Charlie and the Chocolate Factory script

This is a story of an ordinary little boy...

...named Charlie Bucket.

He was not faster or stronger or more clever than other children.

His family was not rich or powerful or well-connected.

In fact, they barely had enough to eat.

Charlie Bucket was the luckiest boy in the entire world.

He just didn't know it yet.

-Evening, Buckets. -Evening.

Hi, Dad.

Soup's almost ready, darling.

Don't suppose there's anything extra to put in, love.

Oh, well. Nothing goes better with cabbage than cabbage.

Charlie...

...I found something I think you'll like.

Charlie's father worked at the local toothpaste factory.

The hours were long, and the pay was terrible...

...yet occasionally, there were unexpected surprises.

It's exactly what I need.

What is it, Charlie?

Dad found it, just the piece I needed.

-What piece was it? -A head for Willy Wonka.

Well, how wonderful.

It's quite a likeness.

-You think so? -Think so?

I know so.

I saw Willy Wonka with my own two eyes.

-I used to work for him, you know. -You did?

-I did. -He did.

He did.

I love grapes.

Of course, I was a much younger man in those days.

Willy Wonka began with a single store on Cherry Street.

But the whole world wanted his candy.

-Mr.Wonka. -Yeah?

We need more Wonka bars...

-...and we're out of chocolate birds. -Birds?

Birds.

Well, then we'll need to make some more. Here.

Now open.

The man was a genius.

Did you know he invented a new way of making chocolate ice cream...

...so that it stays cold for hours without a freezer?

You can even leave it lying in the sun on a hot day, and it won't go runny.

-But that's impossible. -But Willy Wonka did it.

Before long...

...he decided to build a proper chocolate factory.

The largest chocolate factory in history.

Fifty times as big as any other.

Grandpa, don't make it gross.

Tell him about the Indian prince. He'd like to hear about that.

You mean, Prince Pondicherry?

Well, Prince Pondicherry wrote a letter to Mr.Wonka...

...and asked him to come all the way out to India...

...and build him a colossal palace entirely out of chocolate.

It will have 100 rooms, and everything will be made of either dark or light chocolate.

True to his word, the bricks were chocolate...

...and the cement holding them together was chocolate.

All the walls and ceilings were made of chocolate as well.

So were the carpets and the pictures and the furniture.

It is perfect in every way.

Yeah, but it won't last long. You better start eating right now.

Oh, nonsense. I will not eat my palace.

I intend to live in it.

But Mr.Wonka was right, of course.

Soon after this, there came a very hot day with a boiling sun.

The prince sent an urgent telegram requesting a new palace...

...but Willy Wonka was facing problems of his own.

All the other chocolate makers, you see, had grown jealous of Mr.Wonka.

They began sending in spies to steal his secret recipes.

Fickelgruber started making an ice cream that would never melt.

Prodnose came out with a chewing gum that never lost its flavor.

Then Slugworth began making candy balloons...

...that you could blow up to incredible sizes.

The thievery got so bad...

...that one day, without warning...

...Mr.Wonka told every single one of his workers to go home.

He announced that he was closing his chocolate factory forever.

I'm closing my chocolate factory forever.

I'm sorry.

But it didn't close forever. It's open right now.

Yes, well, sometimes when grownups say "forever," they mean "a very long time."

Such as, "I feel like I've eaten nothing but cabbage soup forever."

-Now, Pops. -The factory did close, Charlie.

And it seemed like it was going to be closed forever.

Then one day we saw smoke rising from the chimneys.

-The factory was back in business. -Did you get your job back?

No.

No one did.

But there must be people working there.

Think about it, Charlie. Have you ever seen a single person...

...going into that factory or coming out of it?

No. The gates are always closed.

Exactly.

But then, who's running the machines?

-Nobody knows, Charlie. -It certainly is a mystery.

Hasn't someone asked Mr.Wonka?

Nobody sees him anymore. He never comes out.

The only thing that comes out of that place is the candy...

...already packed and addressed.

I'd give anything in the world just to go in one more time...

...and see what's become of that amazing factory.

Well, you won't, because you can't. No one can.

It's a mystery, and it will always be a mystery.

That little factory of yours, Charlie, is as close as any of us is ever going to get.

Come on, Charlie. I think it's time we let your grandparents get some sleep.

-Good night, Grandpa George. -Night, Charlie.

-Night-night. -Chair.

Thank you, dear.

Night, Grandpa Joe.

Good night, Grandma Georgina.

Nothing's impossible, Charlie.

-Good night. -Night, Charlie.

Sleep well.

Indeed, that very night, the impossible had already been set in motion.

Dear people of the world...

...I, Willy Wonka...

...have decided to allow five children to visit my factory this year.

In addition, one of these children shall receive a special prize...

...beyond anything you could ever imagine.

Five golden tickets have been hidden...

...underneath the ordinary wrapping paper of five ordinary Wonka bars.

The bars may be anywhere...

...in any shop, in any street, in any town, in any country in the world.

Wouldn't it be something, Charlie, to open a bar of candy...

...and find a golden ticket inside?

I know, but I only get one bar a year, for my birthday.

Well, it's your birthday next week.

You have as much chance as anybody does.

Balderdash. The kids who are going to find the golden tickets...

...are the ones who can afford to buy candy bars every day.

Our Charlie gets only one a year. He doesn't have a chance.

Everyone has a chance, Charlie.

Mark my words, the kid who finds the first ticket...

...will be fat, fat, fat.

Augustus. This way.

I am eating the Wonka bar...

...and I taste something that is not chocolate...

...or coconut...

...or walnut or peanut butter...

...or nougat...

...or butter brittle or caramel or sprinkles.

So I look...

...and I find the golden ticket.

Augustus, how did you celebrate?

I eat more candy.

We knew Augustus would find the golden ticket.

He eats so many candy bars a day...

...that it was not possible for him not to find one.

Yes, it is good, Augustus.

--golden ticket claimed and four more....

Told you it'd be a porker.

What a repulsive boy.

Only four golden tickets left.

Now that they've found one, things will really get crazy.

--of every shape, size and hue.

Veruca. Can you spell that for us, please?

V-E-R-U-C-A. Veruca Salt.

As soon as my little Veruca told me she had to have one of these golden tickets...

...I started buying all the Wonka bars I could lay my hands on.

Thousands of them. Hundreds of thousands.

I'm in the nut business, you see. So I say to my workers:

Morning, ladies. From now on, you can stop shelling peanuts...

...and start shelling the wrappers off these chocolate bars instead.

Three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh, it was terrible.

My Veruca got more and more upset each day.

Where's my golden ticket?

I want my golden ticket.

Well, gentlemen, I just hated to see my little girl feeling unhappy like that.

I vowed I would keep searching until I could give her what she wanted.

And finally, I found her a ticket.

Daddy, I want another pony.

She's even worse than the fat boy.

I don't think that was really fair. She didn't find the ticket herself.

Don't worry about it, Charlie. That man spoils his daughter.

And no good ever comes from spoiling a child like that.

Charlie, Mum and I thought...

...maybe you wanna open your birthday present tonight.

Here you are.

Maybe I should wait till morning.

-Like hell. -Pop.

All together, we're 381 years old. We don't wait.

Now, Charlie, you mustn't feel too disappointed...

...you know, if you don't get the....

Whatever happens, you'll still have the candy.

Ah, well.

That's that.

-We'll share it. -Oh, no, Charlie.

Not your birthday present.

It's my candy bar, and I'll do what I want with it.

Thank you, darling.

Thank you, Charlie.

Bless you.

All right, let's see who found it.

"The third ticket was found by Miss Violet Beauregarde."

These are just some of the 263 trophies and medals my Violet has won.

I'm a gum chewer mostly, but when I heard about these ticket things...

...I laid off the gum, switched to candy bars.

She's just a driven young woman. I don't know where she gets it.

I'm the Junior World Champion Gum Chewer.

This piece of gum I'm chewing right now...

...I've been working on for three months solid. That's a record.

Of course, I did have my share of trophies, mostly baton.

So it says that one kid's gonna get this special prize, better than all the rest.

I don't care who those other four are. That kid, it's gonna be me.

Tell them why, Violet.

Because I'm a winner.

What a beastly girl.

Despicable.

You don't know what we're talking about.

Dragonflies?

But wait, this is just in.

The fourth golden ticket has been found by a boy called Mike Teavee.

All you had to do was track the manufacturing dates...

...offset by weather and the derivative of the Nikkei Index.

A retard could figure it out.

Most of the time I don't know what he's talking about.

You know, kids these days, what with all the technology....

Die! Die! Die!

Doesn't seem like they stay kids very long.

In the end, I only had to buy one candy bar.

-And how did it taste? -I don't know.

I hate chocolate.

Well, it's a good thing you're going to a chocolate factory, you ungrateful little--

That question is, who will be the winner of the last gold--?

-Dad? -Yes, Charlie?

Why aren't you at work?

Oh, well, the toothpaste factory thought they'd give me a bit of time off.

Like summer vacation?

Sure. Something like that.

In fact, it wasn't like a vacation at all.

The upswing in candy sales had led to a rise in cavities...

...which led to a rise in toothpaste sales.

With the extra money, the factory had decided to modernize...

...eliminating Mr.Bucket's job.

We were barely making ends meet as it was.

You'll find another job.

Until then, I'll just-- Well, I'll just thin down the soup a little more.

Don't worry, Mr.Bucket, our luck will change.

I know it.

Charlie.

My secret hoard.

You and I are going to have one more fling...

...at finding that last ticket.

You sure you want to spend your money on that?

Of course I'm sure. Here.

Run down to the nearest store...

...and buy the first Wonka candy bar you see.

Bring it straight back, and we'll open it together.

Such a good boy, really.

Such a good....

Grandpa?

-You fell asleep. -Have you got it?

Which end should we open first?

Just do it quick, like a Band-Aid.

Did you see that some kid in Russia found the last golden ticket?

Yes, it was in the paper this morning.

Good boy. Come on, George. Good boy.

One Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight, please.

Okay. Here you go.

The nerve of some people.

I know. Forging a ticket. Come on.

It's a golden ticket.

You found Wonka's last golden ticket.

In my shop too!

Listen. I'll buy it from you. I'll give you $50 and a new bicycle.

Are you crazy? I'd give him $500 for that ticket.

You wanna sell me your ticket for $500, young man?

That's enough of that. Leave the kid alone.

Listen. Don't let anyone have it. Take it straight home, you understand?

Thank you.

Mom! Dad!

I found it!

The last golden ticket! It's mine!

Here.

Read it aloud. Let's hear exactly what it says.

"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."

"I, Willy Wonka, will conduct you around the factory myself...

...showing you everything there is to see."

"Afterwards, when it is time to leave...

...you will be escorted home by a procession of large trucks...

...each one filled with all the chocolate you could ever eat."

"And remember, one of you lucky five children will receive an extra prize...

...beyond your wildest imagination.

Now, here are your instructions."

"On the 1st of February, you must come to the factory gates at 10 a.m. sharp.

You're allowed to bring one member of your family to look after you.

Until then, Willy Wonka."

The 1st of February.

-But that's tomorrow. -Then there's not a moment to lose.

Wash your face, comb your hair, scrub your hands, brush your teeth, blow your nose.

-And get that mud off your pants. -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?

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

How about you, dear? Don't you think you ought to go?

Well, Grandpa Joe seems to know more about it than we do, and....

Provided, of course, he feels well enough.

No. We're not going.

A woman offered me $500 for the ticket.

I bet someone else would pay more.

We need the money more than we need the chocolate.

Young man, come here.

There's plenty of money out there.

They print more every day.

But this ticket...

...there's only five of them in the whole world...

...and that's all there's ever going to be.

Only a dummy would give this up for something as common as money.

Are you a dummy?

No, sir.

Then get that mud off your pants. You've got a factory to go to.

Daddy, I want to go in.

It's 9:59, sweetheart.

Make time go faster.

Do you think Mr.Wonka will recognize you?

Hard to say. It's been years.

Eyes on the prize, Violet.

Eyes on the prize.

Please enter.

Come forward.

Close the gates.

Dear visitors...

...it is my great pleasure to welcome you to my humble factory.

And who am I?

Well....

Willy Wonka, Willy Wonka

The amazing chocolatier

Willy Wonka, Willy Wonka

Everybody give a cheer! Hooray!

He's modest, clever and so smart

He barely can restrain it

With so much generosity

There is no way to contain it!

To contain it To contain, to contain, to contain!

Hooray!

Willy Wonka, Willy Wonka

He's the one that you're about to meet

Willy Wonka, Willy Wonka

He's the genius who just can't be beat

The magician and the chocolate wiz

The best darn guy who ever lived

Willy Wonka, here he is!

The amazing chocolatier

Wasn't that just magnificent?

I was worried it was getting a little dodgy in the middle part, but then that finale....

Who are you?

-He's Willy Wonka. -Really?

"Good morning, starshine.

The Earth says hello."

"Dear guests, greetings.

Welcome to the factory. I shake you warmly by the hand.

My name is Willy Wonka."

Then shouldn't you be up there?

I couldn't very well watch the show from up there, now, could I, little girl?

Mr.Wonka, I don't know if you'll remember me...

...but I used to work here in the factory.

Were you one of those despicable spies who tried to steal...

...my life's work and sell it to parasitic, copycat, candy-making cads?

No, sir.

Then wonderful. Welcome back.

Let's get a move on, kids.

Don't you want to know our names?

Can't imagine how it would matter. Come quickly. Far too much to see.

Just drop your coats anywhere.

-Mr.Wonka? Sure is toasty in here. -What?

I have to keep it warm in here. My workers are used to an extremely hot climate.

They just can't stand the cold.

Who are the workers?

All in good time. Now....

Mr.Wonka, I'm Violet Beauregarde.

-I don't care. -Well, you should care.

Because I'm gonna win the special prize at the end.

Well, you do seem confident, and confidence is key.

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

I always thought a verruca was a type of wart...

...you got on the bottom of your foot.

I am Augustus Gloop. I love your chocolate.

I can see that. So do l.

I never expected to have so much in common.

You. You're Mike Teavee.

You're the little devil who cracked the system.

And you. Well, you're just lucky to be here, aren't you?

And the rest of you must be their--

-Parents. -Yeah.

Moms and dads.

Dad?

Papa?

Okay, then. Let's move along.

-Would you like some chocolate? -Sure.

Then you should've brought some.

-Let's be friends. -Best friends.

An important room, this.

-After all, it is a chocolate factory. -Then why is the door so small?

That's to keep all the great big chocolatey flavor inside.

Now, do be careful, my dear children.

Don't lose your heads.

Don't get overexcited.

Just keep very calm.

It's beautiful.

What?

Oh, yeah, it's very beautiful.

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 its 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. Yeah.

And 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.

You can eat the grass?

Of course you can.

Everything in this room is eatable.

Even I'm eatable.

But that is called cannibalism, my dear children...

...and is, in fact, frowned upon in most societies.

Yeah.

Enjoy.

Go on. Scoot, scoot.

Son.

Please.

Dad, he said, "Enjoy."

Why hold on to it? Why not start a new piece?

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

Daddy, look over there.

What is it?

It's a little person.

Over there, by the waterfall.

-There's two of them. -There's more than two.

-Where do they come from? -Who are they?

Are they real people?

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

-Oompa-Loompas? -lmported, direct from Loompaland.

-There's no such place. -What?

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

Well, then you'll know all about it, and, oh, what a terrible country it is.

The whole place is nothing but thick jungles...

...infested by the most dangerous beasts in the entire world.

Hornswogglers and snozzwangers and those terrible, wicked whangdoodles.

I went to Loompaland looking for exotic new flavors for candy.

Instead...

...I found the Oompa-Loompas.

They lived in tree houses to escape from the fierce creatures who lived below.

The Oompa-Loompas ate nothing but green caterpillars, which tasted revolting.

The Oompa-Loompas looked for other things...

...to mash up with the caterpillars to make them taste better:

Red beetles, the bark of the bong-bong tree.

All of them beastly...

...but not quite so beastly as the caterpillars.

But the food they longed for the most was the cocoa bean.

An Oompa-Loompa was lucky if he found three or four cocoa beans a year.

But, oh, how they craved them.

All they'd ever think about was cocoa beans.

The cocoa bean is the thing from which chocolate is made, so I told the chief:

They are such wonderful workers.

I feel I must warn you, though, they are rather mischievous.

Always making jokes.

Augustus, my child, that is not a good thing you do!

Hey, little boy.

My chocolate must be untouched by human hands.

He'll drown.

He can't swim.

Save him!

Augustus! No!

Augustus!

Augustus, watch out!

There he goes.

Call the fire brigade!

It's a wonder how that pipe is big enough.

It isn't big enough. He's slowing down.

He's gonna stick.

I think he has.

He's blocked the whole pipe.

Look. The Oompa-Loompas.

What are they doing?

They're going to treat us to a little song. It is quite a special occasion.

They haven't had a fresh audience in many a moon.

Augustus Gloop, Augustus Gloop

The great big, greedy nincompoop

Augustus Gloop, so big and vile So greedy, foul and infantile

"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

Augustus Gloop will not be harmed

Although, of course, we must admit

He will be altered quite a bit

Slowly, wheels go round and round

And cogs begin to grind and pound

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?

Bravo! Well done!

Aren't they delightful? Aren't they charming?

-I do say, that all seemed rather rehearsed. -Like they knew it was gonna happen.

Oh, poppycock.

Where is my son? Where does that pipe go to?

That pipe, it just so happens to lead...

...directly to the room where I make delicious...

...strawberry-flavored, chocolate-coated fudge.

Then he will be made into strawberry-flavored, chocolate-coated fudge.

They'll be selling him by the pound all over the world?

No. I wouldn't allow it. The taste would be terrible.

Can you imagine Augustus-flavored, chocolate-coated Gloop?

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?

Mr.Wonka?

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

lmprovisation is a parlor trick. Anyone can do it.

You, little girl. Say something.

-Anything. -Chewing gum.

Chewing gum is really gross Chewing gum, I hate the most

See? Exactly the same.

No, it isn't.

You really shouldn't mumble.

Because I can't understand a word you're saying.

Now, on with the tour.

-Are the Oompa-Loompas really joking? -Of course they're joking.

That boy will be fine.

What's so funny?

I think it's from all those doggone cocoa beans.

Hey, by the way, did you guys know that chocolate contains a property...

...that triggers the release of endorphins? Gives one the feeling of being in love.

You don't say.

All aboard.

Onward!

Here.

Try some of this. It'll do you good. You look starved to death.

-It's great. -That's because it's mixed by waterfall.

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-- -You already said that.

-You're all quite short, aren't you? -Well, yeah. We're children.

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

-You were once. -Was not. Know why?

Because I distinctly remember putting a hat on top of my head.

Look at your short, little arms. You could never reach.

Do you even remember what it was like being a kid?

Oh, boy, do l.

Do l?

In fact, Willy Wonka hadn't thought about his childhood for years.

Trick or treat!

Trick or treat!

Trick or treat!

Who do we have here?

Ruthie, Veronica, Terrance.

And who's that under the sheet?

Little Willy Wonka.

Willy Wonka was the son of the city's most famous dentist...

...Wilbur Wonka.

Now...

...let's see what the damage is this year, shall we?

Caramels.

They'd get stuck in your braces, wouldn't they?

Lollipops.

Ought to be called "cavities on a stick."

Then we have all this....

All this...

...chocolate.

You know, just last week, I was reading in a very important medical journal...

...that some children are allergic to chocolate.

Makes their noses itch.

Maybe I'm not allergic.

I could try a piece.

Really?

But why take a chance?

Mr.Wonka? Mr.Wonka?

-We're headed for a tunnel. -Oh, yeah.

Full speed ahead.

-How can they see where they're going? -They can't.

There's no knowing where they're going.

Switch on the lights!

People, keep an eye out.

We're passing some very important rooms here.

What do you use hair cream for?

To lock in moisture.

-Whipped cream. -Precisely.

That doesn't make sense.

For your information, little girl...

...whipped cream isn't whipped cream at all unless it's been whipped with whips.

Everybody knows that.

Stop the boat. I wanna show you guys something.

Now, this is the most important room in the entire factory.

Now, everyone, enjoy yourselves, but just don't touch anything.

Okay? Go on.

Go on, scoot.

Hey, Mr.Wonka, what's this?

Let me show you.

Thank you.

These are Everlasting Gobstoppers.

They're for children who are given very little allowance.

You can suck on it all year, and it'll never get any smaller.

-lsn't that neat? -It's like gum.

No. Gum is for chewing.

If you tried chewing one of these Gobstoppers...

...you'd break all your little teeth off.

But they sure do taste terrific.

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 grow out over the top of your little noggin.

And a mustache. And a beard.

-Who wants a beard? -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 you could.

Slide me some skin, soul brother.

Unfortunately, the mixture isn't right yet.

Because an Oompa-Loompa tried some yesterday, and, well, he--

How are you today?

You look great.

Watch this.

You mean that's it?

Do you even know what "it" is?

-It's gum. -Yeah.

It's a stick of the most amazing and sensational gum in the whole universe.

Know why? Know why?

Because this gum is a full three-course dinner all by itself.

Why would anyone want that?

" 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."

It sounds great.

-lt sounds weird. -lt sounds like my kind of gum.

I'd rather you didn't. There are still some things that are--

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

-How is it, honey? -It's amazing!

Tomato soup. I can feel it running down my throat.

Yeah. Spit it out.

-Young lady, I think you'd better-- -It's changing.

Roast beef, with baked potato.

Crispy skin and butter.

Keep chewing. My little girl's gonna be the first person to have a chewing-gum meal.

Yeah. I'm just a little concerned about the--

Blueberry pie and ice cream!

-That part. -What's happening to her nose?

It's turning blue.

Your whole nose has gone purple.

What do you mean?

Violet, you're turning violet.

-What's happening? -Well, I told you I hadn't quite got it right.

Because it goes a little funny when it gets to the dessert.

It's the blueberry pie that does it.

I'm terribly sorry.

Mother? What's happening to me?

She's swelling up.

Like a blueberry.

I've tried it on, like, 20 Oompa-Loompas, and each one ended up as a blueberry.

It's just weird.

But I can't have a blueberry as a daughter.

How is she supposed to compete?

You could put her in a county fair.

Yeah, yeah

Yeah

Listen close, and listen hard

To the tale of Violet Beauregarde

This gentle girl She sees no wrong

In chewing, chewing, chewing, chewing

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Yeah

She goes on chewing till, at last

Her chewing muscles grow so vast

And from her face Her giant chin

Sticks out just like a violin

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

For years and years she chews away

Her jaws get stronger every day

And with one great, tremendous chew

They bite the poor girl's tongue in two

And that is why we try so hard

To save Miss Violet Beauregarde

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing, chewing, chewing

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Chewing, chewing all day long

Mr.Wonka!

I want you to roll Miss Beauregarde into the boat...

...and take her along to the Juicing Room at once, okay?

Juicing Room? What are they gonna do to her there?

They're gonna squeeze her.

Like a little pimple.

We gotta squeeze all that juice out of her immediately.

Mother, help me.

Please.

Come on.

Let's boogie.

Without the boat, we'll have to move double-time to keep on schedule.

There's far too much to see.

-Mr.Wonka? -Yeah?

Why did you decide to let people in?

So they could see the factory, of course.

But why now? And why only five?

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

The best kind of prize is a surprise.

Will Violet always be a blueberry?

No. Maybe. I don't know.

That's what you get from chewing gum all day. It's disgusting.

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

Once again, you shouldn't mumble. It's starting to bum me out.

Can you remember the first candy you ever ate?

No.

In fact, Willy Wonka did remember the first candy he ever ate.

I'm sorry, I was having a flashback.

I see.

These flashbacks happen often?

Increasingly...

...today.

This is a room I know all about.

For you see, Mr.Wonka, l, myself, am in the nut business.

Are you using the Havermax 4000 to do your sorting?

No.

You're really weird.

-Squirrels. -Yeah. Squirrels.

These squirrels are specially trained to get the nuts out of shells.

Why use squirrels? Why not use Oompa-Loompas?

Because only squirrels can get the whole walnut out almost every single time.

See how they tap them with their knuckles to make sure it's not bad?

Oh, look. Look.

I think that one's got a bad nut.

Daddy, I want a squirrel.

Get me one of those squirrels. I want one.

Veruca, dear, you have many marvelous pets.

All I've got at home is one pony and two dogs and four cats and six bunny rabbits...

...and two parakeets and three canaries and a green parrot and a turtle...

...and a silly old hamster. I want a squirrel!

All right, pet.

Daddy will get you a squirrel as soon as he possibly can.

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

Very well.

Mr.Wonka, how much do you want for one of these squirrels?

Name your price.

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

Daddy.

I'm sorry, darling.

Mr.Wonka's being unreasonable.

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

Veruca.

Little girl?

Veruca, come back here at once.

Veruca.

Little girl?

Don't touch that squirrel's nuts.

It'll make him crazy.

I'll have you.

Veruca.

Veruca.

No!

Veruca!

Let's find the key.

Nope. Not that one.

-Daddy! -Veruca!

No. It's not that one.

There it is.

There it isn't.

Daddy, I want them to stop.

What are they doing?

They're testing to see if she's a bad nut.

Oh, my goodness. She is a bad nut after all.

Veruca!

Daddy!

Where are they taking her?

Where all the other bad nuts go. To the garbage chute.

Where does the chute go?

To the incinerator.

But don't worry. We only light it on Tuesdays.

Today is Tuesday.

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?

Veruca Salt, the little brute

Has just gone down the garbage chute

And she will meet, as she descends

A rather different set of friends

A rather different set of friends

A rather different set of friends

A fish head, for example, cut

This morning from a halibut

An oyster from an oyster stew

A steak that no one else would chew

And lots of other things as well

Each with its rather horrid smell

Horrid smell

These are Veruca 's new found friends

That she will meet as she descends

These are Veruca 's new found friends

Who went and spoiled her, who indeed?

Who pandered to her every need?

Who turned her into such a brat?

Who are the culprits?

Who did that?

The guilty ones, now this is sad

Are dear old Mum and loving Dad

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.

Well, that's good news.

Yeah.

Well, let's keep on trucking.

I don't know why I didn't think of this.

The elevator's by far the most efficient way to get around the factory.

There can't be this many floors.

How do you know, Mr.Smarty-Pants?

This isn't just an ordinary up-and-down elevator, by the way.

This elevator can go sideways, longways, slantways...

...and any other ways you can think of.

You just press any button and, whoosh, you're off.

Oh, look. Look.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Fudge Mountain.

I'd rather not talk about this one.

This is the Puppet Hospital and Burn Center.

It's relatively new.

The administration offices.

Hello, Doris.

Why is everything here completely pointless?

Candy doesn't have to have a point.

That's why it's candy.

It's stupid.

Candy is a waste of time.

No son of mine is going to be a chocolatier.

Then I'll run away.

To Switzerland. Bavaria.

The candy capitals of the world.

Go ahead.

But I won't be here when you come back.

Sorry, son.

We're closing for the night.

I wanna pick a room.

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 pieces and send it whizzing through the air...

...then reassemble it on the other end...

...why can't I do the same with chocolate?

Why can't I send a real bar of chocolate through the television, ready to be eaten? "

I'm not gonna touch it. I'm not going in that direction.

Sounds impossible.

It is impossible.

You don't understand anything about science.

First off, there's a difference between waves and particles.

Second, the amount of power it would take to convert energy in matter...

...would be like nine atomic bombs.

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 because you know how on TV...

...you can film a regular-size man, and he comes out looking this tall?

Same basic principle.

It's gone.

Told you. 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. -It's just a picture on a screen.

Scaredy-cat.

You take it.

Go on. Just reach out and grab it.

Go on.

Holy buckets.

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.

It's great.

It's a miracle.

So imagine, 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?

So can you send other things?

Say, like, breakfast cereal?

Do you have any idea what breakfast cereal's made of?

It's those little curly wooden shavings you find in pencil sharpeners.

But could you send it by TV if you wanted to?

-Of course I could. -What about people?

Well, why would I wanna send a person? They don't taste very good at all.

Don't you realize 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.

Calm down, Mike.

I think Mr.Wonka knows what he's talking about.

No, he doesn't. He has no idea.

You think he's a genius, but he's an idiot.

But I'm not.

Hey, little boy.

Don't push my button.

He's gone.

Let's go check the television, see what we get.

I sure hope no part of him gets left behind.

What do you mean?

Well, sometimes only half of the little pieces find their way through.

If you had to choose only one half of your son, which one would it be?

What kind of a question is that?

No need to snap. Just a question.

Try every channel. I'm starting to feel a little anxious.

-There he is. -Mike.

The most important thing

That we've ever learned

The most important thing we've learned As far as children are concerned

Is never, never let them near The television set

Or better still just don 't install The idiotic thing at all

Never, never let them Never, never let them

Never, never let them

Never, never let them

It rots the senses in the head

It keeps imagination dead

It clogs and clutters up the mind

It makes a child so dull and blind

So dull, so dull

He can no longer understand A fairy tale, a fairyland

A fairyland, a fairyland

His brain becomes as soft as cheese

His thinking powers rust and freeze

He cannot think, he only sees

Regarding little Mike Teavee

We very much regret that we

Regret that we

Shall simply have to wait and see

Wait and see, wait and see

Wait and see, wait and see, wait and see

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

Somebody grab him.

Help me.

Help me.

Oh, thank heavens. He's completely unharmed.

Unharmed? What are you talking about?

Just put me back in the other way.

There is no other way.

It's television, not telephone. There's quite a difference.

And what exactly do you propose to do about it?

I don't know.

But young men are extremely springy. They stretch like mad.

-Let's go put him in the taffy puller. -Taffy puller?

Hey, that was my idea.

Boy, is he gonna be skinny.

Yeah.

Taffy puller.

I want you to take Mr.Teavee and his...

...Iittle boy up to the taffy puller, okay?

Stretch him out.

On with the tour.

There's still so much left to see.

Now, how many children are left?

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

You mean, you're the only one?

Yes.

What happened to the others?

Oh, my dear boy, but that means you've won.

Oh, I do congratulate you. I really do.

I'm absolutely delighted.

I had a hunch right from the beginning. Well done.

Now, we mustn't dilly or dally.

We have an enormous number of things to do before the day's out.

But luckily for us, we have the great glass elevator to speed things along--

Speed things along.

Come on.

" Up and Out"? What kind of room is that?

Hold on.

Oh, my goodness.

We're gonna need to go much faster, otherwise we'll just never break through.

Break through what?

I've been longing to press that button for years.

Well, here we go. Up and out.

-But do you really mean--? -Yeah. I do.

But it's made of glass.

It'll smash into a million pieces.

Augustus, please don't eat your fingers.

But I taste so good.

Look, Mother. I'm much more flexible now.

Yes, but you're blue.

Daddy, I want a flying glass elevator.

Veruca, the only thing you're getting today is a bath, and that's final.

But I want it.

Where do you live?

Right over there. That little house.

What time do you think they'll be back?

Hard to know, dear.

I think there's someone at the door.

Hi, Mom.

Mom. Dad. We're back.

-Charlie. -Charlie.

Goodness.

This is Willy Wonka. He gave us a ride home.

I see that.

You must be the boy's--

-Parents? -Yeah. That.

He says Charlie's won something.

Not just some something.

The most "something" something of any something that's ever been.

I'm gonna give this little boy my entire factory.

You must be joking.

No, really. It's true.

Because you see, a few months ago, I was having my semiannual haircut...

...and I had the strangest revelation.

In that one silver hair...

...I saw reflected my life's work...

...my factory, my beloved Oompa-Loompas.

Who would watch over them after I was gone?

I realized in that moment:

I must find a heir.

And I did, Charlie.

You.

That's why you sent out the golden tickets.

What are Oompa-Loompas?

I invited five children to the factory...

...and the one who was the least rotten would be the winner.

That's you, Charlie.

So, what do you say?

Are you ready to leave all this behind and come live with me at the factory?

Sure. Of course.

I mean, it's all right if my family come too?

Oh, my dear boy, of course they can't.

You can't run a chocolate factory...

...with a family hanging over you like an old, dead goose. No offense.

None taken, jerk.

A chocolatier has to run free and solo.

He has to follow his dreams. Gosh darn the consequences.

Look at me.

I had no family, and I'm a giant success.

So if I go with you to the factory, I won't ever see my family again?

Yeah. Consider that a bonus.

Then I'm not going.

I wouldn't give up my family for anything.

Not for all the chocolate in the world.

Oh, I see.

That's weird.

There's other candy too besides chocolate.

I'm sorry, Mr.Wonka. I'm staying here.

Well, that's just...

...unexpected...

...and weird.

But I suppose, in that case, I'll just--

Goodbye, then.

Sure you won't change your mind?

I'm sure.

Okay. Bye.

Things are going to get much better.

And for once, Grandma Georgina knew exactly what she was talking about.

The next morning, Charlie helped his parents fix the hole in the roof.

Grandpa Joe spent the whole day out of bed.

He didn 't feel tired at all.

Charlie 's father got a better job at the toothpaste factory...

...repairing the machine that had replaced him.

Things had never been better for the Bucket family.

The same could not be said for Willy Wonka.

I can't put my finger on it.

Candy's the only thing I was ever certain of...

...and now I'm just not certain at all.

I don't know which flavors to make or which ideas to try.

I'm second-guessing myself, which is nuts.

I've always made whatever candy I felt like, and l--

That's just it, isn't it?

I make the candy I feel like, but now I feel terrible, so the candy's terrible.

You're very good.

Pity about that chocolate fellow, Wendell-- Walter.

-Willy Wonka. -That's the one.

Says here in the paper his new candies aren't selling very well.

But I suppose maybe he's just a rotten egg who deserves it.

-Yep. -Oh, really?

You ever met him?

I did.

I thought he was great at first, but then he didn't turn out so nice.

He also has a funny haircut.

I do not!

-Why are you here? -I don't feel so hot.

What makes you feel better when you feel terrible?

My family.

What do you have against my family?

It's not just your family. It's the whole idea of--

They tell you what to do, what not to do...

...and it's not conducive to a creative atmosphere.

Usually they're just trying to protect you because they love you.

If you don't believe me, you should ask.

Ask who? My father?

No way.

At least, not by myself.

You want me to go with you?

Hey. Hey, what a good idea. Yeah!

And you know what? I've got transport--

I have to be more careful where I park this thing.

I think we've got the wrong house.

Do you have an appointment?

No. But he's overdue.

Open.

Now, let's see what the damage is, shall we?

Heavens.

I haven't seen bicuspids like these since....

Since....

Willy?

Hi, Dad.

All these years...

...and you haven't flossed.

Not once.

It was on this day that Willy Wonka repeated his offer to Charlie...

...who accepted on one condition.

Sorry we're late. We were brainstorming.

Thought I heard thunder.

-You staying for dinner, Willy? -Yes, please.

I'll shuffle the plates.

You smell like peanuts.

-I love peanuts. -Oh, thank you.

You smell like...

...old people and soap.

I like it.

Elbows off the table, Charlie.

How do you feel about little raspberry kites?

With licorice instead of string.

-Boys, no business at the dinner table. -Sorry, Mom.

I think you're on to something, though, Charlie.

In the end, Charlie Bucket won a chocolate factory.

But Willy Wonka got somethingeven better:

A family.

And one thing was absolutely certain:

Life had never been sweeter.