Willy Wonka

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Third Draft Screenplay
Roald Dahl
7/10/70
CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

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 TITLES

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON (Autumn)

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

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.

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 Smoother for Otis... One Sizzler for Pretty June-Marie. And listen! Wonka's got a new one today! The Scrumdiddilyumptious 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)
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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.

OMITTED

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NEWSPAPER KIOSK - AFTERNON

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

CHARLIE
Hi, Mr. Jopecck.

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. Jopecck.

Mr. Jopecck 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
easy tin)
Two's all I've got...
(Charlie
crestfallen)
Wait!
(hes points up
in air)
I think there's another coming!
... here it comes!!!

(CONTINUED)
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...

EXT. STREET

CHARLIE throwing newspaper into one doorway, then another.

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...

EXT. STREET

One more normal delivery.

OMITTED

EXT. STREET - A NORMAL DELIVERY

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...

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 engulfed 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

21  OMITTED

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)
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.

GATES - CLOSE SHOT

Rusty padlocks and bolts.

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

CHARLIE

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

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

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

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)
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)
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.
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.

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)
CONTINUED:

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

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 underpants, 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.

(bunching 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)
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!

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)
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, breathless, excited)
Willy Wonka is opening his factory. He's going to let people in!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

MR. TURKENTINE
(equally excited)
When? Now?

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

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

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.

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)
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!

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!........

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!

GRANDMA GEORGINA
They're all dotty!

GRANDPA JOE
Ssssssh! 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!

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

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

GRANDPA JOE
Listen!
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)
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 sauerkraut onto his plate. His lips are moving.

MRS. GLOOP (off)
(continuing without 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)
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 unsuccess-
fully 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)
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.

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?....

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.
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.

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:

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
(onto 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 entire country. (turning to nearest car)
Now this little number...

VIOLET
(reaching for mike)
Cut it out, dad! This is my show!

(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; chewing 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: (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?

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!

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)
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
Scrumdidilyumptious 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)
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!

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)
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!..."

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.

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)
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
erk 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
'hundred 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)
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.

SHELLING ROOM - FROM ABOVE - DAY

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

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.

SHELLING ROOM - FROM ABOVE - DAY

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

VERUCA
(rushing in, intercepting Woman)
Gimme that Ticket!

She grabs it, waves it high!

(CONTINUED)
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...

INT. MR. SALT'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

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

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!

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)
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.

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...

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)
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.
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!

MIKE'S TV SCREEN (STOCK)
of fierce gangster battle.

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)
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.
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.
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)
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: (2)

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

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

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT
SONG carries over Charlie walking home.

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.

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.

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!...

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)
CONTINUED:

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

LIZ AND BURTON
Wonka bars in jewel case.

ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE
Desperate hunt for last ticket.

ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE
Desperate hunt for last ticket.

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).

ANOTHER MONTAGE SCENE
Hunt for ticket.

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.

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... "
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...

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 Wonkamania throughout the world!...

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)
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!

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CHARLIE - NIGHT
awake in bed, tears running down his cheeks.

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"

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)
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)
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...

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.

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.
Ummm! What a lovely smell!... He moves on... CAMERA
FOLLOWS. He turns corner. He is now approaching BILL'S
CANDY STORE.

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.
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.

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.

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 Scrumdiddlyumptious?

CHARLIE

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

MR. BILL

Have a Scrumdiddlyumptious. 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)
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

Eating. Half the BAR is gone already.

MR. BILL AND CHARLIE

MR. BILL glances up at CHARLIE. He gogles.

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)
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.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

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

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

WOMAN
Now wait a minute...

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

Charlie takes off like a rocket.

MR. JOECK
Good luck, Charlie! Good luck!

EXT. STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - CHARLIE RUNNING - DAY

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. Later, 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)
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

Yippeeeeee! 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)
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)
CONTINUED: (3)

GRANDPA JOE, CHARLIE - CLOSE SHOT

CHARLIE
(softly)
Grandpa, is ten thousand... a
very lot of money...?

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, preten-
tious, 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...

INSERT - CLOCK

Hands at 9:55.

BACK TO SCENE

U.S. COMMENTATOR
... and to catch a glimpse of that
legendary mythical magician, Mr.
Willy Wonka!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
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

... 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)
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)
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.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - CLOCK

Begins to STRIKE TEN.

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 courtyard is the FRONT DOOR to the factory.

(CONTINUED)
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)
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.

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)
109 CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS
(still eating,
showing ticket)

Augustus Gloop.

(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)
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
gloriously)
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.
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 shrieks. The same thing happens almost simultaneously with VERUCA and her mink coat. VERUCA shrieks.

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)
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)
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)
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.)

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)
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!

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 infinitesimally small door.

#1
Oh, no, lemme outta 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)
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!

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)
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 tweak. 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.

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)
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.

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 busyng themselves beside a
standard-type GAS PUMP (NOTE: Make gas pump LARGER
and TALLER than usual to exaggerate smallness of O-Ls).
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-Ls 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)
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 Loomland.

MRS. TEEVEE
Loomland! 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)
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!

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:

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 what 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

Help! Help!

AUGUSTUS
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 suctions 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)
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.

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 wiedersehen!

(CONTINUED)
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-HOOPE,
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!

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)
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 buoyancy, 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.

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)
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)
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.

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)
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)
Aaaahhh! 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)
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!

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 COMPA-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)
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!

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 scrumdidilyumptious!

MR. WONKA (picking up old alarm-clock from floor, looking at it) Time is a precious thing!... Never waste it! (MORE)
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)
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, Fiselgruber, 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)
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)
Me!... Me!... Me!...

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 COMPA-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...
THE GREAT GUM MACHINE - GROUP

A mountain of gleaming metal.

MR. WONKA
(gazing upon it with reverence)
Isn't she scrumptious! 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)
MR. WONKA
(taking gum,
holding it up)
This, my dear children, is a
crushing-gum meal. A three-course
dinner all by itself!

(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)
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:

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)
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!

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)
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.

Juice!

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)
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 gooddamn 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-Loompas 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)
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!

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...

(Continued)
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)

CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FIZZY-LIFTING-DRINKS ROOM

MR. WONKA

(as he leads Group into Room)

Something rather special in here!

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)
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)

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!

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)
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.

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

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

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 P.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!
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)
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)
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...
to 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
(绝对地高兴)
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)
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
... KINg! 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)
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)

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)
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 roly-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)
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 WONKA WASH. As front of car
emerges (CLEAN), back end is still visible (FOAM-
COVERED). In a few seconds, WONKAMOBILE and PASSENGERS
are through WONKA WASH, 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.
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 everywhere. At one end, an ENORMOUS T.V. CAMERA of very curious design, 20 feet high. OOMPA-LOOMPAS are climbing 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)
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)
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!

CEILING

Millions of SPARKS flashing like fireflies.

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.

Take it!

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

(CONTINUED)
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)
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.

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:

MRS. TEEVEE
(hysterical)
Mike! Where are you?!

GRANDPA JOE
He's whizzing round our heads in a million tiny pieces!
ALL LOOK UP at CEILING - MILLIONS OF SPARKS

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.
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?

He's shrunk.

CHARLIE

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 COMPA-
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)
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!

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)
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.

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)
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)
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 sidetable. "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)
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!

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)
(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)
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.

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)
CONTINUED:

INT. WONKAVATOR - GROUP

MR. WONKA
(yelling)
Here it comes! Hold tight, Charlie!
Hold on everybody!

CRASH! CUT at once to:

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.

MODEL SHOT - WONKAVATOR IN SKY

Swinging and looping around the clouds. MUSIC beneath all that follows. Possible reprise of "MAGIC SONG" from CHOCOLATE ROOM.

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!

HELICOPTER SHOT - THE LOVELY LITTLE TOWN

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)
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 Oompa-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)
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)
159 CONTINUED: (2) GRANDPA JOE

Yippeeeeee!

Perhaps another brief victory dance.

160 WONKAVATOR IN SKY

Tumbling and dancing to music.

THE END