

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

Scene 1- MEETING THE CHARACTERS

Candy Man enters pushing his candy trolley.

Candy Man- Chocolate, get your chocolate!

SONG- CANDY MAN

(Charlie goes to spend his birthday money at the trolley)

CANDY MAN: What'll it be Charlie?

CHARLIE: A Scrumdiddliumptious Wonka bar please, it's my birthday money!

CANDY MAN: Sure, good luck Charlie!

(Charlie goes to open his Wonka bar in order to find his golden ticket!
Cast freezes in anticipation. Stay frozen throughout narration.)

NARRATOR 1: Welcome to the tale of a delicious adventure in a wonderful land. You can tell it will be delicious- can't you smell it already? Oh, how I love that gorgeous smell. It is the scent of success- Willy Wonka's success. Others wanted a taste of this success- literally! Spies were sent into his factory and stole his ideas.

NARRATOR 2: So Wonka had no choice but to close his doors, sending all of his factory workers home. Now, you might think that would be the end of Willy Wonka but no siree- not him. After months the factory began operating again. But nobody knew who was running the place, nobody ever went in and nobody came out.

NEWSREADER: Five golden tickets have been hidden under the ordinary wrapping paper of five ordinary Wonka bars. These five candy bars may be anywhere. . . in any shop, in any street, in any town, in any country in the world.

(Charlie begins to unwrap his bar, almost open... Cast freeze again as

narrator starts again.)

NARRATOR 4: So, the 5 winners will tour Wonka's new factory and take home enough chocolate for the rest of his life.

NEWSREADER: Four of the tickets have already been found. The question is, who will be the winner of the last golden ticket. . .

NARRATOR 1: But before that shall we meet the 4 lucky winners. Augustus Gloop where are you?

(Augustus appears stood on a chair having been sat in the audience.)

AUGUSTUS GLOOP: Chocolate... chocolate... I loooove chocolate! Ummmmmm... I must eat all the time...chocolate...chocolate... choc...oooo...late!

(Slugworth to whisper in his ear and drag him off.)

NARRATOR 1: Let's see now if our lucky winner number 2 is here. Violet? Oh, Violet Beauregarde?

(Violet appears stood on a chair having been sat in the audience)

VIOLET: I'm a gum-chewer normally but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now I am back on gum, it may interest you to know I have been chewing on this piece now for 3 months. I simply stick it at the end of my bedpost! (stretches a piece of gum from her teeth)

(Slugworth to whisper in her ear and takes her off.)

NARRATOR 2: Our third winner is Veruca Salt-are you here Veruca?

(Veruca appears stood on a chair having been sat in the audience.)

VERUCA: What?! Where is my golden ticket? I want my golden ticket! DADDY! Oh here it is! As soon as I found out about these tickets I made Daddy go out and buy hundreds, no thousands, no hundreds of thousands! Eventually I won, now I can stop the tantrums- for now anyway!

(Slugworth to whisper in her ear and take her off.)

NARRATOR 3: Lovely isn't she! Now the fourth and final ticket so far was by Mike Teevee. Where are you Mike?

(Mike appears stood on a chair having been sat in the audience.)

MIKE: Of course I have a ticket, now leave me alone. I just want to watch TV. I watch all the shows everyday. I like the gangsters best. Oh boy... it's the life!

(Slugworth to whisper in his ear and takes him off.)

NARRATOR 4: Now, my my we have jumped ahead of ourselves for we have not yet met our most important character!

NARRATOR 1: But of course, we should leave these 'delightful' children and go and see how dear Charlie is.

NARRATOR 2: This is a story of an ordinary little boy named Charlie Bucket. He was not faster or stronger or more clever than other children.

NARRATOR 3: His family was not rich, or powerful, or well-connected. In fact, they barely had enough to eat.

NARRATOR 4: But Charlie Bucket was the luckiest boy in the entire world. He just didn't know it yet.

(Charlie opens his ticket and sees that there is not a ticket in it. His face drops.)

SONG- Smile

(Scene change whilst singing, to Buckets house.)

Scene 2 -BUCKET HOUSE

MR BUCKET: Evening, Buckets.

GRANDPARENTS : Evening.

MRS BUCKET: Soup's almost ready, darling. Er, don't suppose there's anything extra to put in, love. Oh well. Nothing goes better with cabbage than cabbage.

NARRATOR 1: Charlie's father worked at the local toothpaste factory. The hours were long, and the pay was terrible

MR BUCKET: Well, I see that four children have found golden tickets. I wonder who will be the fifth lucky person.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE: I hope it is no one like that repulsive Gloop boy!

GRANDMA GEORGINA: Or as beastly as that bubble-popping Violet Bearegarde!

GRANDPA GEORGE: Or as spoiled as that Salt girl! She needs a good spanking!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE: Or living such a useless life as that Teevee boy!

GRANDMA GEORGINA: As sure as I am that I will be having cabbage soup I am sure that some other beastly child shall win that ticket!

CHARLIE: Hi, everybody!

GRANDPA JOE: Charlie's home!

CHARLIE: Grandpa George. (He kisses him.) Grandma Georgina. (Kisses her.) Grandma Josephine. (Kisses her.) Grandpa Joe. (Kisses him. Looks at Joe's bowl of cabbage water.)

GRANDPA GEORGE: He works too hard for a little boy. He should have some time to play.

MRS. BUCKET: Not enough hours in the day. With the four of you bedridden for the past twenty years, it takes a lot of work to keep this family going.

GRANDPA GEORGE: Soon as I get my strength back, I'm gonna get out of this bed and help him.

MRS. BUCKET: Dad, in all the years you've been saying you're

going to get out of that bed, I've yet to see you set foot on the floor.

GRANDPA GEORGE: Well . . . maybe if the floor wasn't so cold.

MR BUCKET: Charlie could you pop out and get some more cabbage to go with this cabbage.

CHARLIE: Of course dad.

NARRATOR 1: Now as Charlie walks along he spots something shining in the grate.

NARRATOR 2: He bends to inspect the sparkling object and realizes it is a coin. Had someone dropped it? A whole 50 pence!

NARRATOR 3: It takes a second to decide what to do with the money, he runs to the Candy Man.

NARRATOR 4: For there is very little that Charlie loves more than chocolate!

(Charlie leaves to go to the shop. He walks along and finds a coin stuck in a grate. He asks the audience if it belongs to them. Goes and buys something from the candy man. He then goes back onto stage looking delighted.)

BACKGROUND MUSIC

CHARLIE: Mum! Dad! Grandpa Joe, Grandma Josephine, Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina! You'll never believe what happened!

MRS BUCKET: Good gracious, Charlie...what is it?

CHARLIE: Well...I was walking home and the wind was so cold... the snow was blowing in my face... I couldn't see where I was going and ...and...

MR BUCKET: Go on Charlie, go on... what happened?

CHARLIE: And there it was... just lying there in the snow kind of buried... and I looked around... and so I picked it up and I couldn't believe my eyes-

ALL: You found the golden ticket! Hurray! Hurray! He did it! He did it!

CHARLIE: No ...no.. I found a pound (All look let down) But, but I thought it wouldn't hurt to buy a Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight...

GRANDMA GEORGE: Yes... yes go on!

CHARLIE: Well I took off the wrapper slowly and ...

ALL: You found the golden ticket Charlie found the golden ticket! Hurray! Hurray! He did it! He did it!

CHARLIE: No I ate it. There wasn't a golden ticket. (All groan!) But then... I still had 50 pence left and ...

ALL: Yes...

CHARLIE: I bought another bar...

ALL: And...

NARRATOR 3: Charlie could barely get the words out!

CHARLIE: I FOUND THE FIFTH GOLDEN TICKET!

ALL: You what?

CHARLIE: I did it! I did it! I really did it! I found the fifth golden ticket!

ALL: Hurray! Hurray! It's off to the chocolate factory!

(Grandpa Joe jumps up and does a dance!)

(Mr Bucket picks up the ticket and begins to read, in turn each character stands and reads a part)

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

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

AUGUSTUS: 'Afterwards, when it is time to leave, you will be escorted home by a procession of large trucks, each filled with all the chocolate you could ever eat.'

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

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

MRS BUCKET: The first of February. But that's tomorrow.

GRANDPA GEORGE: Then there's not a moment to lose. Wash your face, comb your hair, scrub your hands, brush your teeth, blow your nose.

GRANDMA GEORGINA: And get that mud off your pants.

MRS BUCKET: Now we must all try and keep very calm. First thing that we have to decide is this: Who is going, with Charlie, to the factory?

GRANDPA JOE: I will. I'll take him. You leave it to me.

(Slugworth leads Charlie off the stage whispering in his ear)

Scene 3 -WONKA'S FACTORY GATES

(A large crowd is gathered, including reporters and a band.)

NARRATOR 1: The day of the winners visit had arrived, a crowd gathered in anticipation of seeing the mysterious Mr Willy Wonka.

NEWSREADER: Well, this is it folks. This is the big day, the historic day on which Willy Wonka has promised to open his gates and shower gifts on the five lucky winners.

NEWSREADER: From all over the globe, people have gathered here waiting for the hour to strike, waiting to catch a glimpse of that legendary magician Mr. Willy Wonka.

VERUCA: Daddy, I want to go in.

MR SALT: It's nine-fifty-nine, sweetheart.

VERUCA: Make time go faster.

MRS. SALT: Anything you say, sweetheart.

MRS BEAUREGARDE: Eyes on the prize, Violet. Eyes on the prize.

MRS. GLOOP: (taking food away from Augustus) Save some room for later, Augustus lieblich.

CHARLIE: Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE: Mmm?

CHARLIE: I don't believe it. We did it; we're actually going in.

GRANDPA JOE: We're going to see the greatest of them all: Mr. Willy Wonka!

(The clock strikes ten. Willy Wonka emerges; the crowd cheers until they see he is limping with a cane. All of a sudden he performs an acrobatic move. The crowd applauds.)

NARRATOR 4: Then he appeared, this reclusive chocolatier. Who would change these children's worlds forever

WONKA: Thank you. Thank you. Welcome, my friends. Welcome to my chocolate factory. (to the ticket holders) Would you come forward please?

MR. SALT: Veruca first! Get back, you! Come on, Veruca sweetheart!

(Slugworth gives the thumbs up to Charlie.)

CHARLIE: That's Slugworth! That's the one I've told you about! He wants me to steal the recipe for Wonka's everlasting gobstoppers.

NARRATOR 2: Now it is said that Slugworth would give his front teeth

for 5 minutes in Willy Wonka's inventing room!

WONKA: Welcome. It's nice to have you here. I'm so glad you could come. This is going to be such an exciting day. I hope you enjoy it. I think you will.

AUGUSTUS: Don't you want to know our names?

WILLY WONKA: Can't imagine how it would matter. Come quickly. For too much to see. Just drop your coats anywhere.

VIOLET: Mr Wonka, (hugs him) I'm Violet Beauregarde.

WILLY WONKA: Oh? I don't care.

VIOLET: Well, you should care. Because I'm the girl that's gonna win the special prize at the end.

WILLY WONKA : Well, you do seem confident, and confidence is key.

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

WILLY WONKA: I always thought that a veruca was a type of wart you got on the bottom of your foot. Ha!

AUGUSTUS: I'm Augustus Gloop. I love your chocolate.

WILLY WONKA I can see that. So do I. I never expected to have so much in common. You. . . you're Mike TEEVEE. And you. Well, you're just lucky to be here, aren't you? And the rest of you must be their. . .

MR SALT: Parents?!

(As they enter the characters chat)

AUGUSTUS: Would you like some chocolate?

CHARLIE: Sure.

AUGUSTUS: Then you should have brought some.

VERUCA: Let's be friends.

VIOLET: Best friends.

WILLY WONKA: This is to keep all the great big chocolaty flavour inside. Now, do be careful, me dear children. Don't lose your heads. Don't get overexcited. Just keep very calm.

(They enter the main factory room)

Scene 4-MAIN CHOCOLATE ROOM

SONG- Pure Imagination

(Lead Oompa Loompas to set up the stage during the song, including the brown silk chocolate river)

NARRATOR 2: This was a room like none had ever seen before-

CHARLIE: It's beautiful.

WILLY WONKA: What? Oh, yeah, it's very beautiful. Do you like my meadow? Try some of my grass. Please have a blade. Please do. It's so delectable and so darn good-looking.

CHARLIE: You can eat the grass?

WILLY WONKA: Of course you can. Everything in this room is edible. Even I'm edible. But that is called cannibalism, my dear children, and is, in fact frowned upon in most societies. Yeah. Enjoy. Go on. Scoot, scoot.

(Charlie approaches Violet as she tucks her gum behind her ear)

CHARLIE: Why hold onto it? Why not just start a new piece?

VIOLET: Because then I wouldn't be a champion. I'd be a loser, like you.

MRS. GLOOP: What a disgusting, dirty river.

MR. SALT: It's industrial waste, that. You've ruined your watershed, Wonka. It's polluted.

WONKA: It's chocolate.

VERUCA: That's chocolate?!?

CHARLIE: That's chocolate.

VIOLET: A chocolate river.

GRANDPA JOE: That's the most fantastic thing I've ever seen.

WILLY WONKA: Every drop of the river, is hot, melted chocolate of the finest quality. The waterfall is most important. Mixes the chocolate. Churns it up. Makes it light and frothy. By the way... no other factory in the world, mixes it's chocolate by waterfall, my dear children. And you can take that to the bank. People. Those pipes... suck up the chocolate, and carry it away, all over the factory. Thousands of gallons an hour.

VERUCA: Daddy, look over there. What is it? It's a little person. Over there, by the waterfall.

AUGUSTUS: There's two of them.

MRS TEEVEE: There's more than two.

MRS GLOOP: Where do they come from?

CHARLIE: Who are they?

MIKE: Are they real people?

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

MR SALT: Oompa-Loompas?

WILLY WONKA: Imported, direct from Loompaland.

AUGUSTUS: There's no such place.

WILLY WONKA: What?

MRS TEEVEE: Mr Wonka, I teach high-school geography, and I'm here to tell you...

WONKA: Oh, well then you know all about it and what a terrible country it is. Nothing but desolate wastes and fierce beasts. And the poor little Oompa Loompas were so small and helpless, they would get gobbled up right and left. A Wangdoodle would eat ten of them for breakfast and think nothing of it. And so, I said, "Come and live with me in peace and safety, away from all the Wangdoodles and Hornswogglers and

Snozzwangers and rotten Vermicious Knids."

MRS SALT: Snozzwangers? Vermicious Knids? What kind of rubbish is that?

WONKA: I'm sorry, but all questions must be submitted in writing. And so, in the greatest of secrecy I transported the entire population of Oompa Loompas to my factory here.

VERUCA: Hey, Daddy, I want an Oompa Loompa. I want you to get me an Oompa Loompa right away.

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

VERUCA: I want an Oompa Loompa now!

(Augustus starts to drink from the river using a cup filled with melted chocolate to create the illusion of chocolate over his face)

AUGUSTUS: Mmmmm . . . this stuff is terrific. I need a bucket to drink it properly.

CHARLIE: Grandpa, look at Augustus.

NARRATOR 1: Augustus had quietly sneaked down to the edge of the river, he was scooping the chocolate into his mouth as fast as he could.

GRANDPA JOE: Don't worry, he can't drink it all.

MRS. GLOOP: Augustus, sweetheart, save some room for later.

WONKA: Oh, uh, Augustus, please, don't do that. My chocolate must never be touched by human hands. Plea--don't do that! Don't do that; you're contaminating my entire river. Please, I beg you, Augustus!

NARRATOR 2: But Augustus was deaf to everything except the call of his enormous stomach.

(Augustus falls in-fall toward silk, it is picked up by Oompa Loompas so that only his head is poking out; Mrs. Gloop and others scream.)

MIKE: Man overboard.

WONKA: My chocolate!

AUGUSTUS: Help! I'm drowning in chocolate!

WONKA: My chocolate! My beautiful chocolate.

AUGUSTUS: Help! I can't swim fish me out!

MRS. GLOOP: Don't just stand there; do something!

WONKA: Help. Police. Murder.

MRS GLOOP: He'll drown! He can't swim! Save him! Augustus! No!
Augustus! Augustus! Watch out!

(Augustus spins in the silk wrapping it around him)

VIOLET: There he goes.

MRS GLOOP: Call the fire brigade! He can't swim a yard!

CHARLIE: Look. The Oompa-Loompas.

VERUCA: What are they doing?

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: Augustus Gloop, Augustus Gloop,

LEAD OL 1: The great big greedy nincompoop!

LEAD OL 2: How long could we allow this beast

LEAD OL 3: To gorge and guzzle, feed and feast!

LEAD OL 1: But this revolting boy of course

LEAD OL 2: Was so unutterably vile

LEAD OL 3: So greedy foul and infantile!

WILLY WONKA: Why, I believe they're going to treat us to a little song. It is quite a special occasion of course. They haven't had a fresh audience in many a moon.

(Tunnel placed over him to act like a pipe)

SONG- OOMPA LOOMPAS SING ABOUT AUGUSTUS

WILLY WONKA: Bravo! Well done! Aren't they delightful? Aren't they charming?

MR SALT: I do say, that all seemed rather rehearsed.

MIKE: Like they knew it was gonna happen.

WILLY WONKA: Oh, poppycock.

MRS GLOOP: Where is my son? Where does that pipe go to?

WILLY WONKA: That pipe, it just so happens to lead directly to the room where I make the most delicious kind of strawberry flavoured, chocolate-coated fudge.

MRS GLOOP: Then he will be made into strawberry flavoured, chocolate-coated fudge. They'll be selling him by the pound all over the world?

WILLY WONKA: No. I wouldn't allow it. The taste would be terrible. Can you imagine Augustus-flavoured, chocolate coated Gloop? Ooh. No-one would buy it. I want you to take Mrs Gloop up to the fudge room, okay? Help her find her son. Take a long stick and start poking around in the big chocolate-mixing barrel, okay?

CHARLIE: Mr Wonka?

WILLY WONKA: Huh?

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

WILLY WONKA: Improvisation is a parlour trick. Anyone can do it. You, little girl. Say something. Anything.

VIOLET: Chewing gum.

WILLY WONKA: Chewing gum is really gross, Chewing gum I hate the

most. See? Exactly the same.

MIKE: No, it isn't.

WILLY WONKA: Er, you really shouldn't mumble. Because I can't understand a word you're saying. Now, on with the tour.

CHARLIE: Are the Oompa-Loompas really joking?

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

WILLY WONKA: You're all quite short, aren't you?

VIOLET: Well, yeah. We're children.

WILLY WONKA: Well, that's no excuse. I was never as short as you.

Scene 5-THE INVENTING ROOM

(Various contraptions bubble, churn, and whistle.)

NARRATOR 3: Charlie stared around the gigantic room in which he now found himself. The place was like a witch's kitchen!

NARRATOR 4: All about him black metal pots were boiling and bubbling on huge stoves. The whole room was filled with steam and smelt rich and delicious.

GRANDPA JOE: Inventing room? It looks more like a Turkish bath to me.

CHARLIE: Even if Slugworth did get in here, he couldn't find anything.

MR. SALT: Shouldn't you be wearing rubber gloves? You'll have the health inspectors after you, you know that, don't you.

WONKA: (as he mixes a concoction) Invention, my dear friends, is ninety-three percent perspiration, . . . six percent electricity, . . . four percent evaporation, . . . and two percent butterscotch ripple.
(He tastes.)

MRS. TEEVEE: That's a hundred and five percent!

MRS SALT: Any good?

WONKA: (high, Muppet-like voice) Yes! Excuse me . . . (to Veruca) Time is a precious thing. Never waste it. (He throws an alarm clock into the cauldron.)

VERUCA: He's absolutely bonkers.

CHARLIE: And that's not bad.

MIKE: (eating something) Mmmm . . .

(Explosion)

MRS. TEEVEE: Mike!

WONKA: I told you not to, silly boy.

MIKE: Boy, that's great stuff.

WONKA: That's exploding candy for your enemies. Great idea, isn't it. Not ready yet, though, still too weak. Needs more gelignite. (He puts trainers into a pot.)

MRS SALT: What's that for?

WONKA: Gives it a little kick.

VIOLET: Hey, Mr Wonka, what's this?

WILLY WONKA: Oh, let me show you. Thank you. These are Everlasting Gobstoppers. They're for children who are given very little allowance money. You can suck on it all year, and it'll never get any smaller. Isn't that neat?

And this is hair toffee. You suck down one of these little boogers, and in exactly half an hour... a brand new crop of hair will start growing out all over the top of your little noggin. And a mustache. And a beard.

MIKE: Who wants a beard?

WONKA: I'm a trifle deaf in this ear. Speak a little louder next time.

MIKE: Who wants a beard?

WILLY WONKA: Well... beatniks, for one. Folk singers and motorbike riders. You know, all those hip, jazzy, super-cool, neat, keen and groovy cats. It's in the fridge, daddy-o. Are you hep to the jive? Can you dig what I'm laying down? I knew that you could. Slide me some skin, soul brother. Unfortunately, the mixture isn't quite right yet. Because an Oompa-Loompa tried some yesterday, and, well, he... How are you today? You look great. Who wants an Everlasting Gobstopper?

(The children say "Me!" or "I do!")

WONKA: I can only give them to you if you solemnly swear to keep them for yourselves and never show them to another living soul as long as you all shall live. Agreed?

(Veruca crosses her fingers behind her back.)

CHILDREN: Agreed.

WONKA: Good. (He hands them out.) One for you, and one for you, and one for you.

GRANDPA JOE: Eh, what about Charlie?

WONKA: And one for Charlie.

VERUCA: Hey, she's got two. I want another one!

VIOLET: Stop squawking, you twit!

WONKA: Everybody has had one, and one is enough for anybody. Now come along. Now over here, if you'll follow me, I have something rather special to show you.

NARRATOR 1: Mr Wonka led the party over to a gigantic machine that stood in the very centre of the Inventing room.

NARRATOR 2: It was a mountain of gleaming metal.

WILLY WONKA: Watch this.

NARRATOR 3: A mighty rumbling sound came from inside and the whole machine began to shake uncontrollably.

NARRATOR 4: Click, went the machine and the whizzer stopped whizzing. And now there came a sort of sucking noise then a tiny drawer opened revealing a thin grey strip, that looked like a piece of cardboard.

MIKE: You mean that's it?

WILLY WONKA: Do you even know what 'it' is?

VIOLET: It's gum. By gum it's gum!

WILLY WONKA : Yeah. It's a stick of the most amazing and sensational gum in the whole universe. Know why? Know why? 'Cause this gum is a full three-course dinner all by itself.

MR SALT: Why would anyone want that?

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

GRANDPA JOE: It sounds great.

VERUCA: It sounds weird.

VIOLET: It sounds like my kinda gum.

WILLY WONKA: I, I'd rather you didn't. There's still one or two thing that are. . .

NARRATOR 1: But before Mr Wonka could stop her she shot out her hand and grabbed the stick of gum, popping it in her mouth.

NARRATOR 2: At once her huge, well trained jaws started chewing away like a pair of tongs.

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

MRS BEAUREGARDE: How is it, honey?

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

throat.

WILLY WONKA: Yeah. Spit it out.

GRANDPA JOE: Young lady, I think you'd better. . .

VIOLET: It's changing. Roast beef with baked potato. Crispy skin and butter.

MRS BEAUREGARDE: Keep chewing, kiddo. My little girl's gonna be the first person in the world to have a chewing-gum meal.

WILLY WONKA: Yeah. I'm just a little concerned about the. . .

VIOLET: Blueberry pie and ice cream.

WILLY WONKA: That part.

NARRATOR 3: What a terrible peculiar sight she was!

VERUCA: What's happening to her nose?

MRS SALT: It's turning blue.

(Violet to rub face paint onto face whilst facing away from audience, sumo suit under clothes to be blown up!)

NARRATOR 4: Her face, hands, legs and neck, in fact the skin all over her body had turned a brilliant, purplish blue!

MRS BEAUREGARDE: Your whole nose has gone purple.

VIOLET: What do you mean?

MRS BEAUREGARDE: Violet, you're turning violet. What's happening?

WILLY WONKA: Well, I told you I hadn't got it quite right. 'Cause it goes a little funny when it gets to the desert. It's the blueberry pie that does it. I'm terribly sorry.

VIOLET: Mother? What's happening to me?

GRANDPA JOE: She's swelling up.

CHARLIE: Like a blueberry.

WILLY WONKA : I've tried it on, like, twenty Oompa-Loompas, and each one ended up as a blueberry. It's just weird.

MRS BEAUREGARDE: But I can't have a blueberry as a daughter. How is she supposed to compete?

VIOLET: Mr Wonka!

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: Dear friends, we surely all agree

LEAD OL 1: there's almost nothing worse to see

LEAD OL 2: Than some repulsive little bum

LEAD OL 3: Who's always chewing chewing gum

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: So please believe us when we say

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: That chewing gum will never pay!

SONG- OOMPA LOOMPAS SING ABOUT VIOLET

WILLY WONKA : I want you to roll Miss Beauregarde into the boat and take her along to the juicing room at once, okay?

MRS BEAUREGARDE: The juicing room? What are they gonna do to her there?

WILLY WONKA: They're gonna squeeze her. Like a little pimple. We gotta squeeze all that juice out of her immediately.

VIOLET: Mother, help me. Please.

WILLY WONKA : Come on. Let's boogie. Without the boat, we'll have to move double-time just to keep on schedule. There's far too much to see.

MIKE: What's the special prize, and who gets it?

WILLY WONKA: The best kind of prize is a sur-prize.

VERUCA: Will Violet always be a blueberry?

WILLY WONKA : No. Maybe. I don't know. But that's what you get from chewing gum all day. It's just disgusting.

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

WILLY WONKA: Once again, you really shouldn't mumble. 'Cos it's kinda starting to annoy me.

Scene 6- FIZZY LIFTING ROOM

NARRATOR 3: There were doors every 20 paces or so along the corridor, strange clanking noises were coming from behind several of them.

NARRATOR 4: Delicious smells came wafting through the keyholes and sometime jets of coloured steam shot out from the cracks underneath.

WONKA: Something very unusual in here. Bubbles, bubbles everywhere, but not a drop to drink. Yet.

CHARLIE: What's it making, Mr. Wonka?

WONKA: Fizzy Lifting Drinks. They fill you with gas, and the gas is so terrifically lifting that it lifts you right off the ground like a balloon.

VERUCA: Oh, isn't it high! Gosh!

WONKA: But I daren't sell it yet. It's still too powerful.

MIKE: Come on, let us try some! Please?

VERUCA: Oh, let us try some. Don't be mean!

WONKA: No, no, no. Absolutely not. There'd be children floating around all over the place. Come along now; don't hang about. You're going to be wild about this next room.

(All but Charlie and Grandpa Joe exit.)

GRANDPA JOE: Let's take a drink, Charlie; nobody's watching.

CHARLIE: Yeah.

GRANDPA JOE: A small one won't hurt us. (He opens a bottle and drinks.) Mmmm, not bad. (Charlie drinks.) Well?

Bubbles begin to appear out of their mouth as they talk)

CHARLIE: Nothing's happening.

GRANDPA JOE: You're right, Charlie. I can't understand
WHYYYY . . . oh, oh, oh, I feel terribly strange . . .

Scene 6- NUT SORTING ROOM

VERUCA: Squirrels.

WILLY WONKA: Yeah. Squirrels. These squirrels are specially trained to get the nuts out of shells.

MR SALT: You use squirrels? Why not use Oompa-Loompas?

WILLY WONKA: Because only squirrels can get the whole walnut out almost every single time. You see how they tap each one with their little knuckles to make sure it's not bad? Oh, look. Look. I think that one's got a bad nut.

NARRATOR 1: They watched the little squirrel as he tapped the walnut shell with his knuckles.

NARRATOR 2: He cocked his head to one side, listening intently, then suddenly he threw the nut over his shoulder into a large hole in the floor.

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

MR SALT: Veruca, dear, you have many marvelous pets.

VERUCA: All I've got at home is one pony and two dogs and four cats and six rabbits and two parakeets and three canaries and a green parrot and a turtle and a silly old hamster. I want a squirrel!

MR SALT: All right, pet. Daddy will get you a squirrel just as soon as he possibly can.

VERUCA: But I don't want any old squirrel, I want a trained squirrel.

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

WILLY WONKA: Oh, they're not for sale. She can't have one.

VERUCA: Daddy.

WILLY WONKA: They're not for sale.

MR. SALT: Name your price.

WONKA: She can't have one.

VERUCA: Who says I can't?

MRS. SALT: The man with the funny hat.

VERUCA: If you won't get me a squirrel, I'll get one myself.

MR SALT: Veruca.

WILLY WONKA: Little girl?

MR SALT: Veruca, come back here at once. Veruca.

WILLY WONKA: Little girl? Don't touch that squirrel's nuts. It'll make him crazy.

NARRATOR 3: The moment she entered the room, one hundred squirrels stopped what they were doing and turned their heads and stared at her with small black beady eyes.

SONG- I WANT IT NOW

VERUCA: I'll have you.

MR SALT: Veruca. Veruca. Veruca!

WILLY WONKA: (Starts looking for a key on a large hoop) Let's find the key. Nope. Not that one.

VERUCA: Daddy!

MR SALT: Veruca!

WILLY WONKA: No. There it is. There it isn't.

VERUCA: Daddy, I want them to stop.

CHARLIE: What are they doing?

WILLY WONKA: They're testing to see if she's a bad nut. Oh, my goodness. She is a bad nut after all.

MR SALT: Veruca!

VERUCA: Daddy!

MR SALT: Where are they taking her?

WILLY WONKA: Where all the other bad nuts go. To the garbage chute.

MR SALT: Where does the chute go?

WILLY WONKA: To the incinerator. But don't worry. We only light it on Tuesdays.

MIKE: Today is Tuesday.

WILLY WONKA: Well, there's always the chance they decided not to light it today. Now, she may be stuck in the chute just below the top. If that's the case, all you have to do is just reach in and pull her out. Okay?

(Oompa loompa speaks to him) Oh, really? Oh, good. I've just been informed that the incinerator's broken. So there should be about three weeks of rotten garbage to break their fall.

SONG- OOMPA LOOMPAS SING ABOUT VERUCA

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: Veruca Salt, Veruca Salt, the little brute

LEAD OL 1: Has just gone down the rubbish chute

LEAD OL 2: And as we rightly thought

LEAD OL 3: That in a case like this we ought

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: To see the thing completely through

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: We've polished off her parents too!

Scene 7- TV ROOM

(Get to a new room)

NARRATOR 4: They stepped out into a room that was so dazzlingly white and dazzlingly bright that they screwed up their eyes in pain and stopped walking.

WILLY WONKA: Go ahead. Here. Put these on quick, and don't take them off whatever you do. This light could burn your eyeballs right out of your skulls. And we certainly don't want that, now, do we? This is the testing room for my very latest and greatest invention: Television Chocolate. One day it occurred to me. . . Hey, if television can break up a photograph into millions and millions of tiny little pieces and send it whizzing through the air, then reassemble it on the other end. . . Why can't I do the same thing with chocolate? Why can't I, send a real bar of chocolate through the television, all ready to be eaten?

MRS TEEVEE: Sounds impossible.

MIKE: It is impossible. You don't understand anything about science. First off, there's a difference between waves and particles. Duh! Second, the amount of power it would take to convert energy in matter would be like nine atomic bombs.

WILLY WONKA: Mumbler! Seriously, I cannot understand a single word you're saying. Okey-dokey. I shall now send a bar of chocolate from one end of the room. . . to the other, by television. Bring in the chocolate! It's gotta be real big, 'cos you know how on TV you can film a regular-size man, and he comes out looking this tall? Same basic principle.

MIKE: You think Slugworth would pay extra to know about this?

MRS. TEEVEE: Just keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

CHARLIE: It's gone!

WILLY WONKA: Told you. Now, that bar of chocolate is now rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny little pieces. Come over here. Come on. Come on. Come on! Watch the screen. Here it comes. Oh, look. Take it.

MIKE: It's just a picture on a screen.

WILLY WONKA: Scaredy-cat. You take it. Go on. Just reach out and grab it. Go on.

GRANDPA JOE: Holy buckets.

WILLY WONKA: Eat it. Go on. It'll be delicious. It's the same bar. It's just gotten a little smaller on the journey, that's all.

CHARLIE: It's great.

GRANDPA JOE: It's a miracle.

WILLY WONKA: So imagine, ah, you're sitting at home watching television and suddenly a commercial will flash onto the screen, and a voice will say, "Wonka's chocolates are the best in the world. If you don't believe us, try one for yourself." And you simply reach out. . . and take it. How about that?

MIKE: What about people?

WILLY WONKA: Well, why would I want to send a person? They don't taste very good at all.

MIKE: Don't you realise what you've invented? It's a teleporter. It's the most important invention in the history of the world. And all you think about is chocolate.

MRS TEEVEE: Calm down, Mike. I think Mr Wonka knows what he's talking about.

MIKE: No, he doesn't. He has no idea. You think he's a genius, but he's an idiot. But I'm not.

NARRATOR 3: But he was already off and running. There was no stopping him now. The crazy boy rushed on and he reached the enormous camera.

(Mike disappears with flashing lights and machine noises)

MRS TEEVEE: He's gone.

WILLY WONKA: Let's go check the television, see what we get. I sure hope no part of him gets left behind.

MRS TEEVEE: What do you mean?

WILLY WONKA: Well, sometimes only half the little pieces find their way through. If you had to choose only one half of your son, which one would it be?

MRS TEEVEE: What kind of a question is that?

WILLY WONKA: No need to snap. Just a question. Try every channel. I'm starting to feel a little anxious.

(Mike appears on the projected screen, prerecorded, his mother will reach up and put him into her handbag, disappears from screen use microphone to project voice)

CHARLIE: There he is.

WILLY WONKA: Ooh, somebody grab him.

WILLY WONKA: Oh, thank heavens. He's completely unharmed.

MRS TEEVEE: Unharmed? What are you talking about?

WILLY WONKA: There is no other way. It's television, not telephone. There's quite a difference.

MRS TEEVEE: And what exactly do you propose to do about it?

MIKE: Don't worry about a thing, Mom; I feel fine. I'm famous. I'm a TV star. Wait 'til the kids back home hear about this.

MRS. TEEVEE: Nobody's gonna hear about this.

MIKE: Where are you taking me? I don't want to go in there!

(Mrs. Teevee puts Mike in her purse.)

MIKE (in the purse): Hey, let me out! It's dark in here.

MRS. TEEVEE: Be quiet. (to Mr. Wonka) Well . . .

MIKE (in the purse): Come on, Mom, I want to be on TV.

WONKA: Well, fortunately small boys are extremely springy and elastic, .

MIKE (in the purse): Let me out, Mom, or I'll gnaw my way out.

WONKA: (continuous) . . . so I think we'll put him in my special taffy-pulling machine. That should do the trick.

MIKE (in the purse): I'm warning you, Mom; there's a nail file in here . . .

MRS. TEEVEE: Taffy . . .

WONKA: (to an Oompa Loompa) To the taffy-pulling room. You'll find the boy in his mother's purse. But be extremely careful.

MIKE (in the purse): (on "You'll") If you don't let me out, I'll smear your lipstick all over everything.

MRS. TEEVEE: (losing it) T-t-taffy pull-- (as the Oompa Loompa whispers to Willy Wonka) Oh, what's he saying?

(Mike continues to protest.)

WONKA: (to the Oompa Loompa) No, no, I won't hold you responsible.

(Mrs. Teevee faints backwards into Grandpa Joe's arms.)

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: The most important thing we've learned

LEAD OL 1: So far as children are concerned

LEAD OL 2: Is never, never, never let

LEAD OL 3: Them near your television set

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: Or better still, just don't install

LEAD OOMPA LOOMPAS: The idiotic thing at all!

SONG- OOMPA LOOMPA SONG ABOUT MIKE TEEVEE

WONKA: And now, my dearest lady, it's time to say goodbye. (Mrs.

Teevee emits a noise.) No, no, don't speak. For some moments in life there are no words. Run along now. (The Oompa Loompas drag her out.) Adieu, adieu, parting is such sweet sorrow.

WILLY WONKA: On with the tour. There's still so much left to see. Now, how many children are left?

GRANDPA JOE: Mr Wonka, Charlie's the only one left now.

WILLY WONKA: You mean, you're the only one?

CHARLIE: Yes

WILLY WONKA: What happened to the others? Oh, my dear boy, but that mean's you've won. Oh, I do congratulate you. I really do. I'm absolutely delighted. I had a hunch you know, right from the beginning. Well done. Now, we mustn't dilly, or dally. So much to do, so much to do, invoices and bills, letters . . . I must answer that note from the queen.

CHARLIE: Mr. Wonka, what's gonna happen to the other kids? Augustus, Veruca?

WONKA: My dear boy, I promise you they'll be quite all right. When they leave here, they'll be completely restored to their normal, terrible old selves. But maybe they'll be a little bit wiser for the wear. Anyway, don't worry about them.

GRANDPA JOE: Eh, what do we do now, Mr. Wonka?

WONKA: Oh, yes, well, I hope you enjoyed yourselves. Excuse me for not showing you out. Straight up the stairs. You'll find the way. I'm terribly busy. Whole day wasted. Goodbye to you both. Goodbye. (He enters his office.)

CHARLIE: What happened? Did we do something wrong?

GRANDPA JOE: I don't know, Charlie. But I'm gonna find out.

(They enter the office.)

GRANDPA JOE: Mr. Wonka?

WONKA: I am extraordinarily busy, sir.

GRANDPA JOE: I just wanted to ask about the chocolate. The lifetime supply of chocolate, for Charlie. When does he get it?

WONKA: He doesn't.

GRANDPA JOE: Why not?

WONKA: Because he broke the rules.

GRANDPA JOE: What rules? We didn't see any rules, did we, Charlie?

WONKA: Wrong, sir, wrong! Under Section Thirty-Seven B of the contract it states quite clearly that all offers shall become null and void if--and you can read it for yourself in this photostatic copy: "I, the undersigned, shall forfeit all rights, privileges, and licenses herein and herein contained, et cetera, et cetera . . . fax mentis incendium gloria culpum, et cetera, et cetera . . . memo bis punitor delicatum!" It's all there, black and white, clear as crystal! You stole Fizzy Lifting Drinks, so you get nothing! You lose! Good day, sir!

GRANDPA JOE: You're a crook! You're a cheat and a swindler! That's what you are. How can you do a thing like this? Build up a little boy's hopes and then smash all his dreams to pieces. You're an inhuman monster!

WONKA: I said Good Day!

GRANDPA JOE: Come on, Charlie, let's get out of here. I'll get even with him if it's the last thing I ever do. If Slugworth wants a Gobstopper, he'll get one.

(Long pause.)

CHARLIE: Mr. Wonka . . .

(Charlie leaves the Gobstopper on Willy Wonka's desk.)

WONKA: So shines a good deed in a weary world. Charlie . . my boy . . .

You won! You did it! You did it! I knew you would; I just knew you would. Oh, Charlie, forgive me for putting you through this. Please, forgive me. Come in, Mr. Wilkinson. Charlie, meet Mr. Wilkinson.

(Wilkinson--formerly known as Slugworth--enters.)

WILKINSON: Pleasure.

CHARLIE: Slugworth!

WONKA: No, no, that's not Slugworth. He works for me.

CHARLIE: For you?

WONKA: I had to test you, Charlie. And you passed the test. You won!

GRANDPA JOE: Won what?

WONKA: The jackpot, my dear sir, the grand and glorious jackpot.

CHARLIE: The chocolate?

WONKA: The chocolate, yes, the chocolate, but that's just the beginning. We have to get on, we have to get on; we have so much time, and so little to do. Strike that. Reverse it. This way please. We'll take the Wonkavator. Step in, Charlie. Grandpa Joe, sir. This is the Great Glass Wonkavator.

GRANDPA JOE: It's an elevator.

WONKA: It's a Wonkavator. An elevator can only go up and down, but the Wonkavator can go sideways and slantways and longways and backways . . .

CHARLIE: And frontways?

WONKA: . . . and squareways and frontways and any other ways that you can think of. It can take you to any room in the whole factory just by pressing one of these buttons. Any of these buttons. Just press a

button and ZING! You're off. And up until now I've pressed them all . . . except one. This one. Go ahead, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Me? (He pushes the button.)

WONKA: There it goes. Hold on tight. I'm not exactly sure what's going to happen. Faster, faster . . . If we don't pick up enough speed, we'll never get through.

CHARLIE: Get through what?

WONKA: Ah-ha!

GRANDPA JOE: You mean we're going . . .?

WONKA: Up and out!

GRANDPA JOE: But this roof is made of glass. It'll shatter into a thousand pieces. We'll be cut to ribbons!

WONKA: Probably. Hold on, everybody. Here it comes.

(The Wonkavator flies into the sky.)

NARRATOR 1: The suddenly CRASH! The most tremendous noise of splintering wood and broken tiles came from directly above their heads.

NARRATOR 2: Sure enough the lift had shot right up through the roof of the factory and was rising into the sky like a rocket.

GRANDPA JOE: You did it, Mr. Wonka, congratulations!

WONKA: Get up. Take a look.

NARRATOR 3: The lift stopped and hung mid-air, hovering like a helicopter.

NARRATOR 4: Hovering over the factory and over the very town itself which lay spread below them like a picture postcard.

CHARLIE: Grandpa, our town looks so pretty from up here.

GRANDPA JOE: Yeah, look over here, Charlie. I think I see our house.

CHARLIE: Wow.

GRANDPA JOE: It really looks beautiful.

CHARLIE: There's my school, Grandpa.

WONKA: How did you like the chocolate factory, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I think it's the most wonderful place in the whole world.

WONKA: I'm very pleased to hear you say that because I'm giving it to you. That's all right, isn't it?

GRANDPA JOE: You're giving Charlie the--?

WONKA: I can't go on forever, and I don't really want to try. So, who can I trust to run the factory when I leave and take care of the Oompa Loompas for me? Not a grownup. A grownup would want to do everything his own way, not mine. That's why I decided a long time ago I had to find a child. A very honest, loving child to whom I can tell all my most precious candy making secrets.

CHARLIE: And that's why you sent out the Golden Tickets.

WONKA: That's right. So the factory's yours, Charlie; you can move in immediately.

GRANDPA JOE: And me?

WONKA: Absolutely.

CHARLIE: What happens to the rest of--

WONKA: The whole family. I want you to bring them all. (Charlie hugs him.) But Charlie . . . don't forget what happened to the man who suddenly got everything he always wanted.

CHARLIE: What happened?

WONKA: He lived happily ever after.

SONG- THE CANDY MAN REPRISE



