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## Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

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### SCENE ONE

The NARRATOR enters in front of the curtain.

NARRATOR. 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? (He sniffs.) Oh, how I love that gorgeous smell! You've all heard of Cadbury's, Hershey's, Nestles, Wonka – what's that? You say, what's Wonka? You mean you *don't* know what Wonka is? Why . . . Wonka Chocolate . . . of course! I admit that Willy Wonka's Chocolate is fairly new but it's also the greatest chocolate ever invented. Why, Willy Wonka himself is the most amazing, the most fantastic, the most extraordinary chocolate maker the world has ever seen. He's invented things like . . . say . . . why . . . I'm not going to *tell* you what he's invented. You came to see for yourself! So I'll let you do just that. But before I do, I should perhaps fill you in on what's been happening around here lately. Because Mr. Willy Wonka makes the best chocolate in the whole wide world, three other great chocolate makers known as Mr.

Fickelgruber, Mr. Prodnose, and Mr. Slugworth sent spies to work for Mr. Wonka in order to discover his secrets. Well, they must have been good spies because soon afterwards, these three chocolate makers began making such delicious Wonka favorites as ice cream that never melts, chewing gum that never loses its flavor, and candy balloons that you could blow up to huge sizes before you popped them with a pin and gobbled them up. Mr. Wonka didn't know what to do. He didn't know who the spies were and, if he continued to operate his factory, *all* his secrets might be stolen. So he did the only thing he could; he sent all the workers home and closed the factory. You might think that that would be the end of Mr. Willy Wonka but no sireee — not him. After months and months went by, the factory suddenly began operating again. But nobody knew who was running the place. Nobody *ever* went *in* and nobody *ever* came *out*. The only thing anyone could see were shadows dancing around in front of the lighted windows . . . mighty strange. . . Well, anyway, to get back to the story, soon there was a big article in the town paper saying that Mr. Willy Wonka, in order to sell a lot of candy once again, was running a contest. Yes, sir, that's right . . . a contest! He had secretly wrapped a Golden Ticket under ordinary wrapping paper in five ordinary candy bars. The candy bars were said to be found anywhere . . . in any shop . . . in any street . . . in any town . . . in any country in the world, upon any counter where Wonka's candies are sold. The five winners will tour Mr. Wonka's new factory and take home enough chocolate for the rest of their lives. Now *that*, my friends, is where our story begins. Four of the tickets have already been found. Oh, by the way, would you like to meet the four lucky people? All

right, listen and watch carefully! I think they're here somewhere. (He looks out over the audience.) Let's see . . . Augustus Gloop! Where are you, Augustus Gloop?

(AUGUSTUS GLOOP appears somewhere in the audience.)

AUGUSTUS. *Chocolate . . . chocolate . . . chocolate . . . I . . . love . . . chocolate!* Ummmmmmmm . . . food . . . food! (He smacks his lips repeatedly.) Ummmmmm . . . *I must eat all the time . . . Ummmmmm . . . Chocolate!* This Golden Ticket is my meal ticket to . . . uh . . . eat . . . and eat . . . and eat . . . and *eat!* Ummm. . . *chocolate . . . chocolate . . .* (He sits down.)

NARRATOR. Well, uh, friends, that was our first Golden Ticket finder — Augustus Gloop. Let's see now if the lucky girl who found our second Golden Ticket is here. Oh, Violet . . . Violet Beauregarde?

(VIOLET BEAUREGARDE appears somewhere in the audience, chewing ferociously on gum, waving her arms excitedly and talking in a rapid, loud manner.)

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, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just *adore* gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel *comfortable* if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day. I really wouldn't. My



mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that *her* jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from *yelling* at me every minute of the day. And now, it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over *three months solid*. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings . . . a bit . . . hard at first . . . maybe . . . (She sits down.)

NARRATOR. Such a, uh, lucky, uh, girl. Isn't she, uh, uh, wonderful? The third Golden Ticket was found by another lucky girl. Her name is Veruca Salt. Is Veruca here now?

(VERUCA SALT appears somewhere in the audience.)

VERUCA. Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my Golden Ticket! Oh yes . . . *here* it is! As soon as I told my father that I simply *had* to have one of those Golden Tickets, he went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka candy bars he could lay his hands on. *Thousands* of them, he must have bought. *Hundreds* of thousands! Then he had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to his own factory. He's in the peanut business, you see, and he's got about a hundred women working for him over at his joint, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women . . . they just sit there shelling peanuts. So he says to them,

"Okay, girls," he says, "from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!" And they did. He had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate, full speed ahead, from morning 'til night. But three days went by and we had no luck. Oh . . . it was terrible! I got more and more upset each day, and every time he came home I would scream at him, "Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my Golden Ticket!" And I would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Then suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, one of his women workers yelled, "I've got it! A Golden Ticket!" And my father said, "Give it to me, quick!" And she did. And he rushed it home and gave it to me, and now . . . I'm all smiles . . . and we have a happy home . . . once again. (She sits down.)

NARRATOR. Thank you, Veruca. Isn't she a lovely girl? Now the fourth and last ticket was found by a boy named Mike Teavee. I wonder if Mike's got his ticket with him? Where are you, Mike?

(MIKE TEAVEE appears somewhere in the audience.)

MIKE. Of course I've got a Golden Ticket, but why can't everyone leave me alone? I want to watch television! (He pulls out his guns and fires into the air.) I watch all of the shows every day, even the crummy ones where there's no shooting. I like the gangsters best. They're terrific, those gangsters! Especially when they start pumping each other full of lead . . . or flashing the old stilettos . . . or giving each other the one-two-three, with their knuckledusters! Oh, boy, what wouldn't I give to be



doing that myself! It's the *life*, I tell you. It's terrific! (He sits down.)

NARRATOR. And that, folks, is, uh, Mike Teavee. Sorry for, uh, bothering you, Mike.

## SCENE TWO

NARRATOR. Now we're going to take a look at the hero of our story, Charlie Bucket, and his family. Let me introduce them to you.

(The curtain opens on the Bucket home, a bare room with one chair and a bed. The CHARACTERS are frozen in place: the four GRANDPARENTS in the bed; MR. BUCKET in a chair, reading a newspaper; CHARLIE and MRS. BUCKET on the other side of the room.)

NARRATOR. This is the home of Charlie Bucket. Seven people live here. There are only two rooms and only one bed, so you can see that life is extremely uncomfortable. (He walks over to the bed.) These two very old people are the father and mother of Mr. Bucket. Their names are Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine. And these two very old people are the father and mother of Mrs. Bucket. Their names are Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina. The bed was given to the four old grandparents because they were so old and tired — and of course they're all over ninety years old. (He goes to MR. BUCKET.) This is Mr. Bucket. This is Mrs. Bucket. They and little Charlie Bucket sleep in the other room, upon mattresses on the

floor. As you know, this can be very cold in the wintertime. They can't buy a better house because they don't have any money and there aren't any better jobs. Mr. Bucket is the only one that can work and, well, he lost his job a few weeks ago. Yes, it's very sad, but you see, the toothpaste factory *had* to close down. Without Mr. Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory open, nobody ever got cavities any more and they didn't buy any toothpaste and . . . well, you know how it goes. Oh, wait . . . gee, I almost forgot . . . this is our hero — Charlie Bucket. Charlie's a nice boy. Of course, he's been starving lately. In fact, the whole family has. I'm worried about Charlie, though. Why, did you know that Charlie is so weak from not eating that he walks slowly, instead of running like the other kids, so he can save his energy? Well, I've said far too much already. Let's find out what's happening at the Bucket house now . . . Uhh, I'll see you later. (He exits. The FAMILY comes to life.)

MR. BUCKET. Well, I see that four children have found Golden Tickets. I wonder who the fifth lucky person will be?

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE. I hope it's no one like that repulsive Gloop boy!

GRANDPA GEORGE. Or as spoiled as that Veruca Salt girl!

GRANDMA GEORGINA. Or as beastly as that bubble-popping Violet Beauregarde!

MRS. BUCKET. Or living such a useless life as that Teavee boy!

MR. BUCKET (looking up from his paper). It makes you wonder if all children behave like this nowadays . . . like these brats we've been hearing about.

GRANDPA JOE. Of course not! Some do, of course. In fact,



quite a lot of them do. But not all.

MRS. BUCKET. And now there's only one ticket left.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE. Quite so . . . and just as sure as I'll be having cabbage soup for supper tomorrow, that ticket'll go to some nasty little beast who doesn't deserve it!

GRANDPA JOE. I bet I know somebody who'd like to find that Golden Ticket. How about it, Charlie? You love chocolate more than anyone I ever saw!

CHARLIE. Yes, I sure would, Grandpa Joe! You know . . . it just about makes me faint when I have to pass Mr. Wonka's Chocolate Factory every day as I go to school. The smell of that wonderful chocolate makes me so dreamy that I often fall asleep and bump into Mr. Wonka's fence. But I guess I should realize that dreams don't come true. Just imagine! Me imagining that I could win the fifth Golden Ticket. Why, it's . . . it's . . . it's pure imagination.

GRANDPA JOE. Well, my boy, it may be pure imagination, but I've heard tell that what you imagine sometimes comes true.

CHARLIE. Gee, you really think so, Grandpa Joe? Gee . . . I wonder . . . (The lights fade out.)

### SCENE THREE

The lights come up on the Bucket home, several days later. The GRANDPARENTS and MR. and MRS. BUCKET are as before.

MR. BUCKET. You know, it sure would have been nice if Charlie had won that fifth Golden Ticket.

MRS. BUCKET. You mean with that money we gave him for his birthday present yesterday?

MR. BUCKET. Yes, the money we gave him to buy the one piece of candy he gets every year.

GRANDMA GEORGINA. And just think how long it took you two to save up that money.

GRANDPA GEORGE. Yes, now that was really a shame.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE. But think of how Charlie enjoyed the candy. He just loves Willy Wonka chocolate.

MRS. BUCKET. He didn't really *act* that disappointed.

MR. BUCKET. No, he didn't . . .

GRANDPA JOE. Well, he might not have acted disappointed, but that's because he's a fine boy and wouldn't want any of us to feel sorry for him. Why — what boy wouldn't be disappointed? I sure wish he'd won. I'd do anything for that boy. Why, I'd even —

(CHARLIE runs in excitedly.)

CHARLIE. Mom! Dad! Grandpa Joe! Grandfolks! You'll never believe it! You'll never believe what happened!

MRS. BUCKET. Good gracious, Charlie . . . what happened?

CHARLIE. Well . . . I was walking home . . . and the wind was so cold . . . and the snow was blowing so hard . . . and I couldn't see where I was going . . . and I was looking down to protect my face . . . and . . . and . . .

MR. BUCKET (excitedly). Go on, Charlie . . . go on, Charlie . . . what is it?

CHARLIE. And there it was. . . just lying there in the snow . . . kind of buried . . . and I looked around . . . and no one seemed to look as if they had lost anything . . . and . . . and . . . and so I picked it up and wiped it off . . . and I couldn't believe my eyes—



ALL (except CHARLIE, shouting and screaming). You found the Golden Ticket! Charlie found the Golden Ticket! Hurray! Hurray! He did it! He did it!

CHARLIE. No . . . no . . . I found fifty cents. (ALL look let down and sad.) But, but, but . . . then I thought it wouldn't hurt if I bought a Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight since it was . . . my fifty cents . . . and I was just *sooo* hungry for one.

ALL (getting excited again). Yes . . . yes . . . go on . . . go on.

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

ALL (shouting and screaming). You found the Golden Ticket! Charlie found the Golden Ticket! Hurray! Hurray! He did it! He did it!

CHARLIE. No . . . no . . . no . . . I ate the candy. There wasn't any Golden Ticket. (ALL groan and sigh, acting very sad again.) But then. . . I still had forty-five cents left and . . . well . . . you know how I love chocolate . . .

MRS. BUCKET. Oh, Charlie, you're not sick, are you? You didn't spend all of the money on —

CHARLIE. Well, no, as a matter of fact . . . I bought another Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight . . . and . . . and . . . and *I found the fifth Golden Ticket!*

ALL. You *what?*

CHARLIE. I did! I did! I really did! I found the fifth Golden Ticket!

ALL (yelling and dancing around). Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Yipppppeeeeeeeee! It's off to the chocolate factory! (The lights go down and ALL exit.)

## SCENE FOUR

The lights come up on the front of the Willy Wonka Chocolate Factory. CHARLIE and GRANDPA JOE enter together as the scene opens.

CHARLIE. Boy, Grandpa Joe, I sure am glad that Dad let you take me today.

GRANDPA JOE. Well, Charlie, I guess he just feels that we understand each other.

CHARLIE. Plus, you seem to know all about Willy Wonka and what's happened to him.

GRANDPA JOE. Well, he's been an important man in this town for a good long time. A lot of people said some unkind things about him after he closed down the factory, but I always felt that he had his reasons. Actually, I'm quite excited about this Golden Ticket thing. It's a good excuse to see what *is* going on in that factory and how he's running it.

CHARLIE. Speaking of the Golden Ticket, Grandpa Joe, could I read it one more time? I know it sounds silly but the whole thing seems so magical.

GRANDPA JOE (searching his pockets). Sure, Charlie . . . let me see if I can find it . . . ah, here it is. (He pulls out a small ticket.)

CHARLIE. Let's see now . . . it says, "Greetings to you, the lucky finder of this Golden Ticket, from Mr. Willy Wonka! I shake you warmly by the hand. Tremendous things are in store for you! Many wonderful surprises await you! For now, I do invite you to come to my factory and be my guest for one whole day — you and all others who are lucky enough to find



my Golden Tickets. I, Willy Wonka, will conduct you around the factory myself, showing you everything that there is to see, and afterwards, when it is time to leave, you will be escorted home by a procession of large trucks. These trucks, I can promise you, will be loaded with enough delicious eatables to last you and your entire household for many years. If, at any time thereafter, you should run out of supplies, you have only to come back to the factory and show this Golden Ticket and I shall be happy to refill your cupboard with whatever you want. In this way, you will be able to keep yourself supplied with tasty morsels for the rest of your life. But this is by no means the most exciting thing that will happen on the day of your visit. I am preparing other surprises that are even more marvelous and more fantastic for you and for all my beloved Golden Ticket holders — mystic and marvelous surprises that will entrance, delight, intrigue, astonish, and perplex you beyond measure. In your wildest dreams you could not imagine that such things could happen to you! Just wait and see. And now, here are your instructions: the day I have chosen for the visit is the first day in the month of February. On this day, and on no other, you must come to the factory gates at ten o'clock sharp in the morning. Don't be late! And you are allowed to bring with you either one or two members of your own family to look after you and to ensure that you don't get into mischief. One more thing — be certain to have this ticket with you, otherwise you will not be admitted. Signed, Willy Wonka."

GRANDPA JOE. And today is the first of February, and say, Charlie . . . look, we're here already . . . and I guess everyone else is arriving together.

(AUGUSTUS GLOOP, VIOLET BEAUREGARDE, VERUCA

SALT, MIKE TEAVEE, MRS. GLOOP, MR. and MRS. TEAVEE, MR. and MRS. SALT, MRS. BEAUREGARDE enter. WILLY WONKA enters from the opposite side of the stage.)

MRS. GLOOP. There he is! That's him! It's Willy Wonka!

WILLY WONKA. Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! Hello, everyone! Let's see now. I wonder if I can recognize all of you by the pictures of you in the newspaper. Let's see. (He pauses, then speaks to AUGUSTUS.) You're Augustus Gloop.

AUGUSTUS. Uhhhhh . . . y-e-a-hhhh and this is . . . uhh . . . my mother.

WILLY WONKA. Delighted to meet you both! Delighted! Delighted! (He turns to VIOLET.) You're Violet Beauregarde.

VIOLET. So what if I am — let's just get on with the whole thing, huh?

WILLY WONKA. And you must be Mrs. Beauregarde. Very happy to meet you! Very happy! (He turns to VERUCA.) I think you are . . . yes . . . you're Veruca Salt. And you must be Mr. and Mrs. Salt.

VERUCA. Don't shake his hand, Daddy, it's probably all sticky and chocolatey from working in the factory. After all, he *does* only run a silly little factory. He's not important enough for you to bother shaking hands with, anyway!

WILLY WONKA. You're Mike Teavee. Enchanted to meet you! Yes . . . enchanted.

MIKE (blasting his guns). Come on! I'm missing all my favorite television shows!

MR. and MRS. TEAVEE. And we're the Teavees. Pleased to meet you.

WILLY WONKA. Overjoyed! Overjoyed! (He turns to CHARLIE.) And you must be the boy who just found the ticket



yesterday. Congratulations! You're . . . Charlie Bucket, aren't you?

CHARLIE. Yes, sir, thank you. And this, sir, is my Grandpa Joe.

GRANDPA JOE. Howdy, Mr. Wonka, I'm real pleased to meet you!

WILLY WONKA. How do you do, Mr. Grandpa Joe. How *do* you do! Well, now, is that everybody? Hmmm. . . why . . . I guess it is! Good! Now will you please follow me! Our tour is about to begin! But *do* keep together! Please don't wander off by yourselves! I shouldn't like to lose any of you at this stage of the proceedings! Oh, dear me, no! Here we are! Through this big red door, please. That's right! It's nice and warm inside! I have to keep it warm inside the factory because of the workers! My workers are used to an extremely hot climate! They can't stand the cold! They'd perish if they went outdoors in this weather! Why, they'd freeze to death!

AUGUSTUS. But . . . who . . . are these . . . uhh . . . workers?

WILLY WONKA. All in good time, my dear boy! Be patient! You shall see everything as we go along! (ALL exit with WILLY WONKA remaining alone.) Are all of you inside? Good! Would you mind closing the door? Thank you! (He exits and the lights go down.)

#### SCENE FIVE

The lights come up on the Chocolate Room. The Chocolate River runs across the stage, surrounded by trees and pipes. ALL enter.

AUGUSTUS. I'm tired! It seems like we've been turning left,

turning right, turning left and turning right again for a whole hour or so. When are we going to eat? I'm hungry! I want to eat right now! Do you all hear me? *Now!*

CHARLIE. Did you notice that we've been going downward for the longest time, Grandpa Joe?

GRANDPA JOE. Yes, Charlie, I think I heard Mr. Wonka say that we were going underground and that all the most important rooms in his factory are deep down below the surface.

CHARLIE. I wonder why?

GRANDPA JOE. Well, I think he said that there wouldn't be nearly enough space for them up on top. He said that the rooms we are going to see are enormous. *Some* are supposed to be larger than football fields!

WILLY WONKA. Here we are everybody! This is the Chocolate Room. This room is the nerve center of the whole factory. It's the heart of my whole operation!

AUGUSTUS. Uhh . . . I don't see anything but that old river over there. Where's the food? I'm hungry!

MRS. GLOOP. And just look at those enormous pipes over there. There must be ten or eleven of them. I wonder what they're for?

CHARLIE. Gee, Mr. Wonka, what's wrong with your river? It's all brown and muddy-looking.

WILLY WONKA. *Nothing* wrong with it, my boy! *Nothing!* Nothing at all! It's all chocolate! Every drop of that river is hot melted chocolate of the finest quality. The *very finest* quality. There's enough chocolate in there to fill every bathtub in the entire country! *And* all the swimming pools as well! Isn't it *terrific*? And just look at my pipes! They suck up the chocolate and carry it away to all the other rooms in the factory where it is needed! Thousands of gallons an hour, my dear



children! Thousands and thousands of gallons!

VERUCA (screaming as she looks over the edge of the river). Look! Look over there! What is it? He's moving! He's walking! Why, it's a little person! It's a little man! Down there behind one of the pipes! (ALL rush to the edge of the river to get a better look.)

CHARLIE. She's right, Grandpa! It *is* a little man. Can you see him?

GRANDPA JOE. I see him, Charlie!

MRS. GLOOP (shouting). There's two of them!

MR. SALT (shouting). My gosh, so there is!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE (shouting). There's more than two! There are four or five!

MR. TEAVEE (shouting). What are they doing?

MRS. GLOOP (shouting). Where do they come from?

VIOLET (shouting). Who are they?

CHARLIE (shouting). Aren't they fantastic?

GRANDPA JOE (shouting). No higher than my knee!

CHARLIE. Look at their funny long hair! They can't be *real* people!

WILLY WONKA. Nonsense! Of course they are real people! They are some of my workers!

MIKE TEAVEE. That's impossible! There are no people in the world as small as that!

WILLY WONKA. No people in the world as small as that? Then let me tell you something. There are more than three thousand of them in my factory. They are Oompa-Loompas!

CHARLIE. Oompa-Loompas! What do you mean?

WILLY WONKA. Imported direct from Loompaland. And oh, what a terrible country it is! Nothing but thick jungles infested by the most dangerous beasts in the world — hornswogglers and

snozzwangers and those terrible wicked whangdoodles. A whangdoodle would eat ten Oompa-Loompas for breakfast and come galloping back for a second helping. When I went out there, I found the little Oompa-Loompas living in tree houses. They *had* to live in tree houses to escape from the whangdoodles and the hornswogglers and the snozzwangers. When I found them, they were practically starving to death. They were living on green caterpillars, red beetles, eucalyptus leaves, and the bark of the bong-bong tree. They loved cacao beans too, but only found about one or two a year. They used to dream about cacao beans all night and talk about them all day. It just so happens that the cacao bean is the thing from which all chocolate is made. I myself use billions of cacao beans every week in this factory. So I talked to the leader of the tribe in Oompa-Loompish and told him that his people could have all the cacao beans they wanted if they would just come and work for me and live in my factory. Well, the leader was so happy that he leaped up in the air and threw his bowl of mashed caterpillars right out of his tree house window. So, here they are! They're wonderful workers. They all speak English now. They love dancing and music. They are always making up songs. I expect you will hear a good deal of singing today from time to time.

VERUCA. Mommy! Daddy! I want an Oompa-Loompa! I want you to get me an Oompa-Loompa! I want an Oompa-Loompa right away! I want to take it home with me! *Go on, Daddy!* Get . . . me . . . an . . . Oompa-Loompa!

MRS. SALT (mildly). Now, now, my pet. We *mustn't* interrupt Mr. Wonka.

VERUCA (screaming). But I want an Oompa-Loompa!



MR. SALT. All right, Veruca, all right. But I can't get it for you this second, sweetie. Please be patient. I'll see that you have one before the day is out. (AUGUSTUS leans over the river.)

MRS. GLOOP. Augustus! Augustus, sweetheart! I don't think you had better do that.

WILLY WONKA. Oh, no! Please, Augustus, p-l-e-a-s-e . . . I beg of you, not to do that. My chocolate must be untouched by human hands!

MRS. GLOOP. Augustus! Didn't you hear what the man said? Come away from that river at once!

AUGUSTUS (leaning further over the river). This stuff is *tee-rrific*! Oh boy, I need a bucket to drink it properly!

WILLY WONKA. Augustus . . . you *must* come away! *You are dirtying my chocolate!*

MRS. GLOOP. Augustus! You'll be giving that nasty cold of yours to about a million people all over the country! Be careful, Augustus! You're leaning *too far out*! (Augustus shrieks as he falls in.) Save him! He'll drown! He can't swim a yard! Save him! Save him!

AUGUSTUS. Help! Help! Fish me out!

MRS. GLOOP (to the OTHERS). Don't just stand there! *Do something!*

VERUCA. Look! He's being sucked closer to one of the pipes!

MIKE. There he goes!

MRS. GLOOP. Oh, help! Murder! Police! Augustus! Come back at once! Where are you going? (She pauses.) He's disappeared. He's *disappeared*! Where does that pipe go to? Quick! Call the fire brigade!

WILLY WONKA. Keep calm. He'll come out of it just fine, you wait and see.

MRS. GLOOP. But he'll be turned into marshmallows!

WILLY WONKA. Impossible!

MRS. GLOOP. And why *not*, may I ask?

WILLY WONKA. Because that pipe doesn't go anywhere near the Marshmallow Room. It leads to the room where I make a most delicious kind of strawberry-flavored chocolate-coated fudge.

MRS. GLOOP. Oh, my poor Augustus! They'll be sending him by the pound all over the country tomorrow morning! (WILLY WONKA laughs. MRS. GLOOP begins to chase him, trying to hit him with her purse.) How *dare* you laugh like that when my boy's just gone up the pipe! You monster! You think it's a joke, do you? You think that sucking my boy up into your Fudge Room like that is just one great colossal joke?

WILLY WONKA. He'll be perfectly safe.

MRS. GLOOP. He'll be chocolate fudge!

WILLY WONKA. Never! I wouldn't allow it!

MRS. GLOOP. And why not?

WILLY WONKA. Because the taste would be *terrible*! Just imagine it! Augustus-flavored chocolate-coated Gloop. No one would buy it.

MRS. GLOOP. I don't want to *think* about it!

WILLY WONKA. Nor do I, and I do promise you, madam, that your darling boy *is* perfectly safe.

MRS. GLOOP. If he's safe, then where is he? Lead me to him this instant!

WILLY WONKA. Go over to one of the Oompa-Loompas and ask him to show you to the Fudge Room. When you get there, take a long stick and start poking around inside the big chocolate-mixing barrel. He should be there. Don't leave him in there too long though, or he's liable to get poured out into the



fudge boiler, and that really would be a disaster, wouldn't it?  
My fudge would become *quite* uneatable!

MRS. GLOOP (shrieking). What . . . what . . . *what* did you say?

WILLY WONKA. I'm joking — forgive me. Goodbye, Mrs. Gloop . . . see you later. (MRS. GLOOP exits. The OTHERS exit in the opposite direction.)

#### OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!  
The great big greedy nincompoop!  
How long could we allow this beast  
To gorge and guzzle, feed and feast  
On everything he wanted to?  
Great Scott! It simply wouldn't do!  
So what we do in cases such  
As this, we use the gentle touch,  
"Come on!" we cried. "The time is ripe  
To send him shooting up the pipe!"  
But don't, dear children, be alarmed;  
Augustus Gloop will not be harmed,  
Although, of course, we must admit  
He will be altered quite a bit.  
He'll be quite changed from what he's been,  
When he goes through the fudge machine:  
Slowly, the wheels go round and round,  
The cogs begin to grind and pound;  
A hundred knives go slice, slice, slice;  
We add some sugar, cream, and spice;  
Then out he comes! And now! By grace!  
A miracle has taken place!

This boy, who only just before  
Was loathed by men from shore to shore,  
This greedy brute, this louse's ear,  
Is loved by people everywhere!  
For who could hate or bear a grudge  
Against a luscious bit of fudge?  
(The lights go down and the curtain closes.)

#### SCENE SIX

The NARRATOR enters in front of the curtain.

NARRATOR. Poor Augustus . . . well, I bet we've seen the last of him for a while. Now you folks are really in for a treat! Did you know that Willy Wonka had his very own yacht? That's right! His very own! And boy, is it sharp! It's bright pink and has about ten Oompa-Loompas inside, pulling all of the oars! Well, there's no point telling you all about the boat, because in just a second. . . you should . . . be able to see it coming . . . up the tunnel . . . yes . . . yes . . . *here it comes now!* (The NARRATOR exits.)

(The curtain opens to the Chocolate River, now stage front. There are three doors behind the river which say "Cream Room," "Whip Room" and "Bean Room." The boat with visitors enters as the scene opens.)

VIOLET. It sure is dark in here! How can these dumb Oompa-Loompas see where they're going?



WILLY WONKA (hooting with laughter). There's no knowing where they're going!

There's no earthly way of knowing  
Which direction they are going!  
There's no knowing where they're rowing,  
Or which way the river's flowing!  
Not a speck of light is showing,  
So the danger must be growing,  
For the rowers keep on rowing,  
And they're certainly not showing  
Any signs that they are slowing . . .

MRS. SALT. He's gone off his rocker!

ALL. He's crazy!

MIKE. He's balmy!

VERUCA. He's nutty!

VIOLET. He's screwy!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. He's batty!

MRS. TEAVEE. He's dippy!

MR. SALT. He's dotty!

MIKE. He's daffy!

VERUCA. He's goofy!

VIOLET. He's buggy!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. He's wacky!

MR. TEAVEE. He's loony!

GRANDPA JOE. Oh, no, he's not!

WILLY WONKA. Switch on the lights! Row faster! Faster!  
(The boat moves along.)

CHARLIE. Look, Grandpa! There's a door in the wall! It says  
. . . Cream Room . . . dairy cream, whipped cream, violet  
cream, coffee cream, pineapple cream, vanilla cream and . . .  
hair cream?

MIKE. Hair cream? You don't eat *hair cream*!

WILLY WONKA. Row on! There's no time to answer silly questions! (The boat moves along.)

CHARLIE. Look . . . another door! Whip Room!

VERUCA. Whips? What on earth do you use whips for?

WILLY WONKA. For whipping cream, of course! How can you whip cream without whips? Whipped cream isn't whipped cream at all, unless it's been whipped with whips — just as a poached egg isn't a poached egg unless it's been stolen from the woods in the dead of night! Row on, please! (The boat moves along.)

CHARLIE. Bean Room! Cacao beans, coffee beans, jelly beans and has beans.

VIOLET. Has Beans?

WILLY WONKA. You're one yourself! No time for arguing! Press on! Press on! (A pause.) Stop the boat. We're *there*!

MIKE. We're where?

WILLY WONKA. Up there!

MIKE. What's up there?

WILLY WONKA. You'll see. (The lights go down and ALL exit.)

## SCENE SEVEN

The lights come up on the Invention Room. It is filled with stoves and pipes, pots and kettles, and many strange machines. ALL enter as the scene opens.

WILLY WONKA. This is the most important room in the entire



factory! All my most secret new inventions are cooking and simmering in here! Old Fickelgruber would give his front teeth to be allowed inside, just for three minutes! So would Prodnose and Slugworth and all the other rotten chocolate makers! But now, listen to me! I want no messing about when you go in! No touching! No meddling! And *no tasting*! Is that agreed?

CHILDREN. Yes, yes! We won't touch a thing! (ALL look around in amazement. WILLY WONKA runs around and jumps in excitement from place to place. He approaches and gazes into a machine.)

WILLY WONKA. Everlasting Gobstoppers! They're completely new! I am inventing them for children who are given very little pocket money. You can put an Everlasting Gobstopper in your mouth and you can suck it and suck it and suck it and suck it and suck it and . . . it will never get any smaller!

VIOLET. It's like gum!

WILLY WONKA. It is *not* like gum! Gum is for chewing, and if you tried chewing one of these Gobstoppers here, you'd break your teeth off. But they *taste* terrific! And they change color once a week! Now that machine over there makes hair toffee but it's not quite perfected yet. But I'll get the mixture right soon! And when I do, then there'll be no excuse any more for little boys and girls going about with bald heads!

MIKE. But Mr. Wonka, little boys and girls never go about with —

WILLY WONKA. Don't argue, my dear child . . . *please* don't argue! Now over here, if you will all step this way, I will show you something I am *terrifically* proud of. Oh, do be careful! Stand back! (He walks to C and stands in front of the Great

Gum Machine.) Here we go! (He begins to push buttons and all kinds of noises and lights occur. Finally, a small strip of grey cardboard appears from the side of the machine.)

MIKE. You mean that's all?

WILLY WONKA (proudly). That's all! Don't you know what it is?

VIOLET (yelling). By gum, it's *gum*! It's a stick of chewing gum!

WILLY WONKA. Right you are! (He slaps VIOLET hard on the back.) It's a stick of the most amazing and fabulous and sensational gum in the world! This gum is a fantastic gum — in that it's a chewing-gum meal! It's a whole three-course dinner all by itself! When I start selling this gum in the shops, it will change everything. It will be the *end* of cooking, marketing, forks, plates, washing up, and garbage! This piece of gum I've just made happens to be tomato soup, roast beef *and* blueberry pie! But you can have almost anything you want!

VIOLET. What do you mean by that?

WILLY WONKA. If you were to start chewing it, you would actually taste *all* of those things. *And* it fills you up! It satisfies you! It's terrific!

VERUCA. It's utterly impossible!

VIOLET. Just so long as it's gum, and I can chew it . . . then that's for me! (She takes her own piece of gum out of her mouth and sticks it behind her left ear.) Come on, Mr. Wonka, hand over this magic gum of yours . . . and we'll see if the thing works!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Now, Violet . . . let's not do anything silly.

VIOLET. I want the gum! What's so silly?

WILLY WONKA. I would rather you didn't take it. You see, I



haven't got it quite right yet. There are still one or two things — VIOLET. Oh, to heck with that! (She grabs the gum and pops it into her mouth.)

WILLY WONKA. Don't!

VIOLET. Fabulous! It's great!

WILLY WONKA. Spit it out!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Keep chewing, kiddo! Keep right on chewing, baby! This is a great day for the Beauregardes! Our little girl is the first person in the world to have a chewing-gum meal!

WILLY WONKA (wringing his hands). No — no — no — no — no! It isn't ready for eating. It isn't right! You mustn't do it!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Good heavens, girl! What's happening to your nose? It's turning *blue*!

VIOLET. Oh, be quiet, Mother, and let me finish!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Your cheeks! Your chin! Your whole face is turning *blue*! Mercy save us! The girl's going blue and purple all over! Violet, you're turning violet, Violet! What is happening to you? You're glowing all over! The whole room is glowing! (Blue lights are the only ones on.)

WILLY WONKA (sighing and shaking his head sadly). I *told* you I hadn't got it quite right. It always goes wrong when we come to the dessert. It's the blueberry pie that does it. But I'll get it right one day, you wait and see!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Violet . . . you're swelling up! (VIOLET begins to back off the stage.)

VIOLET. I feel most peculiar! (She disappears offstage.)

MRS. BEAUREGARDE (after VIOLET). You're swelling up! You're *blowing up like a balloon*!

WILLY WONKA. Like a *blueberry*!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. Call a doctor!

MR. SALT. Prick her with a pin!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE (wringing her hands helplessly). Save her!

WILLY WONKA. It always happens like this. All the Oompa-Loompas that tried it finished up as blueberries. It's *most* annoying. I just *can't* understand it.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. But I don't *want* a blueberry for a daughter! Put her back this instant!

WILLY WONKA. Tell the Oompa-Loompas over there to roll Miss Beauregarde into the Juicing Room at once!

MRS. BEAUREGARDE. The *Juicing Room*? What for?

WILLY WONKA. To *squeeze* her! We've got to squeeze the juice out of her immediately. After that, we'll just have to see how she comes out. But *don't* worry. We'll get her repaired if it's *the last thing we do*. I *am* sorry about it all. . . I really am. . . (MRS. BEAUREGARDE walks off, following VIOLET.)

CHARLIE. Mr. Wonka? Will Violet ever be all right again?

WILLY WONKA. She'll come out of the de-juicing machine just as thin as a whistle — and she'll be purple. Purple from head to toe! But there you are! That's what comes from chewing disgusting gum all day long!

MIKE. If it's so *disgusting*, then why do you make it in your factory?

WILLY WONKA. I can't hear a word you're saying. Come on! Off we go! Follow me! (ALL exit.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

Dear friends, we surely all agree  
There's almost nothing worse to see



Than some repulsive little bum  
 Who's always chewing chewing gum.  
 This sticky habit's bound to send  
 The chewer to a sticky end.  
 Did any of you ever know  
 A person called Miss Bigelow?  
 This dreadful woman saw no wrong  
 In chewing, chewing all day long.  
 And when she couldn't find her gum,  
 She'd chew up the linoleum,  
 Or anything that happened near —  
 A pair of boots, the postman's ear,  
 Or other people's underclothes,  
 And once she chewed her boyfriend's nose.  
 For years and years she chewed away,  
 Consuming fifty packs a day,  
 Until one summer's eve, alas,  
 A horrid business came to pass.  
 Miss Bigelow went late to bed,  
 For half an hour she lay and read,  
 At last, she put her gum away  
 Upon a special little tray,  
 And settled back and went to sleep —  
 (She managed this by counting sheep.)  
 But now, how strange! Although she slept,  
 Those massive jaws of hers still kept  
 On chewing, chewing through the night,  
 Even with nothing there to bite.  
 This sleeping woman's great big trap  
 Opening and shutting, snap-snap-snap!

Faster and faster, chop-chop-chop,  
 The noise went on, it wouldn't stop.  
 Until at last her jaws decide  
 To pause and open extra wide,  
 And with the most tremendous chew  
 They bit the lady's tongue in two.  
 And that is why we'll try so hard  
 To save Miss Violet Beauregarde  
 From suffering an equal fate.  
 She's still quite young. It's not too late,  
 Provided she survives the cure.  
 We hope she does. We can't be sure.  
 (The lights go down.)

## SCENE EIGHT

The lights come up on the front of the Nut Room. At C, facing L, is a door with a glass panel; behind it, a pile of nuts and a rubbish chute (inside the room). ALL enter as the scene opens.

WILLY WONKA. All right, stop here for a moment and catch your breath. And take a peek through the glass panel of this door. But don't go in! Whatever you do, don't go into . . . The Nut Room! If you go in, you'll disturb the miniature squirrels!

CHARLIE (peeking through the panel). Oh, *look*, Grandpa! Look!

VERUCA. Miniature squirrels!

MIKE. Jeepers! There must be a hundred of them around that



pile of walnuts over there.

WILLY WONKA. These squirrels are specially trained for getting the nuts out of walnuts.

MIKE. Why use squirrels? Why not use Oompa-Loompas?

WILLY WONKA. Nobody can get walnuts out of walnut shells in one piece, except squirrels. I *insist* on using only *whole* walnuts in my factory — so I use squirrels to do the job. And see how they first tap each walnut with their knuckles — to be sure it's not a bad one! If it's bad, it makes a hollow sound and they don't bother to open it. They simply throw it down the garbage chute.

VERUCA. Hey, Daddy, I've decided I want a squirrel! Get me one of those squirrels!

MR. SALT. Don't be silly, sweetheart. These all belong to Mr. Wonka.

VERUCA. I don't care about that! I want one! All I've got at home is two dogs, and four cats, and six bunny rabbits, and two parakeets, and three canaries, and a green parrot, and a turtle, and a bowl of goldfish and a cage of white mice, and a silly old hamster! I . . . want . . . a . . . squirrel!

MR. SALT. All right, my pet, Daddy'll get you a squirrel just as soon as he possibly can.

VERUCA. But I don't want any . . . old . . . squirrel! I want a *trained* squirrel.

MR. SALT. Very well. (He takes out a wallet full of money.) Wonka? How much d'you want for one of these crazy squirrels? Name your price!

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

VERUCA (furiously). Who says I can't? I'm going in to grab me a squirrel this very minute!

WILLY WONKA. Don't! (VERUCA goes through the door and approaches the squirrel she wants.)

VERUCA. All right, I'll have *you*! (As she reaches out, she acts as if all the squirrels are leaping on to her. She struggles and wriggles and screams.)

WILLY WONKA. No — no — no! They've all jumped on her. All of them! Twenty-five of them have her right arm pinned down. Twenty-five have her left arm pinned down. Twenty-five have her right leg anchored to the ground. Twenty-four have her left leg. And the last squirrel . . . it's . . . it's climbed up on her shoulders and started tap-tap-tapping on Veruca's head with its knuckles!

MRS. SALT. Save her! Veruca! Come back! What are they doing to her?

WILLY WONKA. They're testing her to see if she's a bad nut — watch! (VERUCA acts as if she's being dragged across the floor towards the rubbish chute.) My *goodness*! She is a bad nut after all. Her head must have sounded quite hollow! (VERUCA kicks and screams, but to no avail.)

MRS. SALT. Where are they taking her?

WILLY WONKA. She's going where all the other bad nuts go — down the rubbish chute!

MR. SALT. By golly . . . she *is* going down the chute! (VERUCA wriggles herself into the chute and out of sight.)

WILLY WONKA. She's gone!

MRS. SALT. Where do you suppose she's gone to?

WILLY WONKA. That particular chute runs directly into the great big main rubbish pipe which carries away all the rubbish from every part of the factory — all the floor sweepings and potato peelings and rotten cabbages and fish heads and stuff like that.



MIKE. Who eats fish and cabbage and potatoes in this factory, I'd like to know?

WILLY WONKA. I do, of course. You don't think I live on cacao beans, do you? And, of course, the pipe goes to the furnace in the end.

MR. SALT. Now see here, Wonka . . . I think you've gone just a shade too far this time, I do indeed. My daughter may be a bit of a frump — I don't mind admitting it — but that doesn't mean you can roast her to a crisp. I'll have you know I'm extremely cross about this — I really am.

WILLY WONKA. Oh, don't be cross, my dear sir! I expect she'll turn up again sooner or later. She may not even have gone down the pipe at all. She may be stuck in the chute, just below the entrance hole. And if that's the case, all you'll have to do is go in and pull her up again. (MRS. SALT runs into the Nut Room and looks into the hole, bending over.)

MRS. SALT. Veruca! Are you down there? (She leans over further and falls into the chute, as if pushed by the squirrels.)

WILLY WONKA. Oh, no! The squirrels have pushed her, too!

MR. SALT. Good gracious me! What a lot of rubbish there's going to be today. (He leans over the hole and peers in.) What's it like down there, Angina? (He acts as if the squirrels are pushing him in.) Help! (He falls into the chute.)

CHARLIE. Oh, dear! What on earth's going to happen to them now?

WILLY WONKA. I expect someone will catch them at the bottom of the chute.

CHARLIE. But what about the great fiery incinerator?

WILLY WONKA. Oh, *that*! They only light it every other day. Perhaps this is one of the days when they let it go out. You

never know — they might be lucky. I've never seen anything like it! The children are disappearing like rabbits! Oh, well, shall we move on?

CHARLIE and GRANDPA JOE. Oh, yes!

MIKE. My feet are getting tired! I want to watch television!

WILLY WONKA. If you're tired, then we'd better take the elevator. It's just down the hall. Come on! (ALL exit.)

### OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

Veruca Salt, the little brute,  
Has just gone down the rubbish chute,  
(And as we very rightly thought  
That in a case like this we ought  
To see the thing completely through,  
We've polished off her parents, too.)  
Down goes Veruca! Down the drain!  
And here, perhaps, we should explain  
That she will meet, as she descends,  
A rather different set of friends:  
Some liverwurst so old and grey  
One smelled it from a mile away,  
A rotten nut, a reeky pear,  
A thing the cat left on the stair,  
And lots of other things as well,  
Each with a rather horrid smell.  
These are Veruca's new-found friends  
That she will meet as she descends,  
And this is the price she has to pay  
For going so very far astray.  
But now, my dears, we think you might



Be wondering — is it really right  
 That every single bit of blame  
 And all the scolding and the shame  
 Should fall upon Veruca Salt?  
 Is she the only one at fault?  
 For though she's spoiled, and dreadfully so,  
 A girl can't spoil herself, you know.  
 Who turned her into such a brat?  
 Who are the culprits? Who did that?  
 Alas! You needn't look so far  
 To find out who these sinners are.  
 They are (and this is very sad)  
 Her loving parents, Mom and Dad.  
 And that is why we're glad they fell  
 Into the rubbish chute as well.  
 (The lights go down.)

## SCENE NINE

The lights come up as ALL enter and gather around the Great Glass Elevator at C.

CHARLIE. Wow! Look at that! It's a Great Glass Elevator!  
 And look at all the buttons all over.  
 WILLY WONKA. This isn't just an ordinary up-and-down elevator! This elevator can go sideways and longways and slantways and any other way you can think of! It can visit any single room in the whole factory, no matter where it is! You simply press the button and *zing*! You're off!  
 GRANDPA JOE. Fantastic!

CHARLIE. *Look!* Each button is labeled!  
 WILLY WONKA. And each button stands for a room!  
 MIKE. Yeah . . . let's see. It says, Strawberry Juice Water Pistols; Exploding Candies for your enemies; Stickjaw for talkative parents; Invisible Chocolate Bars for eating in class; Rainbow Drops, suck them and you can spit in six different colors . . .  
 WILLY WONKA. Come on! Enough! Enough! We can't wait all day! (ALL enter the elevator.)  
 MIKE. Isn't there a *Television* Room in all this lot?  
 WILLY WONKA. Certainly! Right here! (He points to a button.)  
 MIKE. Whoopee! That's for me! (He presses a button and the elevator shakes.)  
 WILLY WONKA (laughing). Hang on, everybody!  
 MR. TEAVEE. I'm going to be *sick*!  
 WILLY WONKA. Please don't be sick.  
 MR. TEAVEE. Try and stop me!  
 WILLY WONKA (holding his hat in front of MR. TEAVEE). Then you'd better take this!  
 MR. TEAVEE. Make this awful thing stop!  
 WILLY WONKA. Can't do that! It won't stop 'til we get there. I only hope no one is using the other elevator at this moment.  
 MIKE. What . . . other . . . elevator?  
 WILLY WONKA. The one that goes the opposite way on the same track as this one!  
 MR. TEAVEE. Holy mackerel! You mean we might have a collision?  
 WILLY WONKA. I've always been lucky so far.  
 MR. TEAVEE. Now I *am* going to be sick!  
 WILLY WONKA. No! No! No! Not now! We're nearly there!



Don't t spoil my hat! (The elevator stops shaking.)

MIKE. Some . . . ride!

MR. TEAVEE. Never again!

WILLY WONKA. Just a minute now! Listen to me! Before we go into this Television-Chocolate Room, I want to warn you. There is dangerous stuff around in here and you *must not* tamper with it! (A pause.) Okay, everybody out! (ALL leave the elevator, then exit. The lights go down.)

### SCENE TEN

The lights come up on the Television-Chocolate Testing Room. It is completely bare except for a large television camera at one end, a large television screen at the other, and several bright floodlights. ALL enter.

WILLY WONKA (hopping up and down with excitement). Here we go! This is the Testing Room for my very latest and greatest invention — *Television Chocolate*!

MIKE. But *what* is Television Chocolate?

WILLY WONKA. Good heavens, child, stop interrupting me! It works by television. I don't like television myself. I suppose it's all right in small doses, but children never seem to be able to take it in small doses. They want to sit there all day long . . . staring and staring at the screen —

MIKE. That's me!

MR. TEAVEE. Shut up!

WILLY WONKA. Thank you. Now then! The very first time I saw ordinary television working, I was struck by a tremendous

idea. If a photograph could be broken up into millions of pieces, and the pieces sent whizzing through the air until they hit an antenna, and then put together again on a screen . . . why couldn't I send a *real* bar of chocolate whizzing through the air in tiny pieces, and then put the pieces together at the other end, all ready to be eaten?

MIKE. Impossible!

WILLY WONKA. Think so? Watch me send a bar of chocolate from one end of this room to the other . . . by television. Bring me that chocolate bar, please. (He points off.)

(CHARLIE goes off, gets an enormous bar of chocolate and brings it to WILLY WONKA.)

WILLY WONKA. It has to be big, because whenever you send something by television, it always comes out much smaller than it was when it went in. Here we go then! Get ready! (MIKE wanders curiously towards the camera). No! No! Stop! You there! Mike Teavee! Stand back! You're too close! There are dangerous rays coming out of that thing! They could break you up into a million tiny pieces in one second! (MIKE backs away.) That's better! Now then . . . switch on! (Lights flash and the chocolate bar disappears through a slit in the curtain.) GRANDPA JOE (waving his arms and shouting). The chocolate's gone!

WILLY WONKA. It's on its way! It's now rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny pieces. *Quick!* Come over here! (ALL dash over to the television screen on the other side of the stage.) Watch the screen! (A small bar of chocolate appears through the slit in the curtain and the lighted screen.) Take it!

MIKE (laughing). How *can* you take it? It's just a picture on a



television screen! (CHARLIE reaches out and the chocolate miraculously goes into his hands.)

GRANDPA JOE. It's absolutely fantastic! It's . . . it's . . . it's a miracle!

WILLY WONKA. Just *imagine* — when I start using this across the country, a commercial will flash on to the screen and a voice will say, "Eat Wonka's Chocolates! They're the best in the world! If you don't believe us, try one for yourself . . . now!"

GRANDPA JOE. Terrific!

MIKE (shouting). But, Mr. Wonka, can you send other things through the air in the same way? Like people? Could you send a real live person from one place to another in the same way?

WILLY WONKA. A person? Are you off your rocker?

MIKE. But *could* it be done?

WILLY WONKA. Good heavens, child, I really don't know . . . I suppose it could . . . yes, I'm pretty sure . . . (MIKE starts toward the television.) . . . it could . . . of course it could. I wouldn't like to risk it though — it might have some very nasty results.

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

WILLY WONKA. No! No! No! *No!*

MR. TEAVEE. Mike! Stop! Come back! You'll be turned into a million tiny pieces!

MIKE. See you later, alligator! (He jumps into the glare of the light and then disappears through folds in the curtain.)

MR. TEAVEE (running to the spot where MIKE disappeared). He's gone!

WILLY WONKA (placing a hand on Mr. Teavee's shoulder). We

shall have to hope for the best. We must pray that your little boy will come out unharmed at the other end. We must watch the television screen. He may come through at any moment. (ALL stare at the television screen.)

MR. TEAVEE (wiping his brow nervously). He's taking a heck of a long time to come across.

WILLY WONKA. Hold everything! Watch the screen! Something's happening!

MR. TEAVEE. Here he comes! Yes, that's him all right! (He pauses.) But he's a midget! Isn't he going to get any bigger?

WILLY WONKA. Grab him! *Quick!* (MR. TEAVEE acts as if he grabs something). He's *completely* okay!

MR. TEAVEE (acting as if something is in his hand). You call that okay? He's *shrunk!*

WILLY WONKA. Of course he's shrunk. What did you expect?

MR. TEAVEE. This is terrible! I can't send him back to school like this! He'll get squashed! He won't be able to do *anything!* (He acts as if he is listening to MIKE, in his hand.) What did you say, Mike? (He pauses.) Never! No, you will *not* be able to watch television! I'm throwing the television set right out of the window the moment we get home. I've had *enough* of television! What, Mike? (He pauses.) I don't care what you want . . . or how much you jump and scream! (He puts MIKE in his pocket, acting as if he is secure there, slapping his pocket.) There!

CHARLIE. Gee, how will Mike ever grow again?

WILLY WONKA (stroking his beard thoughtfully). Well . . . small boys *are* extremely springy and elastic, so maybe he'll stretch if we put him on a special machine I have for testing the tough stretchiness of chewing gum!



MR. TEAVEE. How far do you think he'll stretch?

WILLY WONKA. Maybe *miles*! Anyway, he'll be awfully thin!

But we'll fatten him up with all my super vitamin candy. It contains all the vitamins from A to Z! (He writes instructions on a sheet of paper.) Mr. Teavee, just hand these orders to the Oompa-Loompas over there . . . and don't look so worried! They all come out in the wash, you know — every one of them. (ALL exit.)

#### OOMPA-LOOMPAS.

The most important thing we've learned,  
 So far as children are concerned,  
 Is never, never, never let  
 Them near your television set —  
 They loll and slop and lounge about,  
 And stare until their eyes pop out.  
 Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,  
 They don't climb out the window sill,  
 They never fight or kick or punch,  
 They leave you free to cook the lunch  
 And wash the dishes in the sink —  
 But did you ever stop to think,  
 To wonder just exactly what  
 This does to your beloved tot?  
 It rots the senses in the head!  
 It kills imagination dead!  
 His brain becomes as soft as cheese!  
 His powers of thinking rust and freeze!  
 He cannot think — he only sees!  
 "All right!" you'll cry. "All right!" you'll say,

"But if we take the set away,  
 What shall we do to entertain  
 Our darling children? Please explain!"  
 We'll answer this by asking you,  
 What used the darling ones to do?  
 They . . . used . . . to . . . read! They'd read and read,  
 And read and read, and then proceed  
 To read some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!  
 One half their lives was reading books!  
 Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales  
 Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales  
 And pirates wearing purple pants,  
 And sailing ships and elephants,  
 And cannibals crouching 'round the pot,  
 Stirring away at something hot.  
 Oh, books, what books they used to know,  
 Those children living long ago!  
 So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,  
 Go throw your T.V. set away,  
 Fear not, because we promise you  
 That, in about a week or two  
 Of having nothing else to do,  
 They'll now begin to feel the need  
 Of having something good to read.  
 P.S. regarding Mike Teavee,  
 We very much regret that we  
 Shall simply have to wait and see  
 If we can get him back his height.  
 But if we can't — it serves him right.  
 (The lights go down.)



## SCENE ELEVEN

The lights come up somewhere in the Chocolate Factory. WILLY WONKA, CHARLIE and GRANDPA JOE enter.

WILLY WONKA. Which room shall it be next? Hurry up! We must be going! And how many children are left now? (He looks around.) Hmmmmm!

GRANDPA JOE. I guess there's only Charlie left now, Mr. Wonka.

WILLY WONKA (pretending to be surprised). You mean . . . you're the only one left?

CHARLIE. Why . . . yes.

WILLY WONKA (suddenly exploding with excitement). But my dear boy, *that means you've won!* (He shakes Charlie's hand furiously.) Oh, I do congratulate you! I really do! I'm absolutely delighted! It couldn't be better! How wonderful this is! I had a hunch, you know . . . right from the beginning . . . that it was going to be you! Well done, Charlie . . . well done! But we mustn't dilly! We mustn't dally! We have an *enormous* number of things to do before the day is out! Just think of the *arrangements* that have to be made!

CHARLIE. Wait, Mr. Wonka . . . I'm afraid I don't understand all of this! What are you talking about?

WILLY WONKA. Oh . . . *do* forgive me! I get carried away at times. I forgot that you didn't know . . .

CHARLIE. Know *what*?

WILLY WONKA (becoming quiet and serious). You know, Charlie, I love my chocolate factory. (He pauses.) Tell me, Charlie, do you love my chocolate factory? Think carefully, because it's very important — how you feel.

CHARLIE (very thoughtfully). Well, Mr. Wonka, all that I can say is that I've *never* spent a more fantastic day *anywhere* . . . in my *whole* life. I've been *very, very* happy. Do I love this factory? (He pauses.) Yes . . . yes, I think I do! It means . . . a great deal to me.

GRANDPA JOE. Why do you ask, Mr. Wonka?

WILLY WONKA. Well . . . of course Charlie and all of the others will receive all of the candy I promised, but I want *Charlie* to receive *much more!* You see, this whole day has been a *contest*. It's been a contest to find out who would be the best person for the job.

CHARLIE. What job?

WILLY WONKA. Well you see, I'm tired, Charlie. I'm not getting any younger, and it isn't as easy to carry out my ideas as . . . as . . . it once was. I need some help. That means . . . *you!*

CHARLIE. Me?

WILLY WONKA. Yes! I would like you and Grandpa Joe and, of course, all the rest of your family, to move here — and live here — *permanently!* I would like to have someone who will take over . . . after I've gone. I have no family, and I can think of *no one* I would like to run the factory more than *you*. This would be after I've trained you and taught you everything I know, of course! I've watched you all day, and *you* are the type of person that will appreciate this factory . . . and care for it as I have, all these years. Will you accept my offer? If you do, everything that I have is yours.

CHARLIE. Will I? *Wow!* This is more than I could have ever imagined! *Will* I? Of course I will, Mr. Wonka! Thank you! *Thank you!* Just think of it, Grandpa Joe! Wait until we tell Mom and Dad and the grandfolks! It's going to be *our* chocolate factory! And we're never *ever* going to starve again!



Just think of all that chocolate! Oh, just you wait and see!

CURTAIN