENT

Now, Igor, let's not do anything foolish. My security council has been in session for twenty-four hours, concentrating on this problem.

ANGLE THROUGH OPEN DOOR AT TWELVE MILITARY MEN sitting around an oval table, opening mountains of Wonka Bars as fast as their hands can manage. CUT BACK TO PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT

Right. You can be assured of our utmost concern.

CAMERA PANS DOWN President's arm to reveal his hand ripping open a Wonka Bar in his bottom drawer.

PRESIDENT

Damn. I thought I had it!
(pause)

No, no, Igor, I wasn't talking to you.

66 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - MANAGER, CLIENT

Two suitcases filled with Wonka Bars on desk.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, Mr. Ormerod. Two suitcases of Wonka Bars, is unacceptable as collateral on the loan.

(pause)

Now if you could come up with a third...

67 OMITTED

68 EXT. BACKYARD OF ZUKKER'S LAUNDRY - DUSK

A filthy place. Overflowing garbage cans, litter. Dirty laundry bags. A cat walking delicately amongst it all. No window at back, just a door with peeling paint. CHARLIE, newspaper satchel on shoulder, approaches door, nervously opens it, peers in.

69 INT. ZUKKER'S LAUNDRY, BACK ROOM - DUSK

A hot steamy dirty room. Piles of dirty clothes and underwear in corner. MRS. BUCKET slaving away at STEAM PRESSING MACHINE. She has not heard door open.

CHARLIE

(at door)

Mother...

MRS. BUCKET

(turning, wiping
streaming hair
from face)

Oh, come in, Charlie.

CHARLIE enters, apprehensive. He stares at his mother, waiting. MRS. BUCKET bends down, places her hands gently on CHARLIE's shoulders, speaks to him softly, tenderly. INTERCUT often to CHARLIE's face.

MRS. BUCKET

Now Charlie... listen carefully.
I can't come home tonight... or any
night for quite a while. They've
asked me to change my shift, and
jobs are too hard to find for me to
say 'no.' So that means... well,
it means it's all up to you. You've
got to take care of everybody at
home... get their supper and
everything else they need. Do you
think you can do it?

Charlie nods slowly. A man comes in, dumps more clothes to be pressed on table nearby, goes out.

MRS. BUCKET

The soup's in the pot... All you
have to do is light the fire.

CHARLIE

(nodding)

Yes, Mother...

MRS. BUCKET

(arm around him,
leading him to
open door)

You're going to have to give up
your newspaper round and hurry
straight home now after school.
We can't leave them alone all that
time...

Charlie nods.

70 EXT. BACKYARD OF ZUKKER'S LAUNDRY - DUSK

MRS. BUCKET

(continuing; arm
still around
Charlie)

Oh, I'm so sorry, my darling...

(she kisses him)

... It won't always be like this,
I promise it won't...

CHARLIE

Mother...?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

Yes?

CHARLIE

Will you be home before I go to bed?

MRS. BUCKET

(gently)

No, darling... I'll be very late...
but I'll see you in the morning...

She kisses him once more. Charlie walks slowly away.

MRS. BUCKET'S SONG - "CHEER UP CHARLIE"

THERE, THERE, CHARLIE...
DON'T YOU CRY
YOU GET BLUE - LIKE EVERYONE,
BUT ME AND GRANDPA JOE
CAN MAKE YOUR TROUBLES GO AWAY...
BLOW AWAY... THERE THEY GO.

CHEER UP, CHARLIE -
GIVE ME A SMILE.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SMILE
I USED TO KNOW?
EVEN THOUGH YOUR GRIN
HAS NEVER BEEN A FAT ONE,
WHERE DID THAT ONE GO?

COME ON, CHARLIE -
NO NEED TO FROWN.
DEEP DOWN
YOU KNOW THE WORLD
IS STILL YOUR TOY,
WHEN THE WORLD GETS HEAVY,
NEVER PIT-A-PAT 'EM
UP AND AT 'EM, BOY.

SOME DAY,
SWEET AS A SONG,
CHARLIE'S LUCKY DAY WILL COME ALONG
TILL THAT DAY
YOU GOTTA STAY IN STRONG,
CHARLIE
UP ON TOP IS RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG.

LOOK UP, CHARLIE -
YOU'LL SEE A STAR
JUST FOLLOW IT
AND KEEP YOUR DREAMS IN VIEW.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

PRETTY SOON THE SKY
IS GONNA CLEAR UP, CHARLIE.
CHEER UP, CHARLIE,
DO.

CHEER UP, CHARLIE.
JUST BE GLAD YOU'RE YOU.

70A EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

SONG carries over Charlie walking home.

71 INT. VEGAS GAMBLING CASINO - NIGHT

A row of FRUIT MACHINES. MEN and WOMEN inserting their coins and pulling the handles, non-stop, a look of frenzy on their faces. JAZZ MUSIC LOUD. ZOOM CLOSE on foolish-looking middle-aged WOMAN and her HUSBAND. He puts in a coin. She pulls the handle.

72 WINDOW OF FRUIT MACHINE - CLOSE SHOT

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK, the three BANDS come to a stop. Three tiny WONKA BARS all in a line. BELL RINGS.

73 WOMAN AND HUSBAND

WOMAN
(screaming)
The jack-pot! I got it! I got
the jack-pot!

And out of the machine tumbles a mass of WONKA BARS. WOMAN and HUSBAND are quickly down on their hands and knees, scrabbling unattractively for the loot. PEOPLE are rushing up and crowding in to look.

WOMAN
(on her knees,
sweeping the Wonkas
into a pile with
her hands)
Don't anyone touch them! They're
all mine!...

74 EXT. AIRPORT LANDING STRIP - DAY

In the background a parked Lufthansa passenger plane. Crowd of reporters around bottom of landing platform, where they are interviewing PILOT, as two policemen lead away a handcuffed man.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

PILOT

No, he didn't want to fly to
Cuba... just wanted to hijack
our supply of Wonka bars.

75 LIZ AND BURTON

Wonka bars in jewel case.

76 ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE

Desperate hunt for last ticket.

77 ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE

Desperate hunt for last ticket.

78 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - MONTAGE SCENE - NIGHT

Dim light. THREE GRANDPARENTS asleep, only GRANDPA JOE
awake, lying there watching a dead-tired CHARLIE scrubbing
out saucepan at sink (or alternative chore).

79 ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE

Hunt for ticket.

80 ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE

Hunt for ticket. Embodying, if possible, the spoken phrase,
"My God, I don't believe there is a fifth ticket", or by
a radio announcer, "For three weeks now that fifth elusive
ticket has evaded all... etc." or someone saying, "It's a
Wonka trick! There is no fifth ticket. He just wants to
sell his chocolates" -- Thus we emphasize the passage of
time.

81 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - MONTAGE SCENE - NIGHT

All GRANDPARENTS awake, CHARLIE slicing quarter loaf of
bread into five slices. CHARLIE saying, "It's mother's
pay-day, isn't it, Grandpa... today?"

GRANDPA JOE 'answering', "Not till Saturday, Charlie... "

82 INT. SOUTH AMERICAN TV STUDIO - DAY

NEWSCASTER is an overexcited perspiring South American idiot.

NEWSCASTER

(strong South
American accent)

This is Television Paraguay! We break into this programme with a piece of exclusive tremendous news! It's all over, ladies and gentlemen! It's finished! The end has come! The fifth and last Golden Ticket has just been found ... right here in Paraguay! The finder is Mister M. Bormann! Mr. Bormann who emigrated to this country from Europe some years ago is living in a remote hacienda deep in the jungle. Here...

83 MONITOR SCREEN

Photo of Martin Bormann in armchair in jungle surroundings, using real head of Bormann superimposed on another photo.

NEWSCASTER (off)

(continuing)

... is the most recent picture available of the happy finder, the man who has finally put an end to Wonkamanía throughout the world!...

84 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - NIGHT

FOUR GRANDPARENTS, MRS. BUCKET. All awake, GRANDPA JOE watching the crazy TV set. As scene opens, GRANDPA JOE is switching off TV.

GRANDPA JOE

Well, that's that! No more Golden Tickets!

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Thank the Lord it's all over!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

A lot of rubbish, the whole thing!

GRANDPA JOE

Not to Charlie, it wasn't...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE (cont'd)

It's a fine thing for a little
boy to have something to hope for
in this world...

(angry)

What in God's name's he got to
hope for now?

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Who's going to tell him?

MRS. BUCKET

(starting to
go out)

Don't you dare wake him now! He's
half dead from exhaustion as it
is!

85 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CHARLIE - NIGHT

awake in bed, tears running down his cheeks.

86 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

MRS. BUCKET comes in very quietly, kneels by CHARLIE's bed.
She thinks he's asleep. Very softly she sings:

BRIEF REPRISE OF "CHEER UP, CHARLIE"

87 INT. CHARLIE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Entire class, supervised by MR. TURKENTINE, is arranging
natural history exhibits on shelves around room -- glass
jars of snakes and animals in various stages of dissection.
Live pets in cages -- rabbits, hamsters, guinea pigs,
turtles, white rats, goldfish, tropical fish, etc.

MR. TURKENTINE

Parents, parents, parents! Why do
we have to have Parent's Day?! Why
do we have to have parents?! Do
married men make good husbands?!
Ask your mother next time you see
her!... Anyway, they'll all be here
tomorrow and our job, my little
friends, is to persuade them we know
all about dissecting frogs and how
earthworms have babies... which we
don't, and we don't want to... You
won't let me down, will you?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

CLASS
 (who love him)
 No, Mr. Turkentine!... Never...
 We won't let you down!

MR. TURKENTINE
 Because if you do, I'll get the
 sack and you'll get Mr. Snoddy
 in here teaching you! And he will
force you to dissect these
 frogs... He loves it...

A CHILD
 Mr. Turkentine! The white rats
 are out!

WHITE RATS

Twenty of them scampering all over the floor. CHILDREN
 trying to catch them. A wild scramble.

MR. TURKENTINE
 Leave them loose! It'll liven
 up the proceedings tomorrow...

MADELINE
 My mother faints if she sees a
 mouse!

MR. TURKENTINE
 Splendid!... Here, Charlie, put
 this bowl of fish up there...
 (indicating
 shelf)

CHARLIE takes LARGE BOWL of goldfish and we watch him start
 to climb stepladder. He does so with difficulty. At top
 he DROPS THE BOWL. CRASH. Shouts, extra chaos.

FLOOR - GOLDFISH - CLOSE SHOT

MADELINE, OTHERS kneeling, picking up the flapping fish...
 "Get them in the other bowl quick!" etc.

CHARLIE ON LADDER, MR. TURKENTINE BELOW

CHARLIE
 (leaning on top
 of ladder, all
 spark gone)
 I'm sorry... I... I'm sorry, Mr.
 Turkentine...

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. TURKENTINE
(helping Charlie
down, regarding
him closely)
What's the matter, Charlie?...
You look white as a sheet...

CHARLIE
I'm all right, Mr. Turkentine...
It's just...

MR. TURKENTINE
You are not all right. I think
you better go on home right away
and lie down.
(putting arm
around Charlie,
steering him to
door)
Come along... I noticed you had
no lunch today. That's not good
for growing boys... You tell your
mother I said to feed you up a
bit... Get some good red meat
into you, that's what you need...

88 EXT. SCHOOL - FRONT VIEW - DAY

CHARLIE comes out alone, walking slowly. On the sidewalk,
he turns toward home. CAMERA FOLLOWS him. He passes
PASTRY SHOP.

89 EXT PASTRY SHOP WINDOW - DAY

CHARLIE stops, stares at superb array of PASTRY. He moves
on a pace or two, stops at open door of shop and SNIFFS.
Ummmm! What a lovely smell!... He moves on... CAMERA
FOLLOWS. He turns corner. He is now approaching BILL'S
CANDY STORE.

90 EXT SIDEWALK AND BILL'S CANDY STORE - DAY

CHARLIE, walking, one foot on sidewalk, one on road.
Suddenly, he STOPS DEAD. He has seen something in the
gutter. He bends down. He stares. CAMERA GOES CLOSE
on CHARLIE. He kneels in the gutter, ignoring the looks
of passing pedestrians. CARS flash by inches behind him.
He reaches his skinny hand and arm through the bars of the
grill.

91 LOOKING DOWN THROUGH GRILL - CHARLIE'S POV - DAY

At last we see what he's after... a large SILVER COIN lying in the mud and leaves twelve inches down. We watch his fingers groping for it. Can they reach it... No... yes... up comes his hand with the SILVER COIN.

92 EXT. STREET - CHARLIE, PEDESTRIANS - DAY

CHARLIE gets to his feet. He holds coin in his palm as though it were an emerald. He looks up. CAMERA PANS to follow his gaze...

CHARLIE'S POV

There is Bill's Candy Store, so very close...

EXT. SIDEWALK AND BILL'S CANDY STORE - DAY

Slowly CHARLIE moves toward BILL's store. He gazes in the window, his mouth watering. He hesitates. He looks again at coin in his hand. He turns toward door, pushes it open.

93 INT. BILL'S CANDY STORE - DAY

MR. BILL behind counter, quietly enjoying a small cigar. CHARLIE enters.

BILL

Out of school a bit early, aren't we?

CHARLIE

Could I please have... a bar of chocolate?

BILL

Sure. What kind? A Slugworth Sizzler, a Wonka Scrumdilyumptious?

CHARLIE

The... the one that's most filling ... I don't mind.

MR. BILL

Have a Scrumdilyumptious. Now all the crazy fuss is over, I don't have to hide them any more.

CHARLIE grabs the WONKA BAR, rips the paper off it and starts eating ravenously. MR. BILL makes change at the till.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

Eating. Half the BAR is gone already.

MR. BILL AND CHARLIE

MR. BILL glances up at CHARLIE. He goggles.

MR. BILL

Hey, take it easy! It'll give
you a tummy-ache if you swallow
it like that!

CHARLIE

(finishing the
last of the candy
bar, beatific look)

Ummm!... Lovely!

MR. BILL

You must be hungry!
(he cascades the
change from his
hand onto the
counter)

There you are... What're you
going to do with all that?

CHARLIE

(scraping up change)
Take it home to mother... Bye,
Mr. Bill.

MR. BILL

'Bye, now.

CHARLIE walks to door. At door he stops, hesitates, turns,
goes back.

CHARLIE

I think I'll have just one more...
for my Grandpa Joe...

MR. BILL

How about a Wonka Fudgemallow
this time?

CHARLIE

Fine.

(he pays, puts bar
in pocket, goes
out)

94 EXT. STREET - DAY

CHARLIE walks along. He is recounting his change as he walks, relishing it, dropping the coins, one by one into his palm. He never handled so much money.

95 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

CHARLIE turns corner. A COMMOTION ahead makes him look up sharply.

96 EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NEWSPAPER KIOSK - DAY

An excited CROWD is jostling to buy papers from MR. JOPECK. People are shouting, grabbing their papers, pushing out of the crowd, stopping to read the front-page. There are so many people around we can only see MR. JOPECK's head and hear him shouting, "All right, all right, take it easy, one at a time!" Crowd is madly excited, something momentous has occurred. Perhaps war has been declared! CHARLIE comes into FRAME on edge of crowd. People around him are saying "Fantastic! Unbelievable! Hooray, there's still a chance! Here we go again!"

CHARLIE, SMALL MAN, CROWD (IN B.G.)

SMALL MAN is excitedly reading paper. CHARLIE stands on tiptoe to look. 2ND MAN rushes up to look also.

2ND MAN
(shouting)
What's it all about?...

CHARLIE, SMALL MAN, 2ND MAN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Over their shoulders we read newspaper headlines: GOLDEN TICKET FRAUD. (Subheadline) WONKAMANIA BREAKS OUT AFRESH. Also huge photo of Bormann as before.

2ND MAN
(continuing)
It was a fake! The last ticket was a fake!

SMALL MAN
(shouting)
He was a crook!
(stabbing photo with finger)
Bormann! He looks like a crook!
He faked the fifth Golden Ticket!

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

2ND MAN
(shouting, excited)
That means there's still one left!

Charlie turns away.

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

His face bright with excitement. He walks a few steps away from crowd to a DOORWAY. Crowd noise continues in b.g. CAMERA PULLS BACK a little. Very slowly, CHARLIE reaches into his pocket, takes out the WONKA BAR. He looks at it. He tears off a little bit of the wrapper at one end. He jumps. He looks closer.

WONKA BAR - CLOSE SHOT

A GLINT OF GOLD showing.

CHARLIE

He pulls off the rest of the wrapper. And there it is! All GOLD. He freezes. He stands transfixed, staring at what he has in his hand.

WOMAN'S VOICE (off)
(screaming)
Hey! You've got it! It's a
Golden Ticket!

CHARLIE AND 1ST WOMAN

WOMAN
(continuing;
hysterical,
pointing)
It's the last Golden Ticket.
You've found it!
(screaming)
The kid's found the last Golden
Ticket!

CROWD AROUND NEWSPAPER KIOSK - DAY

CHARLIE and WOMAN in f.g. Everyone has heard the WOMAN's hysterical scream. Fifty faces turn. Fifty people stop dead. Three seconds of silence, disbelief. Then pandemonium.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN
(continuing;
still screaming)
You don't believe it! There it
is! Right there in his hand!
This one's for real! Hold it up,
sonny, let's have a look!

CROWD suddenly surges forward, surrounds CHARLIE, yelling
and screaming, "It's true! He has got it!" etc. etc.

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

Transfixed.

CROWD AND CHARLIE

PEOPLE
There it is!... He's holding it
in his hands!... See it! See the
gold shining!... I never thought
I'd get to see one of those!...
Hold it up!... We want to see it!

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

White with excitement, still FROZEN, clutching the WONKA
BAR with the GOLDEN TICKET around it. A HAND comes into
FRAME, resting on Charlie's shoulder. The hand belongs
to a TALL MAN with a sly face. TALL MAN bends close to
CHARLIE. Other hand comes into FRAME holding a wad of
PAPER MONEY.

BACK TO SCENE

TALL MAN
I'll trade you! How about it?
And I'll throw in a brand new bicycle
to boot!

WOMAN
Are you crazy! It's worth ten
times that much.

TALL MAN
(still persisting)
You know what they say about a
bird in the hand...? How 'bout
it, boy? One hundred crisp
little bills...

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2A)

WOMAN

I'll give you a thousand! I'll
write a check right now.

TALL MAN

How 'bout it, boy? I've got the
loot right here in my fist.

96 CONTINUED: (3)

MR. JOPECK
 (pushing through
 crowd surrounding
 Charlie)
 Charlie! Oh, my God!
 (he's quite overcome)
 You've found it!
 (to others)
 Stand back there! Leave him
 alone! Go on, get back!

WOMAN
 Now wait a minute...

MR. JOPECK
 (protective arm
 around Charlie)
 I said leave him alone! Break it
 up! Make way! Come on, Charlie.
 Hold onto that Ticket! Hold it
 tight!

Mr. JOPECK pushes his way through the milling shouting CROWD taking CHARLIE with him. They finally extricate themselves, and are at the intersection, with the CROWD in the background.

MR. JOPECK
 Now run for it, Charlie boy! Run
 straight home, and don't stop
 till you get there!

Charlie takes off like a rocket.

MR. JOPECK
 Good luck, Charlie! Good luck!

97 EXT. STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

98 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

99 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SMALL INTERSECTION - CHARLIE - DAY

Still running, but suddenly a HUGE BLACK CAR with CHAUFFEUR at wheel pulls out of side street as CHARLIE is crossing, blocks his way. CHARLIE is stopped dead right beside rear window. (All windows have deeply tinted glass). Rear window slides down electrically. A face looks out -- SLUGWORTH. Latter now dressed in business suit, black homburg. He smiles at CHARLIE with a mouthful of teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLUGWORTH

I congratulate you, little boy...
Well done... You have found the
fifth Golden Ticket!...

Charlie makes move to turn away. A hand comes out of
window, rests on Charlie's shoulder.

SLUGWORTH

Don't go away... I'm here to help
you... Let me introduce myself...
Oscar Slugworth, President of
Slugworth Chocolates Incorporated.

Charlie stares, speechless.

SLUGWORTH

Listen carefully because I am
about to make you very rich
indeed... Mr. Wonka is at this
moment working on a fantastic
invention -- The Everlasting
Gobstopper... If he succeeds, he
will ruin me! So all I want you
to do is get hold of just one
Everlasting Gobstopper and bring
it to me so I can find the secret
formula... Your reward will be...

He flips through an enormous wad of bank notes, holding
them right under Charlie's nose...

SLUGWORTH

(continuing)

Ten thousand of these!... Think
about it, will you?... A new house
for your family, good food and
comfort for the rest of their
lives...

The car begins to glide forward.

SLUGWORTH

Don't forget the name -- Everlasting
Gobstoppers... I'll be waiting for
you when you come out of the factory.

Window slides up. Car shoots away. CHARLIE stares after
it for a moment, makes a gesture meaning, "Well, that was
a funny thing, wasn't it?" He shrugs. He looks at the
lovely Golden Ticket, smiles, runs on.

100 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

Looking happy.

101 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

Ecstatically excited.

102 EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT - DAY

The tiny figure of CHARLIE running across the field toward the small HOUSE.

103 INT. GRANDPARENTS' ROOM - DAY

The FOUR GRANDPARENTS are sipping BOWLS OF SOUP in bed. MRS. BUCKET at small fire. GLOOM AND DEPRESSION. A wild CLATTER at the door and CHARLIE comes bursting in like a hurricane, waving his GOLDEN TICKET.

CHARLIE

Look, everyone! I've got it!
Look! The last Golden Ticket!
It's mine! I found some money
in the street and bought a Wonka
Bar and the ticket was in it!
IT'S THE FIFTH GOLDEN TICKET,
MOTHER. AND I'VE FOUND IT!

Stunned silence. Everyone stares at CHARLIE.

GRANDPA JOE

(very softly)

You're pulling our legs, Charlie.
There aren't any more Golden
Tickets.

CHARLIE

(shouting)

The last one was a fake! It said
so in the papers!

(waving ticket)

Look at it, Grandpa! See for
yourself!

CHARLIE rushes over to GRANDPA JOE. Latter, quivering with excitement, takes TICKET. The gold foil crackles in his shaking fingers.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Read what it says!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Read it, man, for heaven's sake!

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

Go on, Grandpa!

During GRANDPA JOE's reading, we MOVE IN CLOSE on all faces in room, one after the other. All are intent, strained, listening.

GRANDPA JOE

(reading)

Greetings to you, the lucky finder
of this Golden Ticket, from Mr.
Willy Wonka! Present this ticket
at the factory gates at ten
o'clock in the morning on the first
day of October and do not be late!
You may bring with you one member
of your own family, and only one,
but no one else... In your wildest
dreams you could not imagine the
marvelous surprises that await
you!...

Grandpa Joe stops, looks up at Charlie, an enormous grin
beginning to spread like sunshine over his face.

GRANDPA JOE

Yippeeeeeeeee! You've done it!

SONG FOR GRANDPA JOE AND CHARLIE - "I'VE GOT A GOLDEN
TICKET"

GRANDPA JOE

LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME!
UP AND ABOUT!
I HAVEN'T DONE THIS FOR TWENTY YEARS!
AND I'D HAVE UNDOUBTEDLY SAID,
ME DEARS,
ALTHOUGH ANY MINUTE I MAY DROP DEAD,
I'VE HAD NO REASON
FOR TWENTY YEARS
EVER TO GET OUT OF BED!
EVER TO KICK ME HEELS IN THE AIR
AND STAND UPON ME HEAD!

CHARLIE & GRANDPA JOE

I NEVER THOUGHT MY LIFE COULD BE
ANYTHING BUT CATASTROPHE!
BUT SUDDENLY I BEGIN TO SEE
A BIT OF GOOD LUCK FOR ME!

COS, I'VE GOT A GOLDEN TICKET!
I'VE GOT A GOLDEN TWINKLE IN MY EYE!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE & GRANDPA JOE (cont'd)
I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SHINE.
NEVER A HAPPY SONG TO SING.
BUT SUDDENLY HALF THE WORLD IS MINE!
WHAT AN AMAZING THING!

COS, I'VE GOT A GOLDEN TICKET!
I'VE GOT A GOLDEN SUN UP IN MY SKY!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY
WHEN I WOULD FACE THE WORLD AND SAY
GOOD MORNING - LOOK AT THE SUN!

I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I WOULD BE
SLAP IN THE LAP OF LUXURY!
COS I'D HAVE SAID
IT COULDN'T BE DONE!
BUT IT CAN BE DONE!

I NEVER DREAMED THAT I WOULD CLIMB
OVER THE MOON IN ECSTASY.
BUT NEVERTHELESS IT'S THERE THAT I'M
SHORTLY ABOUT TO BE!

COS, I'VE GOT A GOLDEN TICKET!
I'VE GOT A GOLDEN CHANCE
TO MAKE MY WAY!
AND WITH A GOLDEN TICKET
IT'S A GOLDEN DAY!

MRS. BUCKET

Wait! Stop!

ALL MUSIC STOPS. CHARLIE and GRANDPA JOE STOP. Silence.

MRS. BUCKET

It said the first day of October!
That's tomorrow!

GRANDPA JOE

Jumping crocodiles! There's not
a moment to lose! You must get
ready at once! Polish your shoes,
brush your pants, wash your face,
comb your hair!...

MRS. BUCKET

Now don't fluster yourself, Grandpa
... Calm down... Take it easy...

The old man flops panting onto edge of bed, still holding
Charlie's hands. Thus, Charlie is right with him.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

CHARLIE

(softly)

Grandpa, is ten thousand... a
very lot of money...?

104 EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DAY

FULL SHOT of the scene on the BIG DAY.

- 1) CROWDS held back by POLICE.
- 2) A BRASS BAND playing.
- 3) TV CAMERAS on scaffolding.
- 4) FLAGS flying.
- 5) A PLATFORM outside the factory gates upon which are standing:
 - a) AUGUSTUS GLOOP and MRS. GLOOP.
 - b) VIOLET BEAUREGARDE and MR. BEAUREGARDE.
 - c) VERUCA SALT and MR. SALT.
 - d) MIKE TEEVEE and MRS. TEEVEE (Texas accent, pretentious, socially ambitious, idiotic).
 - e) CHARLIE BUCKET and GRANDPA JOE (He leans on a CANE).

EXT. HIGH UP ON SCAFFOLDING - U.S. COMMENTATOR - DAY

BAND and CROWD NOISE always present. CUT AWAY to other subjects as indicated during this speech.

U.S. COMMENTATOR

(hand-mike)

Well, this is it, folks! This is
the big day! Everybody is waiting
for the hour to strike...

105 INSERT - CLOCK

Hands at 9:55.

106 BACK TO SCENE

U.S. COMMENTATOR

... and to catch a glimpse of that
legendary mythical magician, Mr.
Willy Wonka!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

U.S. COMMENTATOR (cont'd)

I can see...

CUT TO MIKE.

U.S. COMMENTATOR

(continuing)

... up there on the platform the
first of our American representatives,
Master Mike Teevee... We as a nation
are justly proud of him...

MIKE AND MRS. TEEVEE - ON PLATFORM

MIKE

(pointing)

Hey, Mom, we're on TV.

(he waves at the
cameras)

Hi, everybody in Marble City!

Hi, Billy! Hi, Maggie! Hi, Fishface.

How do I look? You got a clear
picture back home?

U.S. COMMENTATOR

U.S. COMMENTATOR

... and now our second fine
representative. Miss Violet
Beauregarde and Mr. Beauregarde.

VIOLET AND MR. BEAUREGARDE - ON PLATFORM

MR. BEAUREGARDE

(waving at camera,
shouting)

Hi, friends! Sam Beauregarde
here! And next time you're in
Miles City, Montana, don't forget
to visit Beauregarde's Auto Mart.

VIOLET

Cut it out, Dad, for heaven's
sake!...

(she waves at
camera)

Hi there, Cornelia Sweetie! I've
still got it!

(removes gum from
mouth for one second,
pops it back)

And I broke your stretching record
this morning, too!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

VIOLET (cont'd)
I did a thirty-seven inch stretch
and no snapping! Look!

She stretches gum from teeth to full arm's length.

EXT. ANOTHER SCAFFOLDING - BRITISH COMMENTATOR - DAY

BRITISH COMMENTATOR
(hand mike)
... British hearts must surely
be beating proudly today as we
watch our own Veruca Salt up
there on the platform. She has
a poise, an elegance, an air of
breeding that is... well... just
typically British...

VERUCA AND MR. SALT - ON PLATFORM

VERUCA
(in silver-mink
coat)
I want to go in first, before
all those other crumbs.

MR. SALT
Anything you say, sweetheart.

EXT. ANOTHER POSITION - GERMAN COMMENTATOR - DAY

GERMAN COMMENTATOR
(German accent;
hand-mike)
... but by far the most outstanding
of all five winners is Augustus
Gloop...

AUGUSTUS ON PLATFORM

Stuffing a WHOLE DOUGHNUT into his mouth, a bag of them
in his hand.

GERMAN COMMENTATOR (off)
... The wonderful boy from
Dusselheim, the first person in
the world to find a Golden Ticket.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

EXT. SCAFFOLDING - ANOTHER TV COMMENTATOR

ANOTHER COMMENTATOR
... and lastly there's the local
boy, Charlie Bucket, who found
his Golden Ticket just in time,
last night... Nobody seems to
know very much about this one...

CHARLIE AND GRANDPA - ON PLATFORM

CHARLIE is clutching GRANDPA JOE's HAND very tight.

CHARLIE
(overwhelmed)
Oh, Grandpa, I don't believe it.
We've done it! We're there! We're
actually going to go in!

GRANDPA
(also filled with
excitement)
And at last we're going to see
WILLIE WONKA: The greatest of
them all.

107 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - CLOCK

Begins to STRIKE TEN.

108 EXT. FULL SHOT OF SCENE OUTSIDE FACTORY - DAY

The BAND stops playing. The CROWD becomes silent.

FACES IN CROWD - CLOSE SHOTS

Straining to get a view of the gates.

EXT. PLATFORM - FIVE CHILDREN AND ADULTS

All stand quite still now, looking toward the GATES.

GRANDPA JOE AND CHARLIE

Very tense, looking toward the GATES.

EXT. FACTORY GATES - CROWD'S POV - DAY

Behind the big gates is a courtyard. At back of the court-
yard is the FRONT DOOR to the factory.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

Now, through the iron gates (CLOCK still STRIKING TEN), we see factory door OPEN. And suddenly there he is -- MR. WILLY WONKA himself! With a funny little skipping dance, he quickly crosses courtyard. The IRON GATES swing half-open, MR. WONKA, standing just inside half-open gates, removes top-hat, bows.

EXT. CROWD

A great shout goes up. Cheering, yelling.

MR. WONKA AT GATES

He raises his hands for silence. Go CLOSER on him.

MR. WONKA

Thank you, thank you, thank you...

The noise subsides -- dead silence -- Mr. Wonka turns to the platform, addresses children.

MR. WONKA

Welcome, my little friends!
Welcome to the factory! Come
this way, please, and show your
Golden Tickets as you pass!

With an elaborate bow and a wave of his cane, he beckons the children forward. All MR. WONKA's gestures are elaborate. He is like a ballet-master. He is fussy and quick-moving, always in a hurry. His feet are as nimble and restless as his hands.

GATES AND PLATFORM

Between gates and children's platform is a 30-foot red-carpeted pathway, roped off on both sides to hold back the crowd. POLICE in curious uniforms have both sides of pathway, linking arms, struggling to keep the hysterical screaming waving crowd at bay. CHILDREN on platform make a rush for platform to pathway toward MR. WONKA.

MR. SALT

Veruca first! Get back you! Come
on Veruca, sweetheart!

He yanks Augustus back by scruff of neck.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

PATHWAY - CHILDREN - CROWDS - POLICE

CHILDREN and PARENTS now run the gauntlet of the crowd. WOMEN reach out hands to touch the famous kids. Some hold out autograph books. Others snap photos.

CROWD

Veruca! Hi, Veruca!... Violet!
There's Violet!... Let's see the
world-record gum, Violet!

Violet shows it.

CROWD

Mike! Mike! Look this way,
please...
(photograph)
Etc., etc., etc.

SLUGWORTH AND CHILDREN

In forefront of crowd, CAMERA picks out SLUGWORTH (business suit). As each CHILD passes close by him he catches his or her attention momentarily and gives a furtive thumbs-up signal and a wink.

CHARLIE

(whispering to Grandpa)
There he is. That's Slugworth.
That's the man I told you about.

109 EXT. MR. WONKA JUST INSIDE GATES

VERUCA

(showing ticket)
I'm Veruca Salt.

MR. WONKA

(seizing her hand)
My dear Veruca! How do you do!
What a pleasure! How pretty you
look in that lovely mink coat!

VERUCA

I've got three others at home.

MR. WONKA

And Mr. Salt! Overjoyed to see
you, sir! The Ticket is quite in
order! Wait just over there,
please.

(CONTINUED)

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109 CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS
(still eating,
showing ticket)
Augustus Gloop.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA
(seizing his hand)
Augustus! My dear boy! How fine
to see you in such good shape...
And this must be the radiant
Mrs. Gloop! Right over there,
dear lady!

VIOLET
(chewing gum,
showing ticket)
Violet Beauregarde.

MR. WONKA
Darling child!... Welcome to
Wonka's!

VIOLET
Any gum in this joint?

MR. WONKA
There is a time and place in the
affairs of men...

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(interrupting,
extending open
palm)
Sam Beauregarde here, Mr. Wonka!

MR. WONKA
(shaking his hand)
My dear sir! What a genuine
pleasure!

MR. BEAUREGARDE continues to pump MR. WONKA's hand, but
simultaneously he holds out in his left hand his CARD.
MR. WONKA accepts it.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
If you ever need anything in the
automotive line, just come to
Sam B., phone number's on the
card, with Sam B., it's a guarantee!

MR. WONKA
(reading card)
Little Boy Blue come blow on your
horn...

MIKE
(shooting gun)
Wham! You're dead.

Mr. Wonka throws up his hands.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I'm Mike Teevee.
(shows ticket)

MR. WONKA

Wonderful to meet you, Mike! And
Mrs. Teevee! How do you do, madam.
What an adorable little boy you
have!

CHARLIE

(showing ticket)
Charlie Bucket.

MR. WONKA

Charlie Bucket!
(shaking his hand
vigorously)
Well well well! I read all about
you in the papers this morning!
I'm so happy for you! And who
is this gentleman?

CHARLIE

My grandfather... Grandpa Joe.

MR. WONKA

Delighted to meet you, sir!
Overjoyed! Enraptured!
Enchanted!... Is that everybody?
Yes! Good! In we go!

EXT. COURTYARD - GROUP - DAY

HIGH SHOT of MR. WONKA and GROUP (5 children, 5 adults)
hurrying across courtyard to factory door. INTERCUT
WITH:

GATES SHUT WITH A CLANG

and

CROWD OUTSIDE

still yelling, cheering, and possibly SLUGWORTH looking
through shut gates... and

AGAIN HIGH SHOT OF GROUP

entering factory door, VERUCA pushing in first.

110 INT. ROOM 1 - FULL GROUP

ROOM 1 is unfurnished and of unusual shape, with enormous BRASS COMBINATION-LOCK on DOOR at far end. COAT-PEGS like HUMAN HANDS protrude from wall. On another wall, high up, is a BIG-ROLLER BLIND (rolled up) with cord hanging down.

MR. WONKA

(always bustling,
hustling)

Coats, hats, galoshes, over there,
please! Hurry up, hurry up!
We have so much time and so little
to see... Strike that! Reverse
it! Thank you!

COAT-RACK - CHILDREN

MRS. TEEVEE is about to hang up her coat when the HAND opens and grabs it. MRS. TEEVEE shrieeks. The same thing happens almost simultaneously with VERUCA and her mink coat. VERUCA shrieeks.

GROUP

MR. WONKA

Little surprises round every
corner!... But nothing
dangerous! Don't be alarmed!

GRANDPA JOE

standing near coat-racks laughing at all this business, suddenly has his own hat removed from his head (from behind) by a coat-rack hand. He ignores it.

MR. WONKA

crosses to big ROLLER-BLIND, pulls it down.

MR. WONKA

(continuing)

And now if the children will
kindly step this way...

(indicates Blind)

Violet! You first! Sign here,
please!

He holds out large pen to Violet.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Hold it! Sign nothing, Violet!
What the hell's all this about?

ANOTHER ANGLE - MR. WONKA, MR. BEAUREGARDE AND VIOLET IN
F.G., ROLLER-BLIND IN B.G.

BLIND, now rolled down, is covered in PRINT. At top, words are so large we can read them OVER group during dialogue without going CLOSE. It begins: THE MANAGEMENT CANNOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY ACCIDENTS, INCIDENTS, LOSS OF PROPERTY OR LIFE OR LIMB OR DAMAGE CAUSED BY LIGHTNING, EARTHQUAKES, FLOODS, FIRE, FROST OR FRIPPERY OF ANY SORT, KIND OR CONDITION. CONSEQUENTLY THE UNDERSIGNED UNDERTAKE... (There follows a mass of legal jargon, the print getting smaller and smaller as it goes down. Print at bottom is microscopic.)

MR. WONKA
(in reply to
Mr. Beauregarde)
Ordinary standard form of contract,
my dear sir.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Don't talk to me about contracts,
Wonka! I use 'em myself. They're
strictly for suckers!

MR. WONKA
Come, come... I am simply protecting
myself...

MR. BEAUREGARDE
I sign nothing without my lawyer!

MR. SALT
(coming into FRAME)
My Veruca don't sign nothin'
neither!

MR. WONKA
(to Mr. Salt)
Then I regret to inform you, sir,
she cannot go in. Only those who
sign...

FULL SHOT - GROUP

VERUCA
(Tantrum)
I want to go in!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

VERUCA (cont'd)
(to father)
Don't you dare stop me! I want
to go in the factory! Gimme that
pen!

She grabs pen, pushes the men aside, signs.

VERUCA
(to her father as
she signs)
You're always making things
difficult...

MR. SALT
I'm only trying to help, sweetheart.

MR. WONKA
Glad to have you aboard, Veruca.
You're a girl who gets things
done...
(offering pen)
Violet?

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(trying to
restrain Violet
who signs)
What's all that small print at
the bottom?

MR. WONKA
If you have any problems, dear
sir, dial information. Thank
you for calling...

Augustus signs.

GRANDPA JOE
Sign away, Charlie! We've got
nothing to lose!

MR. WONKA
(as Charlie signs)
Everyone's signed! Good! Now
our tour can begin! Follow me,
please!

He skips over to door at far end of room, fiddles with
enormous brass combination dial.

MR. WONKA
Goo's toes!! I've forgotten the
combination!
(to Charlie)
Think of a number, quick! A big
one!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE
Nine hundred and ninety-five.

MR. WONKA
(turning dial to
995)
That's it. You're a genius!
Thank you, dear boy! Thank you!
(opening door)
Shocking memory I've got!

(NOTE: ROOM 2 ELIMINATED.)

111 INT. ROOM 3 - FULL GROUP

A tiny room, maybe 8' x 2'. GROUP can just squeeze in.
There is NO OTHER DOOR. Only the one they've come in
by. MR. WONKA slams and locks it.

MRS. GLOOP
(screaming)
Help! Mr. Wonka, help! I'm getting
squashed! Save me!

MR. WONKA
Is it my soul that calls upon my
name...

GROUP
Hey! There's no other door!...
There's no way out!... I don't
like this!... We've been tricked!
... We're prisoners!...

Again panic and anger.

MRS. TEEVEE
Someone gimme a gun!

VERUCA
Let me out or I'll scream.

MRS. TEEVEE
Someone's touching me!

MR. SALT
Now see here, Wonka.

MR. WONKA
Question time will come at the end
of the session. Press on! Come
along! Come along!

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

He skips all the way around the four walls, as though looking for the door.

MR. WONKA

Ah, here it is.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Don't be a damn fool, man! That's the way we came in!

MR. WONKA

(acting doubtful
and very worried)

We did? Are you sure?

CHILDREN & ADULTS

(overlapping)

We've just come through there!...
Of course we have!... That takes
us back where we came from!... It
takes us out!

MR. WONKA

There's more than two ways to
cook a goose!

He pushes door on the WRONG SIDE, the side opposite the
door-handle. It swings open.

MR. WONKA

There we are!

112 VIEW THROUGH DOOR OF ROOM 3 INTO ROOM 4

A triangular room, constructed of converging lines so it
looks like it narrows to nothing at the end, where there
is an infinitessimally small door.

#1

Oh, no, lemme outa here.

#2

You're not gonna squeeze us through
that small door.

#3

It's another trick. He's trying to
kill us!

MRS. TEEVEE

Someone's touching me again.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

Complaining violently, they make their way down the long corridor, amazed that they are not being harmed.

GROUP

By golly, it's not as small as it looks! Fantastic! Amazing! Good heavens!

113 INT. ROOM 4 - FULL GROUP

CHILDREN SURGE TOWARD FAR DOOR. ON IT IT SAYS, "THE CHOCOLATE ROOM."

MR. WONKA

(holding hand up for silence)

My dear children, let us have a moment of silence... For you are standing on the threshold of greatness; the entrance to the nerve center of the entire Wonka factory. It is the vortex of the delicious miracle, it is the center of the kingdom of taste.

(pauses)

And everything in it... every single thing... is EATABLE!

AUGUSTUS

Let me in! I'm starving!

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA
(to Augustus)
Now don't get overexcited, darling
boy! Don't lose your head! We
wouldn't want anyone to lose that
quite so early on... would we?

He gives Augustus' ear a friendly little tweek. Then
with one key from a huge bunch, he starts to unlock
door. Children push forward.

MR. SALT
(to Charlie)
Get back, you! Veruca first.

MR. WONKA
(flinging open
door)
Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and
girls! The Chocolate Room!

They rush in.

114 INT. THE CHOCOLATE ROOM - FULL SHOT

A vast COUNTRY LANDSCAPE. The MEADOW in which they stand
slopes gently downward toward a great river. The meadow-
grass is GREEN and dotted with small wild flowers of
EVERY COLOR. There are tall TREES of weird fantastic
shapes, shrubs, flowers, little paths. Everything in
brilliant curious colors. The great RIVER below in the
cleft of the valley (too far off to occupy the children's
immediate attention) is BROWN, and at the head of the
river is a high WATERFALL down which the brown 'water'
crashes and tumbles into a boiling whirlpool. Below the
waterfall, coming perpendicularly upward out of the river,
are ENORMOUS GLASS PIPES, each roughly three feet in
diameter. These pipes appear BROWN because they are
filled with the brown 'water' from the river. In the
distance, the river disappears into a MIST. Along the
banks of the river there are weeping willows and alders,
brilliant flowers. Into this incredible room dances MR.
WONKA followed by FULL GROUP and we go immediately into

PRODUCTION NUMBER - THE MAGIC SONG

CHILDREN and ADULTS running here, there and everywhere, too
excited to stand still. Tasting everything, the grass,
the leaves, the twigs. MR. WONKA dancing among them,
SINGING THE MAGIC SONG.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Oh, Grandpa, it's wonderful!

GRANDPA JOE

Didn't I tell you this was a
fantastic man, Charlie! Here,
have a buttercup! Etc. Etc.

END OF NUMBER.

115 INT. CHOCOLATE ROOM - FULL GROUP

Closer to the RIVER now.

MRS. GLOOP

What a disgusting dirty river!

MR. SALT

It's polluted!

MR. WONKA

It's chocolate.

MIKE

Now come on!

MR. WONKA

Melted chocolate of the very
finest quality. And my pipes!
These pipes suck up the chocolate
and carry it away to all the other
rooms in the factory. Thousands
of gallons an hour!

CLOSE SHOT - PIPES

MR. SALT

Powerful suction there, eh,
Wonka.

MR. WONKA

Enormous! And the waterfall...

ANOTHER ANGLE - WATERFALL - MR. WONKA IN F.G.

MR. WONKA

(continuing)

The waterfall is most important!
It mixes the chocolate! It churns
it up, makes it light and frothy!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
No other factory in the world
mixes its chocolate by waterfall!

CHARLIE
(for all to hear)
Grandpa, look, look! Across the
river! It's a little man!

116 ANGLE ACROSS RIVER

THREE OOMPA-LOOMPAS are busying themselves beside a standard-type GAS PUMP (NOTE: Make gas pump LARGER and TALLER than usual to exaggerate smallness of O-Is). Pump is labelled CREAM. Two OOMPA-LOOMPAS manhandle (with difficulty) the HOSE (again extra LARGE). THIRD O-L switches on. Powerful jet of cream shoots into river. Nearby is a PILE of SACKS (extra LARGE) labelled SUGAR. HOLD on scene.

EVERYONE (OFF)
Where? Where?

CHARLIE (OFF)
There, by those bushes! There's
several of them! Can't you see
them, Grandpa?

OTHERS (OFF)
He's right!..... I see 'em!.....
Who are they?.....

Now a VOLKSWAGON appears out of trees, parks beside SUGAR SACKS. One after another, very fast, EIGHTEEN OOMPA-LOOMPAS get out of Volkswagon. Swiftly, they begin lifting SACKS (four O-Is to one sack, staggering under its weight) and dump SUGAR from sacks into river. Still HOLD on scene.

CHARLIE (OFF)
The shadows, Grandpa, in the windows!
That was them!

GRANDPA JOE (OFF)
I'll bet you're right.

INTERCUT briefly to GROUP on RIVERBANK (if desirable).

MR. WONKA (OFF)
It's the ten o'clock creaming and
sugaring...

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

VIOLET (OFF)

They can't be real people!

MR. WONKA (OFF)

Of course they're real people!

MR. SALT (OFF)

Rubbish!

MR. WONKA (OFF)

They're Oompa-Loompas!

EVERYONE

Oompa-Loompas!... Oompa-Loompas!

MR. WONKA

Imported direct from Loompaland.

MRS. TEEVEE

Loompaland! There's no such place!

MR. WONKA

Excuse me, dear lady, but...

MRS. TEEVEE

Mr. Wonka! I am a teacher of
geography...

MR. WONKA

Then you'll know all about it.
And oh, what a terrible country
it is! Nothing but desolate wastes
infested by every fierce beast you
can think of. And the poor little
Oompa-Loompas, so small and helpless,
got gobbled up right and left! A
Whangdoodle would eat ten of them
for breakfast and think nothing of
it! I wept for them! And I said,
'Come with me! Come, live in
peace and safety far away from all
the horrible Whangdoodles and horn-
swogglers and snozzwangers and
vermicious knids!

MR. SALT

Snozzwangers and vermicious knids!
What sort of nonsense is that?

MR. WONKA

All questions must be submitted
in writing...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
 And so, in the greatest secrecy, I
 transported the entire population
 of Oompa-Loompas from the deserts
 of Loompaland to my factory here.
 They're splendid...

VERUCA
 (interrupting,
 jumping up and
 down)
Daddy, I want an Oompa-Loompa!
 I want you to get me an Oompa-
 Loompa right away!

MR. SALT
 (overlapping)
 We mustn't interrupt, sweetheart...

VERUCA
 (screeching)
 I want an Oompa-Loompa now!

VIOLET
 Can it, you nit!

MR. SALT
 All right, Veruca, all right!
 I'll see you get one before the
 day is out.

MRS. GLOOP
 (calling out)
 Augustus! Sweetheart! I don't
 think you had better do that!

117 AUGUSTUS - CLOSE SHOT

He has sneaked away from the group and is kneeling on
 the river-bank, scooping warm melted chocolate into
 his mouth.

AUGUSTUS
 This stuff is terrific!

MR. WONKA, MRS. GLOOP

MR. WONKA
 (running)
 Oh, no no no no no!
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
Please, Augustus, please! Come
away at once! My chocolate must
never be touched by human hands!

MRS. GLOOP
(waddling forward)
Augustus! Didn't you hear vot the
man said!

RIVERSIDE - MR. WONKA, MRS. GLOOP, AUGUSTUS

MR. WONKA and MRS. GLOOP have run up to AUGUSTUS. They stand behind him, crying out for him to stop. MR. WONKA prods the boy frantically with his cane, but to no avail.

AUGUSTUS
Oh boy! I need a bucket for this!

MR. WONKA
(hopping about in
despair, trying to
drag Augustus away)
My chocolate! My beautiful chocolate!
You're contaminating the entire river!
I beg you! I beseech you! I implore
you! I order you to come away!

MRS. GLOOP
(shrieking)
Be careful, Augustus! You're leaning
too far out!

SPLASH! Into the river goes Augustus.

MRS. GLOOP
Help! Save him! Augustus! Where
are you!..... Is it deep?!

MR. WONKA
Very deep.

AUGUSTUS IN RIVER

AUGUSTUS
Help! Help!

117 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA - CLOSE SHOT

MR. WONKA
(very quietly,
indifferently)
Help, police, murder...

GROUP

MRS. GLOOP
Don't just stand there! Do
something! Go in and save him!

Charlie grabs Grandpa's CANE. Grandpa who was leaning
on it, falls over. Charlie holds cane out to Augustus.

CHARLIE
Catch hold, Augustus! Quick!
(No good. Cane
doesn't reach)

AUGUSTUS IN RIVER

He goes under. He comes up again. "Help! Help!"

MR. WONKA, MRS. GLOOP, CHARLIE, OTHERS (INTERCUT TO
AUGUSTUS)

MRS. GLOOP
Dive in! Pull him out! Save him!

CHARLIE
(throwing down cane)
I'm coming in, Augustus!

MR. WONKA
(grabbing Charlie)
No, you're not!

CHARLIE
Let me go! I'll save him!

MR. WONKA
(still holding
Charlie)
It's too late!

MRS. GLOOP
What!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (3)

MR. WONKA

He's had it now. The suction's got him! Look!

118 RIVER - SUCTION PIPE - AUGUSTUS

The brown liquid swirls in a whirlpool around the nearest huge GLASS PIPE. We can hear the sucking of the pipe - glup glup glup. And the wretched boy has already been drawn to the very edge of the whirlpool.

MRS. GLOOP (OFF)

Augustus! Come back! Swim boy, swim!

But down he goes, into the whirlpool alongside the pipe, and disappears.

119 GROUP ON RIVER BANK

Everyone dead-still, watching. It was quite a shock.

MRS. GLOOP

(hysterical)

Where is he?

MR. WONKA

Watch the pipe... Here he comes!

EVERYONE

Where? Where?

CHARLIE

(pointing)

There he is! See him, Grandpa!
He's in the pipe!

120 GLASS PIPE - AUGUSTUS - CLOSE SHOT

Rather slowly at first, we see the boy being sucked upward inside the pipe, chocolate eddying and bubbling all around him. MRS. GLOOP'S VOICE (OFF) always yelling hysterically "Augustus! Augustus! Mein liebchen! Come back!" Then suddenly AUGUSTUS STICKS in pipe. INTERCUT to speakers where desirable.

MIKE (OFF)

He's stuck!

MR. SALT (OFF)

It's his stomach that's done it!

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE (OFF)

What happens now?!

MR. WONKA (OFF)

The pressure'll get him out! Watch
it build! Terrific pressure's
building up behind the blockage!

Constant CLOSE SHOTS of AUGUSTUS in PIPE during this
dialogue.

GROUP

He's moving!..... No, he's not!
Yes, he is! Any moment now!.....
Wa-it for it!.....

121 POP! Like a champagne cork, AUGUSTUS SHOOTS UPWARD at
the speed of a bullet and disappears.

122 GROUP

MRS. GLOOP

(screaming)

He's gone! Where's he gone to?

Everyone stares upward. A sudden awful silence. Then:

MR. WONKA

The suspense is terrible... I hope
it will last.

MRS. GLOOP

(screaming)

He'll be made into marshmallows
in five seconds!

MR. WONKA

No!... Fudge!

MRS. GLOOP

(screaming)

My poor Augustus! They'll be
selling him by the pound all over
the country tomorrow morning!

MR. WONKA

(giggling)

Augustus-flavoured chocolate-coated
Gloop! No one would buy it!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

MRS. GLOOP
(screaming)
You dreadful man!

MR. WONKA takes from his waistcoat pocket a beautiful slender silver whistle. He blows it. A little TUNE comes out, a catchy little tune.

123 MR. WONKA'S FACE - CLOSE SHOT

Blowing whistle. He stops. CAMERA MOVES DOWN Mr. Wonka's body to his LEGS, and there, standing right beside him, is an OOMPA-LOOMPA.

MR. WONKA, OOMPA-LOOMPA, MRS. GLOOP

MR. WONKA
(to oompa-loompa)
Take Mrs. Gloop straight to the Fudge Room. And look sharp, or her darling boy will get poured into the boiler.

Mrs. Gloop shrieks. OOMPA-LOOMPA signals MR. WONKA to bend down so he can whisper to him. MR. WONKA bends. OOMPA-LOOMPA WHISPERS

MR. WONKA
(to Oompa-Loompa,
distressed)
Oh dear! I forgot about that!

MRS. GLOOP
What's he saying?!

Again OOMPA-LOOMPA WHISPERS to MR. WONKA.

MR. WONKA
(straightening up)
That would be a catastrophe! My fudge would be ruined!

MRS. GLOOP
(hysterical)
You've boiled him up! I know it!

MR. WONKA
Nil desperandum, dear lady!...
Across the desert lies the Promised Land!... Better hurry, though!
Off you go! Goodbye, Mrs. Gloop!
Au revoir, adieu, auf widersehn!

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

As OOMPA-LOOMPA hustles Mrs. Gloop away:

Song by Oompa Loompas - "ROTTEN KIDS" (First Draft)

THE OOMPA-LOOMPAS
 ROTTEN KIDS! ROTTEN KIDS!
 THE WORLD IS FULL OF ROTTEN KIDS!
 TOTALLY MISBEGOTTEN KIDS!
 BETTER-BY-FAR FORGOTTEN KIDS!

SOLO VOICE
 TAKE THAT REALLY ROTTEN KID AUGUSTUS GLOOP -
 A MEAN AND GREEDY NINCOMPOOP!
 THE ROTTENEST OF A ROTTEN GROUP!
 LANDED HIMSELF IN A CHOCOLATE SOUP,
 AND ALL OF US HERE ARE COCK-A-HOOP,
 BECAUSE

THE OOMPA-LOOMPAS
 AUGUSTUS GLOOP WILL LEARN TODAY
 TO MEND HIS WAYS, AND I WOULD SAY
 HE WON'T BE QUITE AS ROTTEN
 AS HE WAS!

SO IF YOU ARE A ROTTEN KID,
 DON'T DO THE THINGS AUGUSTUS DID!
 LISTEN TO THE WISDOM OF A FRIEND!
 ROTTEN KIDS
 MEET A ROTTEN END!

124 THE CHOCOLATE RIVER - BOAT - MIST

Out of the MIST on the river comes a strange PADDLE-
 BOAT manned by OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

GROUP NEAR RIVER-BANK - BOAT IN B.G.

MR. WONKA, CHARLIE AND GRANDPA JOE, VIOLET AND MR.
 BEAUREGARDE, VERUCA AND MR. SALT, MIKE AND MRS. TEEVEE.

Exclamations of wonder, delight, excitement from GROUP
 when BOAT is spotted.

MR. WONKA
 (proud and loud)
 All I ask is a tall ship and a
 star to steer her by! Is she not
 beautiful!

MRS. TEEVEE
 We're going in that?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA takes MRS. TEEVEE by the arm, walks her toward riverbank. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

MR. WONKA
(to Mrs. Teevee)
Have no fears, sweet lady! I take
good care of my guests...

MR. BEAUREGARDE
You took pretty darn good care of
Augustus, I'll say that!

MR. WONKA
All aboard! Come along, dear
children! You're going to love
this! Just love it! ... Round the
world and home again, that's the
sailor's way!

As they are embarking, the following:

VERUCA
Do they have shuffleboard on here?

WONKA
Step lively, women and children
first.

MR. SALT
You sure this thing'll stay afloat?

MR. WONKA
With your bouyancy, sir, rest
assured.

BOAT ON RIVER

It moves out from bank with all passengers on board.
MR. WONKA has the TILLER. Next to him are CHARLIE
and GRANDPA JOE.

125 IN THE BOAT

VERUCA
(yelling)
Hey, Daddy, I want a boat like this!
A beautiful big boat! That's what I
want!

GRANDPA JOE
She wants a good kick in the pants.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

MRS. TEEVEE

I think I'm going to be sea-sick!

MR. WONKA

(taking bag of
sweets from pocket,
to Mrs. Teevee)

Here, try one of these.

MRS. TEEVEE

(taking one)

What are they?

MR. WONKA

(offering them round)

Rainbow drops. Suck 'em and you
can spit in seven different colours!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

VIOLET
(picking her nose)
Spitting's a dirty habit!

MR. WONKA
(looking at her)
I know a worse one...

MR. SALT
(standing up)
Hey! Where are we going?!

RIVER AND TUNNEL AHEAD

The river flows underground into a black TUNNEL under a mountain. TUNNEL comes closer and closer. Boat is going very fast now (12 or 16 f.p.s.)

IN THE BOAT

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(also standing up)
Wonka! Stop the boat! Turn round!

Shouts of "Stop! Help! No, not in there!" But GRANDPA JOE and CHARLIE love it.

MR. WONKA
(standing at the
tiller, laughing)
Full speed ahead! Faster! Faster!
(screams all round)

RIVER AND TUNNEL - BOAT

The BOAT shoots into the black tunnel.

126 INSIDE TUNNEL - DARKNESS

This is frightening. One can see almost nothing. The sides of the tunnel are invisible. We hear the CLICK-CLICK of the paddle-wheel moving at great speed and the SWISH of the boat rushing through the river.

MR. WONKA
Faster! Faster! Faster!

Somewhere during following sequence, strange PSYCHEDELIC COLOURS begin to glimmer and flicker on the tunnel walls - greens, reds, blues, yellows.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

ADULT PASSENGERS

Stop!... Help!... Now I am going
to be sick!... This isn't funny,
Wonka!... You can't possibly see
where you're going!

MR. WONKA

Quite right, I can't!
(chanting)
There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going...

VOICES (OFF)

Aaahhh! Look at that! No! Take
it away!

MR. WONKA

(chanting)
There's no knowing where we're rowing
Or which way the river's flowing...

VOICES (OFF)

Stop the boat! We'll all be killed!

MR. WONKA

(chanting)
Not a speck of light is showing
So the danger must be growing...

VOICES (OFF)

Stop them, Wonka! Get it away!
I don't wanna look!

MR. WONKA

(chanting)
Is it raining, is it snowing?
Is a hurricane ablowing?

VOICES (OFF)

Turn it off, Wonka! I can't stand it!

MR. WONKA

(chanting)
Are the fires of hell aglowing?
Is the grisly Reaper mowing?

VOICES (OFF)

Help us! Someone, help us! He's
mad!

MR. WONKA

(chanting)
Yes, the danger must be growing!
For the rowers keep on rowing
And they're certainly now showing
Any signs that they are slowing.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

VOICES (OFF)
He's gone off his rocker!
He's crazy!

MR. SALT (OFF)
(very loud)
This has gone far enough, Wonka!

MR. WONKA
Quite right, sir!
(Lights come on)
We're there! Stop the boat!

127 AT INVENTING ROOM

Well-lighted white tunnel. Boat is gliding serenely toward a small pier and a DOOR in wall on which it says: INVENTING ROOM - DANGER - KEEP OUT - ONLY AUTHORIZED OOMPA-LOOMPAS ADMITTED. Close by is 2nd DOOR on which it says: STORE ROOM NO. 54 - DAIRY CREAM, WHIPPED CREAM, COFFEE CREAM, VANILLA CREAM AND HAIR CREAM.

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
All ashore!
(assisting Mrs.
Teevee)
Come along, dear lady!

CHARLIE
(as they disembark)
Look, Grandpa!...

DAIRY-CREAM DOOR - CLOSE SHOT

CHARLIE (OFF)
Dairy cream, whipped cream, coffee cream, vanilla cream and hair cream!

SMALL PIER AT INVENTING-ROOM DOOR-BOAT

All nearly disembarked.

MIKE
Hair cream! You don't use hair cream?

MR. WONKA
I'm a trifle deaf in this ear.
Speak louder next time, please.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA takes from tail-coat an enormous double-ended KEY shaped like tongs or hair curlers, inserts points in two holes, unlocks door of INVENTING ROOM.

MR. WONKA

(throwing open door)

This is the most secret room of them all! Old Slugworth would give his front teeth to get inside here just for five minutes!

128 INT. INVENTING ROOM

MR. WONKA, CHARLIE, GRANDPA JOE, VIOLET AND MR. BEAUREGARDE, VERUCA AND MR. SALT, MIKE AND MRS. TEEVEE

A vast room. Vast windows all around through which we can see the sky and the chimneys of the factory. Within, a witch's kitchen. Pots boiling, kettles hissing, pans sizzling. All UTENSILS of CRAZY SHAPE, impracticable beyond words. LIQUID is boiling over, spilling on the floor. Strange machines are clanking. Chaos. MR. WONKA suddenly becomes tremendously animated. He loves this room. As he talks, he hops about lifting lids, sniffing the steam, peering into ovens -- OOMPA-LOOMPAS in B.G.

MR. WONKA

Don't touch a thing! Don't nose about! Don't knock anything over! All my most secret inventions are cooking and simmering in here!...

In spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding
Sweet lovers love the spring!

CHARLIE AND VIOLET - CLOSE SHOT

VERUCA

He's absolutely bonkers!

CHARLIE

I think he's scrumdilyumptious!

MR. WONKA

(picking up old
alarm-clock from
floor, looking
at it)

Time is a precious thing!... Never waste it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
 (he drops clock
 into a boiling
 pot; to Veruca)
 Keep your fingers out of there,
 young lady! No tasting, please!
 No nibbling!

MIKE, OTHERS

We see MIKE grab a small CANDY from a tray into which these candies are dropping (out of a machine). He pops it into his mouth. Immediately there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION and YELLOW SMOKE pours from his mouth. MIKE is flung violently backward knocking over
 (a) CHARLIE, (b) All sorts of EQUIPMENT, POTS, ETC.

MR. WONKA
 (coming into frame)
 I told you not to, you silly boy!...
 That's Exploding-Candy-For-Your-
 Enemies! Great stuff, eh? Not
 ready yet, though... Still too weak...
 far too weak... more gelignite...

He dances on, pokes finger into a pot, tastes it. Suddenly he picks up an OLD FOOTBALL BOOT, drops it into pot.

MR. WONKA
 Needs more kick!
 (he dances on)

GROUP passes TWO VATS, one labelled BUTTERSCOTCH, the other BUTTERGIN.

MR. SALT
 Hey, it's booze! You making booze
 in here, Wonka?

MR. WONKA
 (not stopping)
 Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker...
 (NOTE: Copyright Ogden Nash)
 (tasting from
 another pot, he
 picks up an OLD
 OVERCOAT, drops
 it in)
 Too cold! Far too cold!

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA dances on to a LARGE MACHINE completely covered by canvas labelled TOP SECRET. A SPOUT protrudes, out of which come LARGE ROUND MARBLES accompanied by very strange noises. MR. WONKA stops. MR. BEAUREGARDE starts to lift canvas to look underneath.

MR. WONKA

Come back, sir. Forgive me! But no one must look under there! This is the most secret machine in the entire factory! This is the one that's going to rock Slugworth, Fieclgruber, and Pronose! It'll put them clean out of business!

CHARLIE

What does it do?

MR. WONKA

(with intrigue in
his voice)

It makes... Everlasting Gobstoppers.

From the corner of his eye, he studies the children's faces. CLOSE SHOTS of all FOUR CHILDREN. Each one suddenly extra alert.

VIOLET

Did you say Everlasting Gobstoppers?

MR. WONKA

I did... for children who don't have much pocket-money. You can suck 'em forever...

VERUCA

(interrupting)

I want an Everlasting Gobstopper!

VIOLET

Me, too!

MIKE

And me! Me!

MR. WONKA

(noticing their
eagerness,
ignoring it)

It will revolutionize the industry! You can suck 'em and suck 'em and they never get any smaller. A few more tests and they'll be ready for the shops. Nothing leaves this factory until it's perfect!

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

(slyly)

How d'ya make 'em?

MR. WONKA

(tweaking his nose)

Secrets and plans, like guns with boys
Are never valued till they make a noise...
Who would like an Everlasting Gobstopper?

MIKE, VERUCA, VIOLET

(over-reacting)

Mel... Mel... Mel...

MR. WONKA

(handing them round)

There you are... and you... and you...

GRANDPA JOE

And one for Charlie...

MR. WONKA

Of course, here you are, Charlie...
Don't eat them now! Spoil your
appetite for other delicacies!

All CHILDREN carefully pocket Gobstoppers. In b.g.
we pass an OOMPA-LOOMPA on a raised platform. He is
on a BICYCLE, pedalling vigorously. In place of
rear-wheel, there is a blender-propeller contraption
with a vertical shaft dropping into a huge TUB.
Contents of TUB frothing.

MR. BEAUREGARDE, MR. WONKA - WHIP-RACK

A number of terrible-looking WHIPS on rack on wall.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

(smiling slyly and
placing hand
confidentially on
Mr. Wonka's shoulder)

Whips, eh, Wonka?

MR. WONKA

(snubbing him)

For whipping cream, sir! Whipped
cream isn't whipped cream unless
it's been whipped with whips!...
Now over here, if you will step
this way, I have something rather
special...

129 THE GREAT GUM MACHINE - GROUP

A mountain of gleaming metal.

MR. WONKA
(gazing upon it with
reverence)

Isn't she scrumptuous! My
revolutionary, non-pollutionary,
anti-institutionary, MECHANICAL
WONDER. Ah, to hear the sound
of her voice once again.

Pressing a button, a mighty rumbling issues forth from
within, and the whole thing begins to shake. Steam
issues forth from all sides, as the group shrinks back
in fear. As we close up parts in motion, WONKA speaks
to its peculiar rhythm.

MR. WONKA
Blow winds, blow, and howl your meanest;
Make a juicy morsel for the fattest and
the leanest;
Sweeten it... and stretch it...
and knead it to perfection:
And from a globby-wobble, make a
beautiful confection!

Finally, with a monstrous mighty groan, a TINY DRAWER
pops out of the side of the machine. In the drawer
lies a white object, an inch long.

MR. WONKA
There! It's done!

VERUCA
That's all?

MR. WONKA
That's all. Don't you know what
it is?

A pause. Much headshaking.

VIOLET
By gum, it's gum!

MR. WONKA
Right you are! It's a piece of
the most amazing and fabulous and
sensational gum in the world!

VIOLET
What's so fab about it?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA
(taking gum,
holding it up)
This, my dear children, is a
chewing-gum meal. A three-course
dinner all by itself!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

Bull!

MR. WONKA

It actually fills you up. It
satisfies! It's terrific!

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Cut the sales talk, Wonka!

VIOLET

(quickly sticking
own gum behind
her ear)

Just so long as it's gum, then
that's for me!

She grabs gum out of Mr. Wonka's hand, pops it in her
mouth, starts CHEWING)

MR. WONKA

No! Don't!

MR. BEAUREGARDE

Now, Violet. Don't do anything
stupid!

MR. WONKA

I'd rather you didn't. I haven't
got it quite right yet.....

CHARLIE

(to Violet)

What's it like?

VIOLET

Fabulous!... It's tomato soup!
It's hot and creamy! I can actually
feel it running down my throat!

MR. WONKA

Oh mistress mine,
Where are you roaming?

VIOLET

Oh my, what lovely soup this is!...

Mr. Wonka shakes his head and sighs.

VIOLET

Hey, the second course is coming up!
Roast beef! All tender and juicy!
Oh boy, what a flavour!

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(suddenly proud
of her)

Keep going, kid! You're doing great!

MR. WONKA
Not for long.

VIOLET
And a baked potato, too! It's
got crispy skin and it's all filled
with butter inside!

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Is there a dessert, baby?

MR. WONKA
Have it your own way.

VIOLET
The dessert! Here it comes!
Blueberry pie and cream! It's
the most marvellous blueberry pie...

CHARLIE
Look at her nose!

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Holy cow! What's happening to your
nose!

VIOLET
Be quiet, Daddy, and let me finish!

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Damn! It's turning blue! Your
nose is turning blue as a blueberry!

CHARLIE
It's going purple!

INTERCUT WITH:

130 CLOSE SHOTS of VIOLET throughout.

VIOLET
What do you mean?

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Your whole face is turning blue!
Spit that gum out right away!
Violet, you're turning violet, Violet!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA
(sighing, sadly
shaking his head)
I told you I hadn't got it quite
right.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
I'll say you haven't! Just look
at her now!

MR. WONKA
It always goes wrong when we come
to the dessert. But I'll get it
right in the end.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(yelling)
Violet! You're swelling up!

131 ANOTHER ANGLE

Already purple all over, Violet has now begun to swell.

VIOLET
I feel sick.

GRANDPA JOE
I'm not surprised.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Watch it, Violet! You're blowing
up like a balloon!

MR. WONKA
Like a blueberry.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Call a doctor!

MRS. TEEVEE
Stick her with a pin.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(to Mr. Wonka)
Do something, man! Save her!

MR. WONKA
There's no saving her now...

VIOLET has turned into a huge round purple ball with
little feet, arms and head sticking out.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
It happens every time. They all
become blueberries.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
(walking around the
huge blue ball,
inspecting it)
You've really done it this time,
Wonka, haven't you!

VIOLET
Help! Help! Daddy! Help!

MR. BEAUREGARDE
We gotta let the air out quick!

MR. WONKA
There's no air in there, my dear
sir. It's juice.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
Juice!

132 ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. Wonka takes out his WHISTLE. FOUR OOMPA-LOOMPAS
appear.

MR. WONKA
Roll this young lady down to the
Juicing Room at once.

MR. BEAUREGARDE
For what?

MR. WONKA
(giggling)
For squeezing. She must be
squeezed immediately before she
explodes!

1st OOMPA-LOOMPA
(whispering to
Mr. Wonka,
who bends down)

MR. WONKA
(worried)
The hydraulic press?... You really
think...

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA

Well, just do the best you can.
But look sharp; roll her out!

She rolls.

MR. BEAUREGARDE

(following her)

I got a goddamn blueberry for a
daughter!

MR. WONKA

Tell me where is fancy bred
In the heart or in the head?

MR. BEAUREGARDE

(turning as
he walks away)

I'll break you for this, Wonka!
You wait till my lawyers get through
with you! And all the medical
bills, every one of them! They're
yours! I want that on record!

MR. WONKA

(watching him leave)

Vulgarity begins at home... and
should be allowed to stay there...

As the Oompa-Loompa disappears with Mr. Beauregarde:

Song for Oompa Loompas - "ROTTEN KIDS!" (First Draft)

THE OOMPA LOOMPAS

ROTTEN KIDS!
ROTTEN KIDS!

SOLO VOICE

TAKE THAT REALLY ROTTEN VIOLET BEAUREGARDE -
A KID WE HOLD IN LOW REGARD!
AS NOISY AS A BUILDER'S YARD!
NOW SHE'S A BLUEBERRY, LIFE IS HARD!
BUT HOPE IS A THING WE CAN'T DISCARD,
BECAUSE

THE OOMPA LOOMPAS

MISS BEAUREGARDE WILL LEARN TODAY
TO MEND HER WAYS, AND I WOULD SAY
SHE WON'T BE QUITE AS ROTTEN
AS SHE WAS!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

THE OOMPA LOOMPAS (cont'd)
 SO IF YOU ARE A ROTTEN KID,
 DON'T DO THE THINGS THAT VIOLET DID!
 LISTEN TO THE WISDOM OF A FRIEND!
 ROTTEN KIDS
 MEET A ROTTEN END!

INT. INVENTING ROOM

MR. WONKA, GRANDPA JOE AND CHARLIE, VERUCA AND MR.
 SALT, MIKE AND MRS. TEEVEE

MR. WONKA is skipping gaily forward to a door leading
 out of Inventing Room.

MR. WONKA
 Well well well, two naughty little
 children gone! Three good little
 children left!

CHARLIE
 But will Violet still be blue, Mr.
 Wonka, after they've squeezed her?

MR. WONKA
 She'll be purple! That's what
 comes from chewing twenty-four
 hours a day!

MIKE
 Then why do you make it?

MR. WONKA
 (to Mike)
 All persons less than a mile high
 to leave the court!

133 INT. CORRIDOR WITH WALLPAPER

A crazy corridor, walls sloping all ways, the floor
 wavy, the ceiling angular. Walls are covered with
 pictures of FRUIT.

MR. WONKA
 (hurrying forward)
 Hurry up! Long way to go yet!
 Wait a minute! Must show you this!
 Lickable-Wallpaper-For-Nursery Walls!
 Lovely stuff. Lick an orange and
 it tastes like an orange. Lick a
 pineapple, it tastes of pineapple...
 Try it!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

They all lick the fruits on the wall.

CHARLIE AND GRANDPA JOE LICKING WALLPAPER - CLOSE SHOT

CHARLIE
Grandpa, it's fantastic! It's like
a real grapefruit!

GRANDPA JOE
It's better than a real grapefruit!

GROUP

MR. WONKA
Try some more! The strawberries
taste of strawberries and
snozzberries taste of snozzberries...

VERUCA
Snozzberries! Who ever heard of a
snozzberry?

MR. WONKA
We are the music-makers, and we are
the dreamers of dreams... Come
along!
(he dances off
in front down
the corridor)

134 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FIZZY-LIFTING-DRINKS ROOM

MR. WONKA
(as he leads Group
into Room)
Something rather special in here!

135 FIZZY-LIFTING-DRINKS ROOM - GROUP

BUBBLES everywhere. They fill the air. Room itself
has very high ceiling. It contains a crazy BOTTLING-
MACHINE bottling COLOURED LIQUID into FUNNY BOTTLES.
The BUBBLES are coming from this machine. No Oompa-
Loompas. 2nd Door in this room.

MR. WONKA
(cavorting)
I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air...

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
 (indicating machine)
 But what's it making, Mr. Wonka?

MR. WONKA
 Fizzy-lifting-Drinks. They fill
 you with bubbles of gas and the
 gas is so terrifically lifting it
 lifts you right off the ground like
 a balloon! Go for miles! But I
 daren't sell it yet! Still too
 powerful! There'd be children
 floating around all over the place.

OTHERS
 Let's try it!..... Oh, let's.....
 Oh, can't we?

MR. WONKA
 Absolutely not! Come along, please!
 Don't hang about!
 (he starts to sweep
 everyone out of 2nd
 DOOR)

136 GRANDPA JOE AND CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

GRANDPA JOE
 (whispering)
 Quick, Charlie! Let's try it!
 Just a sip! Just so we go up a
little bit.
 (they take a
 bottle each
 and sip)
 Oo-oo-oo! It's the queerest feeling!

Now both of them begin to RISE SLOWLY into the air
 among the BUBBLES. Cries of joy. They love it. As
 they ascend higher and higher we have a brief

AERIAL BALLET

GRANDPA JOE
 (looking up)
 Jumping jackasses! Look up there!

137 CEILING - THEIR P.O.V.

From below, the ceiling looks like the inside of a cone,
 the shiny steel sides sloping very steeply upward to the
 apex.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

At apex there is HUGE EXTRACTOR FAN, revolving fast. We see the BUBBLES being broken by the blades and sucked out. Sinister WHINE from fan.

138 GRANDPA JOE AND CHARLIE

Their heads touch ceiling some way from apex, but they now begin to slide upward on the very steep shiny wall, toward the fan. They are separated.

CHARLIE

(fear now)

Grandpa! The fan!

GRANDPA JOE

Stop yourself, Charlie! Stop!
Hang on!

Both are trying desperately to find some handhold on the shiny steeply-sloping ceiling. Impossible. They edge nearer and nearer to the whirling blades.

GRANDPA JOE

(yelling down)

Mr. Wonka! Help! Turn off the fan!

No response. Suddenly Grandpa Joe lets fly a COLOSSAL BURP. He starts to descend. He stops, hovers.

GRANDPA JOE

Burp, Charlie, burp! You've got
to burp! It's the only way!

CHARLIE

(now very close
to fan, sliding
closer)

I..... I..... can't..... Oh, Grandpa.....

GRANDPA JOE

(yelling)

For God's sake, Charlie! Burp!

CHARLIE

Burrrrrrp!

Down goes CHARLIE, past GRANDPA JOE who is still suspended. "Well done!" shouts GR. JOE. Then he also BURPS again. They descend to floor.

139 FIZZY-LIFTING-DRINK-ROOM - GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE

GRANDPA JOE
 (hugging Charlie)
 Thank the Lord you're safe!... Quick
 or we'll be left behind!
 (they dash through
 2nd DOOR)

140 A BEAUTIFUL WHITE GOOSE - CLOSE SHOT

MR. WONKA (OFF)
 These are the geese that lay the
 Golden Eggs!.....

GOOSE-ROOM - LOOKING TOWARD ENTRANCE

MR. WONKA, VERUCA, MR. SALT, MIKE, MRS. TEEVEE

As MR. WONKA continues to speak, we see GRANDPA JOE
 and CHARLIE hurriedly join back of GROUP.

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
 They're laying overtime now for
 Easter.....

PAN around to FULL SHOT of GOOSE ROOM. FIVE HUGE WHITE
 GEESE are sitting high up upon FIVE separate THRONE-
 NESTS. Down from each nest runs a CHUTE. The FIVE
 CHUTES run down to FIVE TABLES set in line in F.G. At
 each table sit TWO OOMPA-LOOMPAS, to package the
 enormous eggs as they roll down. In centre of each
 table is the EGGDicator. All eggs roll automatically
 onto this when they come down chute. EGGDicator is
 simply a large METAL TRAP-DOOR (3' x 3') set into table-
 top, with a LARGE METAL ARM projecting vertically up-
 ward from its centre. At top of arm is a LARGE INDICATOR
 ARROW which can swing left or right. Left it says BAD
 EGG, right GOOD EGG. Above BAD EGG sign there is an
 electric BELL with its little HAMMER.

VERUCA
Chocolate eggs?

MR. WONKA
 Golden chocolate eggs! A great
 delicacy! But stand well back!
 The geese are very temperamental!
 That's why we have the Eggdicator!

140 CONTINUED:

EGGDICATOR - CLOSE SHOT

MR. WONKA (cont'd, OFF)

The Eggdicator can tell a bad egg
from a good egg. The bad ones are
automatically discarded. The good
ones roll on down to be packed!

1st EGG rolls onto EGGDICATOR. Silence. Oompa-Loompas
pick it up. 2nd EGG rolls onto EGGDICATOR, BELL RINGS,
AAROW swings over to BAD EGG sign...

MR. WONKA

There's a bad one!

EGG drops through trap-door. Arrow returns to normal.
Bell STOPS ringing.

GROUP

MR. SALT

It's a lot of damn nonsense!

MR. WONKA

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men...

VERUCA

Hey, Daddy! I want a goose!

MR. SALT

All right, sweetheart, all right.
Daddy'll buy you a goose just as
soon as we get home.

VERUCA

I want a goose that lays the
Golden Easter Eggs!

MR. SALT sighs and takes out his wallet.

MR. SALT

Okay, Wonka. How much for one of
those geese? Name your price.

MR. WONKA

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

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

SONG FOR VERUCA

"I WANT IT NOW"Dialogue lead-in:

VERUCA

Who says I can't?

She starts to kick and scream.

VERUCA

I want one! I want one! I want
one!

(sings)

I WANT A GOOSE...
GOOSES... GEESES...
I WANT MY GEESE TO LAY
GOLD EGGS FOR EASTER -
AT LEAST A HUNDRED A DAY.
AND BY THE WAY...I WANT A FEAST!
I WANT A BEANFEAST!
CREAM BUNS AND DONUTS
AND FRUIT CAKE WITH NO NUTS
SO GOOD YOU COULD GO NUTS.
GIVE 'EM TO ME - NOW!I WANT A BALL!
I WANT A PARTY!
PINK MACAROONS
AND A MILLION BALLOONS
AND PERFORMING BABOONS
AND GIVE 'EM TO ME - NOW!I WANT A PARTY WITH ROOMFULS OF LAUGHTER!
TEN THOUSAND TONS OF ICE-CREAM!
AND IF I DON'T GET THE THINGS I AM AFTER,
I'M GONNA SCREAM!I WANT THE WORKS!
I WANT THE WHOLE WORKS!
PRESENTS AND PRIZES
AND SWEETS AND SURPRISES
OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES
AND NOW!
DON'T CARE HOW!
I WANT IT NOW!I WANT THE WORLD!
I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD!
I WANT TO LOCK IT
ALL UP IN MY POCKET!
IT'S MY BAR OF CHOCOLATE!
GIVE IT TO ME - NOW!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

VERUCA (cont'd)

I WANT TODAY!
 I WANT TOMORROW!
 I WANT TO WEAR 'EM
 LIKE BRAIDS IN MY HAIR
 AND I DON'T WANT TO SHARE 'EM!
 GIVE 'EM TO ME - NOW!

I WANT TO RIDE IN A FINE CRYSTAL CARRIAGE!
 I WANT EACH DAY TO BE SPRING!
 AND WHEN THE TIME COMES TO THINK ABOUT MARRIAGE,
 I WANT A KING!

I WANT THE STARS
 UP IN THE HEAVENS!
 VENUS AND SATURN
 ALL SET IN A PATTERN -
 CAN'T WAIT TO WEAR THAT
 ON MY BROW!
 DON'T CARE HOW!
 I WANT IT NOW!

During last verse, VERUCA jumps onto nearest table and starts climbing up chute toward goose. We hear (OFF) Mr. Wonka shouting frantically "Come back! Come back!". Half-way up the chute, Veruca slips and DOWN SHE SLIDES... onto the table... right onto the EGGDICATOR...

EGGDICATOR AND VERUCA - CLOSE SHOT

Bell RINGS, arm swings to BAD EGG. Trap-door opens. VERUCA DISAPPEARS... just as she sings last line, "I want it now" so that the "now" fades hollowly away as she goes down and down.

GROUP

MR. WONKA
 (absolutely
 delighted)
 She's a bad egg!

MR. SALT
 (yelling)
 Where's she gone?

MR. WONKA
 Where all the other bad eggs go!
 Down the garbage chute!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (4)

MR. SALT

(exploding)

The garbage chute! My God! Where
does it lead to? Quick!

MR. WONKA

To the furnace, of course.

MR. SALT

The furnace! She'll... she'll be
sizzled like a sausage!

MR. WONKA

Don't lose heart, my dear sir.
She's probably stuck just inside
the hole.

MR. SALT

She is?

(he rushes forward)

I'm coming, sweetheart! Hang on!

MR. SALT climbs onto the table, then onto the EGGDicator
... RING! Over goes the arrow to BAD EGG, and down goes
MR. SALT, bellowing like a bull.

MR. WONKA

What a lot of garbage there's
going to be today!

CHARLIE

(concerned)

They won't really be burned in
the furnace, will they, Mr. Wonka?

MR. WONKA

Well now... I believe that furnace
is lit only every other day... so
they've got a good sporting chance,
haven't they?

SONG BY OOMPA LOOMPAS

"ROTTEN KIDS"(FIRST DRAFT)

THE OOMPA - LOOMPAS

ROTTEN KIDS!

ROTTEN KIDS!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (5)

SOLO VOICE
 TAKE THAT REALLY ROTTEN KID VERUCA SALT -
 SHE KICKS AND SCREAMS WITHOUT A HALT!
 IT'S JUST AS MUCH HER PARENTS' FAULT!
 NOW THEY ARE ALL IN THE GARBAGE VAULT!
 AND I'M GONNA TURN A SOMERSAULT,
 BECAUSE

THE OOMPA - LOOMPAS
 VERUCA SALT WILL LEARN TODAY
 TO MEND HER WAYS, AND I WOULD SAY
 SHE WON'T BE QUITE AS ROTTEN
 AS SHE WAS!

SO IF YOU ARE A ROTTEN KID,
 DON'T DO THE THINGS VERUCA DID!
 LISTEN TO THE WISDOM OF A FRIEND!
 ROTTEN KIDS
 MEET A ROTTEN END!

MR. WONKA
 (at song's end)
 I've never seen anything like it!
 The children are disappearing like
 rabbits!... But they'll all come
 out in the wash, won't they, Charlie?
 ... Press on!

MRS. TEEVEE
 For pete's sake, Mr. Wonka, let's
 sit down for a moment. I've had
 enough for one day! The pace is
 killing me!

MR. WONKA
 Dear lady, onward transportation
 has already been arranged!
 (he leads Group
 out of Goose Room)

141 CORRIDOR - WONKA MOBILE

MR. WONKA, GR. JOE, CHARLIE, MIKE, MRS. TEEVEE, OOMPA-
 LOOMPAS

MR. WONKA
 Behold, the Wonkamobile!
 (OFF, as we look
 at it)
 A thing of beauty is a joy
 forever...

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

A very remarkable machine, consisting for the most part of an enormous upright boiler (transparent?). Dozens of CRATES of FIZZY DRINKS on ground. On ladders, Oompa-Loompas are emptying bottles of fizzy-drinks into top of boiler.

GRANDPA JOE

What's that they're puttin in?

MR. WONKA

Fizzy drinks! Ginger-beer, ginger-pop, ginger ale, strong ale; bubble-ade and burpa cola; Wonka-cola, squirty-brew, and all the drinks that tickle your nose! Few people realize the tremendous power there is in a fizzy-drink!

(he demonstrates by
shaking bottle with
thumb over the top
and squirting;
shouting to
Oompa-Loompas)

Don't forget the champagne!

(to Group)

Gives it extra mileage, extra zip,
fantastic acceleration! All set!
Come along, madam!

(he helps Mrs.

Teevee in)

Strap yourselves in tight! This
time I'm going to open her up and
see what she can really do!...

CHARLIE

We gonna go fast, Grandpa?

GRANDPA

Prob'ly like a roolly-coaster!

Everyone is now aboard. MR. WONKA is in driver's seat. He turns a huge VALVE. HISSING. And FOAM begins to come out from all parts of the machine. SLOWLY the WONKAMOBILE starts to jerk forward. Wonka comments enthusiastically, "Swifter than eagles, stronger than lions." More and more FOAM comes out, covering everyone. Soon, the entire car is a huge BALL of FOAM, the occupants obscured completely. Shrieks, yells, especially from MRS. TEEVEE come from out the foam.

MRS. TEEVEE

(obscured by foam)

I'm ruined! My dress! My hair!
My everything!

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

My guns are gettin' squishy!

MR. TEEVEE

This is the limit, Wonka! This time you've really done it!

MR. WONKA

(obscured by foam)

Keep your seats, please! We'll have you cleaned up in a jiffy!

142 ANOTHER ANGLE

SIX OOMPA-LOOMPAS appear, push WONKAMOBILE through an ARCHWAY on which it says WONKAWASH. As front of car emerges (CLEAN), back end is still visible (FOAM-COVERED). In a few seconds, WONKAMOBILE and PASSENGERS are through WONKAWASH, all completely clean. Exclamations of relief all around.

MR. WONKA

That's it, ladies and gentlemen! The journey's over.

MIKE

You mean that's as far as it'll go?

GRANDPA JOE

Couldn't we have walked?

MR. WONKA

Dear Sir, if the Good Lord had intended us to walk, he wouldn't have invented roller skates!

(he indicates
SPACE SUITS,
GOGGLES, HELMETS,
BOOTS in alcove
in wall)

Put these on, please, for the next visit.

(he points to door
on which it says:

WONKAVISION -
EXTREME DANGER)

There is dangerous stuff in here!

MR. WONKA - CLOSE SHOT

Adjusting goggles, helmet.

143 INT. WONKAVISION ROOM - GROUP

MR. WONKA, CHARLIE, GRANDPA JOE, MIKE, MRS. TEEVEE,
OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

MR. WONKA

And here is Wonkavision! My very
latest and greatest invention!

A vast WHITE ROOM, dazzlingly white. ARC LIGHTS every-
where. At one end, an ENORMOUS T.V. CAMERA of very
curious design, 20 feet high. OOMPA-LOOMPAS are climb-
ing all over it, absorbed in their work. They all wear
heavy PROTECTIVE SUITING, like astronauts, with helmets
and goggles. Giant ELECTRIC CABLES snake across the
floor. At the opposite end of the room, there is a
T.V. RECEIVER, again of a curious design. But the
SCREEN is normal size, 16 inch. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY
TO CAMERA AND OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

MIKE

It's television!

MR. WONKA

It's Wonkavision! I suppose you
all know how ordinary television
works?

MIKE

Sure, I do. You photograph
something. Then the photograph
is split up into millions of tiny
pieces... and they go whizzing
through the air... down into your
T.V. set where they're all put
together again in the right order...

MR. WONKA

(interrupting)

Exactly! So I said to myself, if
they can do it with a photograph --
send it whizzing through the air
like that and put it together again --
then why can't I do it with a bar
of chocolate? A real one!

MIKE

That's what I call a real T.V.
dinner! Let's see it! Let's see
ya do it! Do it now!

MR. WONKA

Thus Wonkavision was born!...
(he snaps fingers)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

SIX OOMPA-LOOMPAS march in carrying a huge WONKA BAR, six feet long. They place it before the camera. MR. WONKA continues talking (OFF) during this action.

MR. WONKA (OFF)
... I shall now send a bar of my
finest chocolate from one end of
this room to the other -- by
Wonkavision!

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
It has to be big because whenever
you send something by television
it always comes out much smaller
than when it went in. Get ready!
.....Action!

CLOSE SHOT of ONE OOMPA-LOOMPA pulling an enormous SWITCH.
There is a BLINDING FLASH. Then back to normal.

FULL SHOT - GROUP

GRANDPA JOE
It's gone! The chocolate's gone!

MR. WONKA
(waving toward
the ceiling)
It's on its way! It's flying above
our heads in a million tiny pieces!
Look!

144 CEILING

Millions of SPARKS flashing like fireflies.

145 GROUP IN WONKAVISION ROOM

MR. WONKA
Quick! Come over here!

He rushes to T.V. screen at far end of room.

AROUND T.V. SCREEN - GROUP

MR. WONKA
(twiddling knobs)
Watch the screen!... Here it comes!
Look! Look! Look!

Screen flickers. Then an ordinary size WONKA BAR appears.

MR. WONKA
Take it!

MIKE
How can you take it? It's just
a picture!

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA

Charlie, you take it! Reach out
and grab it!

Charlie does so. Miraculously the chocolate comes away
in his hand.

CHARLIE

It's real!

MR. WONKA

Taste it! It'll be delicious!
It's gotten smaller on the journey,
that's all!

CHARLIE peels off wrapper, tastes chocolate.

CHARLIE

It's perfect!

MRS. TEEVEE

It's unbelievable!

MIKE

It's crazy!

GRANDPA JOE

It's a miracle!

MR. WONKA

It's Wonkavision!

(working himself
up)

Just imagine... clear across the
world!... People are watching their
favourite programmes and suddenly!
... on comes the commercial "WONKA'S
CHOCOLATES ARE DELICIOUS! TRY ONE
NOW". And they simply reach out and
take one!

GRANDPA JOE

It'll change the world!

MIKE

(impressed)

Mr. Wonka, can you send other things
... not just chocolate, I mean?

MR. WONKA

Anything you like.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

What about people?

MR. WONKA

People! Good heavens, child, I really don't know! ... I suppose one could... yes, I'm pretty sure one could...

MIKE

If you send people... you could even do a war. You could put a real war right in my own living room!

WONKA

I suppose I could send people... I wouldn't like to risk it though ... it might...

Mike turns and starts running.

MR. WONKA

(continuing)

... have some very nasty results... Hey, where's he going?!

MIKE

(running toward
giant camera,
shouting)

Look at me! I'm going to be the first person in the world to be sent by television!

MR. WONKA

No no no no no! Stop! Come back!

MRS. TEEVEE

(screaming)

Mike! Mike! Don't! Mike! Stop!

It is all very quick. Mike, having sprinted the length of the room, jumps in front of the camera. In a shrill voice, he screams "Action", and the Oompa-Loompas automatically respond, throwing the lever. There is a BLINDING FLASH. Then silence.

146 GROUP

MRS. TEEVEE rushes forward. She stops. She runs forward again, stops, stands there staring at the place where her SON was last standing. He has disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

MRS. TEEVEE

(hysterical)

Mike! Where are you?!

GRANDPA JOE

He's whizzing round our heads in
a million tiny pieces!

147 ALL LOOK UP at CEILING - MILLIONS OF SPARKS

148 GROUP

MRS. TEEVEE

Mike! Mike! Come back!

MR. WONKA

It's no good shouting, woman!
Watch the screen!

They crowd round the SCREEN. MR. WONKA fiddles with the knobs.

MRS. TEEVEE

Oh, oh, oh! I can't bear it! Come
back to me, Mike! Why's he taking
so long?

MR. WONKA

He'll come through in the end!
He's bound to! The only thing
is... I do hope he comes through
whole.

MRS. TEEVEE

You what?!

MR. WONKA

It happens often with chocolate.
Only half of the bar comes through.

MRS. TEEVEE

(screaming again)

Half! Which half?!

GRANDPA JOE

Let's hope it's the top half.

MR. WONKA

Hold your hats! Something's coming!

Screen begins to flicker. Wavy lines appear. Mr. Wonka
readjusts knobs. Screen brightens. Dim outline appears.

MR. WONKA

Here he comes! Yes, that's him all
right!

MRS. TEEVEE

Is he all in one piece.

MR. WONKA

Too early to tell.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE

Quite quickly now a clear picture of MIKE TEEVEE appears on SCREEN. He is about THREE INCHES TALL.

MRS. TEEVEE

Mike! Talk to me, Mike! Are you all all right?

MIKE

(on screen, waving,
grinning, tiny
voice)

Look at me mom! I'm the first
person ever to be sent by television!

MR. WONKA

Grab him quick!

MRS. TEEVEE grabs the TINY BOY out of the screen.

MR. WONKA

(terribly proud)

How splendid! He's completely
unharmed!

CLOSE SHOT - MIKE ON PALM OF MRS. TEEVEE'S HAND

MRS. TEEVEE

You call that unharmed?

CHARLIE

He's shrunk.

MR. WONKA

Of course he's shrunk. That's
Wonkavision.

MIKE

I'm famous! I'm a T.V. star!

GROUP SHOT

MRS. TEEVEE

Be quiet, you silly boy!

She grabs Mike and pops him into her purse. Purse
shakes and rattles.

MRS. TEEVEE

(to Mr. Wonka,
furious)

And what do you propose doing about
this?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA

Well... fortunately small boys
are extremely springy and elastic.
I shall put him at once onto my
special gum-stretching machine.
That ought to do the trick.

GRANDPA JOE

How far d'you think he'll stretch?

MR. WONKA

Who knows. Maybe for miles.

CHARLIE

What happens if he snaps!

150 ANOTHER ANGLE

MRS. TEEVEE screams "No!" MR. WONKA produces his SILVER WHISTLE and blows that pretty little tune. ONE OOMPA-LOOMPA appears.

MR. WONKA

(to Oompa-Loompa)

To the Gum-Stretching-Test-Room!
...You'll find the boy in his
mother's purse!

OOMPA-LOOMPA

(whispering to
MR. WONKA)

MRS. TEEVEE

(screeching)

What's he saying?!

MR. WONKA

(to Oompa-Loompa)

No, no, I won't hold you responsible.
Run along, now! Goodbye, dear lady.
Pax vobiscum! Rest in peace!
Farewell!

As she is led away, we go into:

Song by Oompa-Loompas - 'ROTTEN KIDS!' (First Draft)

THE OOMPA-LOOMPAS

ROTTEN KIDS!

ROTTEN KIDS!

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

SOLO VOICE

MIKE TEEVEE'S THE ROTTENEST KID I EVER MET!
 A MONSTER I SHALL NOT FORGET!
 HE NEVER READ A BOOK, I BET!
 HE'S BEEN EATEN UP BY A T.V. SET!
 EXACTLY WHAT HE DESERVED TO GET,
 BECAUSE

THE OOMPA-LOOMPAS

THE TEEVEE BRAT WILL LEARN TODAY
 TO MEND HIS WAYS, AND I WOULD SAY
 HE WON'T BE QUITE AS ROTTEN
 AS HE WAS!

SO IF YOU ARE A ROTTEN KID,
 DON'T DO THE THINGS MIKE TEEVEE DID!
 LISTEN TO THE WISDOM OF A FRIEND!
 ROTTEN KIDS
 MEET A ROTTEN END!

151 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WONKAVISION ROOM - CAR

MR. WONKA, GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE

MR. WONKA, hustling and bustling as usual. All have
 discarded SPACE CLOTHES and are hanging the last items
 on pegs in wall alcove.

MR. WONKA

(muttering
 to himself)

... So much to do, so much to do...

(he crosses corridor
 toward a door)

... invoices, bills, letters letters
 letters... I must answer that note
 from the Queen...

(he reaches door)

High up on DOOR, it says in enormous gold letters, WILLY
 WONKA. Underneath, filling the entire rest of the door,
 it says: President, Vice-President, Chairman, Vice-
 Chairman, Director, Superintendent of Inventions, Head
 of Marketing Research etc. etc. etc. Hand on door, MR.
 WONKA pauses, remembers GRANDPA JOE and CHARLIE. He
 turns and suddenly he has become VERY COOL.

MR. WONKA

Ah, yes... well, that's that...
 hope you enjoyed yourselves...
 excuse me for not showing you out.
 Straight down the corridor, you'll
 find your way... Terribly busy...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

MR. WONKA (cont'd)
... whole day wasted... good-bye
to you both... good-bye...

He enters room, closes door behind him.

CORRIDOR - GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE

They look at each other, flabbergasted, speechless.
Finally:

CHARLIE
(softly)
What happened?... Did we do
something wrong?

GRANDPA JOE
(more puzzled
then angry,
so far)
I don't know... But I'm going to
find out.

He crosses corridor and opens door of Mr. Wonka's room.

152 INT. MR. WONKA'S OFFICE

Office is the shape of a half-circle. Everything in room is IN HALF... Half-chairs, half-pictures, half-desk, half water-carafe on desk, half glass, half books, half lamp from ceiling, etc. MR. WONKA sits on half-chair at half-desk, writing with half-pen. He does not look up when GRANDPA JOE enters, CHARLIE behind him.

GRANDPA JOE
Mr. Wonka...

MR. WONKA
(writing, not
looking up)
I am extraordinarily busy...

GRANDPA JOE
I just want to ask you about the
chocolate... the lifetime supply
of chocolate for Charlie... When
does he get it?

MR. WONKA
(still writing)
He doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

Why not?

MR. WONKA

(still writing)

He broke the rules.

GRANDPA JOE

(growing angry)

What rules? We never saw any.

MR. WONKA

(sighing, throwing
down pen, rising,
crossing to wall)

My dear sir... Under section thirty-
seven B of the contract, signed by
him, it states quite clearly that
all offers become null and void if...

He pulls down BLIND (contract) on wall. Then he takes
large HALF-MAGNIFYING GLASS from tail pocket, holds it
over smallest print at bottom of contract.

MR. WONKA

Here we are! See for yourself...

(reading very fast,
mumbling and
skipping words)

... I the undersigned shall forfeit
all rights, licenses and privileges

... mumble, mumble, mumble...

It's all there, clear as crystal...

(he turns on
Grandpa Joe)

You stole fizzy-lifting-drinks,
you bumped around on the ceiling
which now has to be washed and
sterilized...

(striding back
to desk, picking
up pen)

... So you get nothing! You lose!

GRANDPA JOE

(exploding)

You're a crook! You're a cheat and
a swindler! How can you do it!...
To this boy!... You're smashing
every dream he's ever had! You're...

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA
(writing)
Good-day, sir!

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

A tear running down his cheek.

GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

GRANDPA JOE
(arm around Charlie)
Come on, Charlie. Let's get out
of here.

(whispering)
Mr. Slugworth will be waiting
outside... with enough money to
buy chocolate for the rest of
your life.

CHARLIE
(slowing)
But Grandpa... that would make me
a spy.

GRANDPA JOE
(bitter)
Serve him right. What he did to
you is just as dishonest.

Charlie stops.

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

The moment of truth and decision.

CHARLIE, GRANDPA JOE, MR. WONKA

Very slowly, CHARLIE breaks free from GRANDPA'S arm,
turns and goes half-way back into room. He takes
EVERLASTING GOBSTOPPER from pocket (CLOSE SHOT), looks
at it, rolls it in his palm, then places it on side-
table. "This is yours", he says softly. Then he heads
back to door.

MR. WONKA AT DESK - CLOSE SHOT

His eyebrows come up. He has seen it all. Now, very
slowly, a great smile begins to spread across his face.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (4)

MR. WONKA
(dancing, completely
carried away)
Now are our brows bound with
victorious wreaths.

All join in dance.

BRIEF REPRISE OF GRANDPA'S VICTORY DANCE
WITH
GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE, MR. WONKA, SLUGWORTH

MR. WONKA
That's enough of that! Hold it,
everybody.

Dancers stop.

MR. WONKA
We must get on, my dear Charlie!
So much to do and so little time!
This way please! We'll take the
Wonkavator! Thank you, Wilkinson...

Dismisses him. Then he opens yet another HALF-DOOR in
office wall.

MR. WONKA
Step in, Charlie!... Grandpa Joe,
sir!

153 INT. THE GREAT GLASS WONKAVATOR

This great WONKAVATOR (elevator) is made of GLASS -
walls, ceiling and floor. The walls and ceilings are
covered with BLACK BUTTONS (for pressing), each with
a little LABEL beside it. A HANDRAIL runs around the
back wall and the two side walls.

MR. WONKA
This is the great Glass Wonkavator!

CHARLIE
It's an elevator!

MR. WONKA
It is not only an elevator! An
elevator can only go up and down.
The Wonkavator can go sideways
and longways, and slantways and
backways, and frontways and squareways
... and other-ways you can think of!

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

(Possibly a brief CLOSE SHOT of BUTTONS here as Mr. Wonka talks.)

MR. WONKA

It can take you direct to any room in the factory! Just press the button and zing! You're off! Press a button, Charlie!

CHARLIE

Who, me?

MR. WONKA

Yes, yes! Hurry up, my boy! Time for just one quick demonstration before we get down to real business! ... Press!

CHARLIE presses a button. With a SWISHING NOISE like a rocket, the WONKAVATOR takes off SIDEWAYS. MR. WONKA is holding onto the HANDRAIL so he remains upright. GRANDPA JOE and CHARLIE are thrown against the wall.

MR. WONKA

(shouting)

Grab the rail, man! Hang on tight!

They pick themselves up and hang onto the rail.

PROCESS SHOT - VIEWS THROUGH GLASS - GROUP IN F.G.

Extreme speed is simulated here by the views flashing past. There are MOMENTS of DARKNESS, then a brilliantly lit ROOM, and so on. Suddenly the WONKAVATOR changes direction. From going sideways, it goes DOWNWARD. Then it goes UPWARD at a slant. Then it CORNERS. Then, until the end of the journey it continues DOWNWARD. GROUP in F.G. hang on for dear life at each change of direction. The RUSHING-WHOOSHING SOUND continues, throughout. Speech has to be shouted.

GRANDPA JOE

Yippee! This is the life, eh, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I love it!

MR. WONKA

Now it's my turn to choose a button!

He gets very excited, his finger reaches for special button.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

MR. WONKA

All my life I've been longing to
press this one... but I've never
dared...

SPECIAL BUTTON - CLOSE SHOT

It looks like small fire-alarm with a lift-up red lid,
small circular glass, tiny hammer. On red lid it says
UP AND OUT. Finger lifts lid, breaks glass with hammer,
presses BUTTON.

154 INT. WONKAVATOR

MR. WONKA

Hold on tight!

WHAM! The WONKAVATOR takes off vertically UPWARD.
Through the glass we see alternatively DARKNESS and
LIGHTED ROOMS flashing past. Up, up we go, the
WHOOSHING NOISE beginning to rise to a SCREAM.
INTERCUT following SHOUTED SPEECH with CLOSE SHOTS of
ALTIMETER whose dial is marked FEET BELOW SEA-LEVEL.
Hand of altimeter moves fast from 40,000 downward.

MR. WONKA

Faster! Come on! Faster! Faster!
If we don't pick up enough speed
we'll never get through!

CHARLIE

Through what?

MR. WONKA

Ah-ha! You wait and see!

GRANDPA JOE

But you don't mean... you don't
really mean that this thing is...

MR. WONKA

Oh yes I do! Up and out!

GRANDPA JOE

But it's made of glass! It'll
shatter to pieces.

MR. WONKA

It probably will!

Altimeter shows 3000...2000...1000...

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

INT. WONKAVATOR - GROUP

MR. WONKA

(yelling)

Here it comes! Hold tight, Charlie!
Hold on everybody!

CRASH! CUT at once to:

155 MODEL SHOT - ROOF OF WONKA FACTORY - DAY

Tiles and chimneys fly in all directions as the great WONKAVATOR comes bursting through the roof and shoots vertically up into the sky.

156 MODEL SHOT - WONKAVATOR IN SKY

Swinging and looping around the clouds. MUSIC beneath all that follows. Possible reprise of "MAGIC SONG" from CHOCOLATE ROOM.

157 INT. WONKAVATOR AIRBORNE - MR. WONKA, GRANDPA, CHARLIE

GRANDPA JOE

(grabbing Mr.
Wonka's hand)

We made it! Well done, sir!

CHARLIE

Look, Grandpa, there's our town!

158 HELICOPTER SHOT - THE LOVELY LITTLE TOWN

159 INT. WONKAVATOR - AIRBORNE - GROUP

CHARLIE

This is fantastic!... But Mr. Wonka... What about the other children... Augustus, Veruca...

MR. WONKA

My dear boy, they'll be quite all right, I promise you that. The minute they left here, they were completely restored to their normal, terrible, old selves.

(slyly)

But a little bit of fear goes a long way. Maybe on the 'inside' they'll be changed for the better.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

All laugh in agreement.

MR. WONKA

(continuing)

And how did you like the factory,
Charlie? Were you afraid too?

CHARLIE

(almost misty-eyed)

No. I think it's the most wonderful
place in the whole world!

MR. WONKA

I am very pleased to hear you say
that... because you see, my dear
boy, I have decided to make you a
present of it.

Charlie gapes.

MR. WONKA

I'm giving it to you! That's all
right, isn't it?

GRANDPA JOE

You're not serious?

MR. WONKA

I am deadly serious, sir... Alas,
I do not have perpetual old age...
Someone's got to run the factory
when I depart. I can't abandon
the Compa-Loompas. So who do I
choose? Not a grown-up! A grown-
up would want to do everything his
own way, not mine. I decided long
ago I had to choose a child... a
good honest loving child... to
whom I can tell all my most precious
candy making secrets...

CHARLIE

That's why you sent out the Golden
Tickets!

MR. WONKA

Exactly! So the factory's yours,
Charlie! You can move in immediately!

GRANDPA JOE

And me?

MR. WONKA

Of course!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

And mother?

MR. WONKA

Why not?

CHARLIE

And Grandma Josephine and Grandma
Georgina and Grandpa George?

MR. WONKA

Bring the lot, my dear boy! You've
got enough chocolate here to feed
the world!

(turns to leave,
then stops)

But, Charlie... Don't forget what
happened to the man who suddenly
got everything he always wanted.

CHARLIE

(sobered)

... What happened?

MR. WONKA

(his eyes twinkling)

He lived happily ever after.

(smiles)

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

GRANDPA JOE

Yippeeoooooooo!

Perhaps another brief victory dance.

160 WONKAVATOR IN SKY

Tumbling and dancing to music.

THE END