

Side 1- Phinous Trout, Mrs. Gloop

TROUT: This is Phineas Trout with w direct TV link to Frankfurt, Germany. That's right, ladies and gentlemen, people are buying over 50.000 Wonka bars every hour and the first Golden Ticket has been found! Here's the family now, Mrs. Droop, Mrs. Droop, may we have a word?

MRS, GLOOP: Der name ist Gloop. G-L-O-O-P.

TROUT: Tell us about the ticket.

MRS. GLOOP: Ya. I just knew my little snausage-vausage Augustus would find das Golden Ticket! He eats so much candy-vandy that is vas almost impossible for him not to find one! In fact, you could say ve've been training him for this day ever since our little pudgy-vudgey was born!

TROUT: Traning?

MRS. GLOOP: Oh, ya! For der Junge to eat as much as Augustus he has to be trained from morning to night—eating all kinds of foods...

SIDE 2- Mrs. Bucket, Charlie, Grandpa Joe, Grandma Josephina

ALL: SURPRISE! Happy Birthday, Charlie!

MRS. BUCKET: Here you go, Charlie. Happy birthday, my love.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA: It's from all of us!

GRANDPA JOE: Go on, boy, open it!

CHARLIE: It's a Wonka's Whipple-scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight!

GRANDPA JOE: The best of 'em all! Real whipple, carefully whipped at twenty-seven-hundred rmps for precisely sixty-two point three seconds---

MRS. BUCKET: Grandpa, please...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA: I thought we agreed on the Nutt-a-rific...

GRANDPA JOE: The Fudgemallow's the best, and you know it! Go ahead Charlie, open her up... show us what thinkin' positive's all about!

MRS. BUCKET: Now, don't be too disappointed, my darling, if you don't find what you're looking for.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA: The thing to remember is that whatever happens, you still have the bar of candy!

CHARLIE: Yes, I know...

GRANDPA JOE: For goodness sake, open it, boy!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA: Please open it! You're making me jumpy!

*(CHARLIE tears open the wrapper. No Golden Ticket)*

CHARLIE: Well...that's that...who wants a piece?

MRS. BUCKET: We wouldn't dream of it Charlie.

SIDE 3- Wonka, Augustus, Mike, Veruca, Charlie

WONKA: And here we have the Chocolate Smelting Room—where thousands of miles of copper pipe twist through the earth, carefully chilling the chocolate to precise temperature perfect for dipping strawberries.

AUGUSTUS: Herr Vonka, I vant to taste ze chocolate.

WONKA: No matter how tempting—and isn't it deliciously tempting?—Do not TOUCH the chocolate!

VERUCA: Look over there! It's some sort of creature!

MIKE: Freeze! Put your hands in the air where I can see 'em punk.

WONKA: No need to worry. That, my friends, is an Oomp-Loompa!

CHARLIE: A Zombie worker!

WONKA: Not a Zombie worker. A refugee.

VERUCA: From where, Wonka.

WONKA: All of my workers are Oompa-Loompas from Loompaland—with its thick jungles infested by hornswogglers and snoozywangers, and those terrible wicked whangdoodles!

MIKE: Whangdoodles? There's no such thing!

WONKA: There certainly are—Augustus, my chocolate must NEVER be touched by human hands!

AUGUSTUS: Too late!

CHARLIE: Great, he's gonna give his cold to millions of people!

AUGUSTUS: It's so good! I think I've had too much chocolate. Ah...ah...ah...CHOO! (He falls into the smelting pot)

CHARLIE: Augustus. Augustus.

MIKE: The chocolate's frozen, like magic shell!

VERUCA: He looks like an Easter Bunny!

SIDE 4- Wonka, Charlie, Grandpa Joe

WONKA: Well then, thank you both very much. I'm sure you can find your way out—

GRANDPA JOE: That's it? What about Charlie's lifetime supply of chocolate?

WONKA: Yes, yes. A lifetime supply of chocolate...each of the children will receive their chocolate. Other than that, the day has been a total waste of time and chocolate. Good day Charlie Bucket, and goodbye.

CHARLIE: Um...Goodbye, Mr. Wonka. (pause) Mr. Wonka, I don't deserve a lifetime supply of chocolate—you see, I tasted the Fizzy Lifting Drink and broke the rules. And I'm very sorry. Thank you for a wonderful day and tour. It was better than Christmas.

WONKA: Bless you Charlie, you did it! You did it!!

GRANDPA JOE: Now see here Wonka, it was my idea to try the—

WONKA: I created this contest with one purpose in mind. To find the perfect person to make new candy dreams come true.

CHARLIE: I don't understand...

WONKA: This was a test of character, Charlie. I carefully selected rooms that would tempt each of our Golden Ticket winners. You, Charlie, did something quite remarkable. You gave in to temptation, you were smart enough to not get caught and yet—you admitted your guilt.

CHARLIE: But the other kids—

WONKA: They'll be fine and they'll each receive the booby prize—a lifetime supply of chocolate.

GRANDPA JOE: That's the booby prize? What's the real prize?

WONKA: Charlie, do you love my factory?

CHARLIE: It's the most wonderful place in the whole world!

WONKA: I'm pleased to hear you say that, Charlie, because from this moment on, it's yours!

CHARLIE: What do you mean?

WONKA: I'm giving you my factory, Charlie. I need an heir, and that person is you!

CHARLIE: You want me to run this entire factory? What about my Mom and Dad and Grandpa Joe and—

WONKA: The entire family can live here—

CHARLIE: I'd love to—I'd positively LOVE to!

SIDE 5- Wonka, Veruca, Mr. Salt, Violet, Mrs. Beauregarde

WONKA: Please step up and in, watch your step—Violet! Do NOT lick the boat! You'll only make the ship sticky.

VERUCA: Excuse me, Mr. Wonka, I just love your hat! It really sets off your eyes, but of course you have great taste. You know, I would simply adore a pink candy boat...and maybe one of those sweet little Oompa-Loompas...

VIOLET: Brownnoser.

VERUCA: Mr. Wonka, did you hear me? I said I WANT a PINK CANDY BOAT!---AND an OOMPA-LOOMPA!

MR. SALT: Name your price Wonka.

WONKA: (coughing into hands but speaking clearly) A bad parent says what?

MR. SALT: What?

WONKA: Exactly.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE: Where are you taking us?

WONKA: Ahh, here we are...the Inventing Room. And my latest invention, The Everlasting Gourmet Gobstopper!

VIOLET: It looks like gum!

WONKA: That's because it IS gum.

VIOLET: Gum...

WONKA: The most dazzling gum in the world...

MRS. BEAUREGARDE: Gum? Oh no...

WONKA: ...an entire gourmet meal without any of those nasty calories!

VIOLET: *Gum...*

WONKA: Unfortunately, it's not perfected yet, so we must not chew it—

VIOLET: Gum?! That gum is SO mine! (Snatches it) Mmm, it's delicious! It really tastes like pea soup! Oh, and here comes the roast beef! Fantastic! So tender and juicy!

WONKA: But the blueberry ice cream!

VIOLET: I bet it's to die!

WONKA: That's what I'm worried about...the DYE!