

**WONKA**

Screenplay By  
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Story By  
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Based on characters created by Roald Dahl

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1

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

1

FADE UP on a cold, foggy sky. The only sounds are the lapping of the ocean waves and the distant tolling of a ship's bell. Then, chugging out of the thick mist, comes a 1940s TRAWLER.

A strange figure wearing a bright green waistcoat and wildly colourful scarf climbs the mast. This is Willy Wonka.

As he peers into the fog, he sings A HATFUL OF DREAMS.

WILLY

*After seven years of life upon the ocean,  
It is time to bid the seven seas farewell,  
And the city I've pinned seven years of hopes on  
Lies just over the horizon. I can hear the harbour bell!*

He spies a GRAND OLD CITY looming out of the freezing fog.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Land ahoy!!

Willy grabs a rope and ABSEILS DOWN to the deck as the other sailors prepare the boat to come into harbour.

2

**INT. BOAT - DAY**

2

Willy travels through the engine room, gathering his tattered old PLUM-COLOURED TAILCOAT and battered WOODEN SUITCASE.

WILLY

*Got a tattered overcoat and battered suitcase!  
Got a pair of leaky boots upon my feet.  
Got to drag myself up by my one good bootlace!  
Gotta work my rotten socks off if I wanna make ends meet!*

He leaps onto a CRATE as it is CRANED up out of the hold.

3

**EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS**

3

The crate is hoisted round over the wharf.

WILLY

*I've poured everything I've got into my chocolate.  
Now it's time to show the world my recipes.*

The CAPTAIN throws him a small bag of coins.

CAPTAIN

Good luck, Willy!

WILLY

*I've got twelve silver sovereigns in my pocket  
And a hatful of dreams!*

Willy drops from the crate onto the back of a passing TRUCK and rides out of the docks in style.

4

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY**

4

WILLY LEAPS off the back of the truck, GRABS HOLD of a lamp post and SLIDES DOWN into the resplendent town square.

On one side stands a CATHEDRAL, on the other, a cathedral of commerce: a great, glass-domed SHOPPING ARCADE. In the middle sits a huge FOUNTAIN, its water FROZEN SOLID in the cold.

WILLY

*There's a famous restaurant on every street here,  
There's Brandino's and the Bar Parisienne.*

MAP-SELLER

Restaurant map, sir?

WILLY

Thank you!

WILLY (CONT'D)

(handing him a sovereign)

*Got a little map to tell me where to eat here...*

Willy unfolds his map -- then notices someone at his feet. It is a SHOESHINE BOY, upon whose box Willy has inadvertently placed one foot. The boy demands a sovereign. Willy pays up.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Had a dozen silver sovereigns, now I'm somehow down to ten!*

Willy goes over to a fruit stall and picks up a pumpkin.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Want the finest produce? This is where they stock it!*

A STREETCAR PASSES, narrowly missing Willy, who drops the pumpkin in surprise. It splats all over his boots.

FRUIT SELLER

That's three sovereigns, mate.

WILLY

*Though the prices are suspiciously extreme!*

FRUIT SELLER

You break my pumpkin, you pay for  
it.

WILLY

(paying up)

*I've got five, six, seven--*

As he counts his coins, Willy spots the Shoeshine Boy  
cleaning his boots again -- and reluctantly hands over yet  
another sovereign.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*...six silver sovereigns in my pocket  
And a hatful of dreams!*

The Shoeshine Boy follows Willy towards the GALERIES GOURMET.

SHOESHINE BOY

Brush your coat, sir?

WILLY

No thank you.

SHOESHINE BOY

Cologne?

WILLY

Leave me alone!

5

**INT. GALERIES GOURMET - CONTINUOUS**

5

Willy walks reverently through a GRAND ARCADE with marble  
walls and a mosaic floor. At the four corners of the central  
atrium stand the four most exclusive stores in town.

Three belong to FICKELGRUBER, PRODNOSE and SLUGWORTH, each  
rather fusty but very expensive-looking CHOCOLATE SHOPS.

WILLY

*At last! The Galeries Gourmet!  
I knew that we'd see it one day.  
It's everything you said, Mamma, and oh! So much more!  
Everywhere you look another famous chocolate store.*

Willy notices that the fourth corner store is vacant. A sign  
in the window reads TO RENT.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Here's my destiny! I just need to unlock it.  
Will I crash and burn or go up like a rocket?  
I've got nothing to offer but my chocolate  
And a hatful of dreams!*

As Willy gazes at the empty shop, his imagination begins to take over.

First, the name WONKA appears above the shop. Then the newspaper which lines the windows rises up like curtains to reveal mountains of goodies.

Finally Willy starts to dance -- and the people in the Galleria dance along with him. For a moment the city becomes a riot of colour and joy.

But then -- a POLICEMAN taps Willy on the shoulder, breaking his reverie, and the world goes back to normal.

The Policeman points to something written in the corner of the TO RENT SIGN: "No Daydreaming - Penalty \$3"

Willy reluctantly pays up.

6

**EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT**

6

Willy walks down some steps leading to the river away from the Galleries Gourmet, wistfully singing the last verse.

WILLY

*In this city anyone can be successful  
If they've talent and work hard -- or so they say.  
But they didn't mention it would be so stressful  
Just to make a dozen silver sovereigns  
last more than one day!*

He passes a YOUNG MOTHER and baby shivering under a bridge.

YOUNG MOTHER

Could you spare a sovereign for a  
place to sleep, love?

WILLY

Of course. Take all you need.

She takes two sovereigns from his hand, leaving him one.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*I've got... **one** silver sovereign in my pocket...*

He flips his last sovereign into the air and catches it in his coat pocket. But the coin falls through a hole in the lining and down a drain. Willy sighs, but then smiles.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*And a hatful of dreams!*

The SONG ENDS as Willy sits on a bench and takes off his hat.

From inside he MAGICS a BEDSIDE CANDLE. He blows on it -- and the flame lights! He then produces an ALARM CLOCK and GLASS.

He PRODUCES A POT and pours STEAMING HOT CHOCOLATE into the glass, puts his hat back on and stirs his drink with a spoon.

A hulking great BULL MASTIFF approaches and starts snapping at Willy's trousers. He nervously tries to shoo him away.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Oh! Hello there! Shoo! Shoo!

The dog takes no notice of him -- but then an AUTHORITATIVE VOICE booms out from nearby.

BLEACHER (O.S.)

Stop! Sit!

The dog immediately sits. A tough-looking, broken-toothed old bruiser emerges from the shadows. This is BLEACHER.

BLEACHER (CONT'D)

Sorry about Tiddles. He seems to have taken a shine to your legs.

WILLY

Must be these pants. I got them from a mailman in Minsk.

BLEACHER

That'll be it. Tiddles'd spend all day pursuing postal workers if he could, wouldn't you boy?

The dog agrees. Bleacher casts a glance at Willy's set up.

BLEACHER (CONT'D)

You're not planning on sleeping there, are you, son?

WILLY

It's only for one night. By this time tomorrow, I plan to have made my fortune.

BLEACHER

By this time tomorrow, you'll be frozen solid.

WILLY

Oh don't be ridic--

Willy goes to stir his hot chocolate but it has FROZEN SOLID.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Perhaps it is a little cold for camping. But unfortunately I'm no longer in a position to pay for a room.

BLEACHER

I'm sorry to hear that. But as luck would have it, I know someone who might be able to help you out.

WILLY

Really?

7

**EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

7

Bleacher leads Willy through the winding, cobbled streets of a poorer part of town, bottles clinking in his pocket.

BLEACHER

Here we are, Mr Wonka. Home sweet home.

Tiddles paws at the door to a laundry, shuttered for the night. On the wall is its name: "SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER". A harsh, grating voice shouts from within.

MRS SCRUBITT (O.S.)

Get your filthy paws of my front door, you miserable mutt.

Bleacher chuckles indulgently.

MRS SCRUBITT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If that's you, Bleacher, you'd better have that gin!

BLEACHER

Oh I've got something better than gin, Mrs Scrubitt. A guest.

A slot on the door opens to reveal the narrow, suspicious eyes of MRS SCRUBITT -- which light up as she sees Willy.

MRS SCRUBITT

Ooh, well why didn't you say?  
(to Willy, with oily charm)  
Come on in, sir!

## INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - CONTINUOUS

Mrs Scrubitt ushers Willy into the shop. A counter runs along one wall. Behind it, shelves filled with bundles of laundry. A DUMB WAITER leads to the Wash House below.

MRS SCRUBITT

Welcome to Scrubitt and Bleacher,  
Guest House and Laundry. You make  
yourself at home, warm your cockles  
by the fire. Gin?

WILLY

Oh, er--

MRS SCRUBITT

Noodle!

A sullen, cynical, skinny little twelve year old serving girl appears with a book. This is NOODLE.

NOODLE

Yes, Mrs Scrubitt?

MRS SCRUBITT

Put that book down and fetch our  
guest a glass of gin. Poor man's  
frozen half to death!

WILLY

Thank you, Mrs Scrubitt. You and  
your husband have been most kind.

MRS SCRUBITT

Husband?!

(to Bleacher)

Oh you'd love that, wouldn't you?

BLEACHER

(lying)

No.

MRS SCRUBITT

I'm holding out for someone far  
superior to that idle peasant. A  
Bishop, maybe, or a Prince. Chin  
chin.

Noodle has returned with glasses of gin for Mrs Scrubitt and Willy. They both drink -- and Willy gasps.

WILLY

That's extremely powerful stuff.



MRS SCRUBITT

You can run cars on that! Now what can I do for you? A room, is it?

WILLY

Well yes but er...

BLEACHER

Mr Wonka is temporarily embarrassed.

MRS SCRUBITT

(feigning astonishment)

You don't say.

WILLY

I'm afraid it's true, Mrs Scrubitt, but all that's about to change.

MRS SCRUBITT

Oh yeah?

WILLY

See, I'm something of a magician, inventor, and chocolate maker. I've spent the past seven years travelling the world perfecting my craft, and first thing tomorrow at the Galleries Gourmet, I plan to unveil my most astonishing creation yet. Prepare to be amazed as I present to you:

He reaches into his hat and pulls out...

MRS SCRUBITT

A rabbit?

WILLY

Hm?

(sees the rabbit)

Oh, no, not him.

He puts the rabbit aside and starts rummaging in his hat. He produces a bunch of carrots and stares at them, perplexed.

WILLY (CONT'D)

That's for his tea.

He digs in again and pulls out a string of handkerchieves. Noodle stifles a laugh.

WILLY (CONT'D)

It's in here somewhere.

MRS SCRUBITT

Er... don't you worry, Mr Wonka, I can see you're a man of great ingenuity and we've got just the thing for you: the Entrepreneurial Package. The room's one sovereign a night but you don't have to pay until six tomorrow. That give you long enough to earn a few pennies?

WILLY

More than enough, Mrs Scrubitt!

MRS SCRUBITT

Then just sign here and we're done.

Willy notices Noodle peering through a hatch, staring at him.

She points meaningfully at the form. Willy frowns, not understanding what she's trying to tell him.

NOODLE

(whispering)

Read the small print!

WILLY

Beg your pardon?

Mrs Scrubitt whips round and gives Noodle a vicious look.

MRS SCRUBITT

Thank you, Noodle, that'll be all.

She slams the hatch -- then turns back to Willy with a smile.

WILLY

What was she saying?

MRS SCRUBITT

Who's that then?

WILLY

The girl.

MRS SCRUBITT

What girl?

WILLY

That girl! It sounded like, "Read the small print." And there is a lot of it.

He unfolds the form to reveal yards and yards of small print.

MRS SCRUBITT

Oh you don't want to listen to  
Noodle, Mr Wonka. She's damaged.

WILLY

Damaged?

MRS SCRUBITT

Orphan Syndrome.

WILLY

Orphan Syndrome?

BLEACHER

Orphan Syndrome.

WILLY

Orphan Syndrome.

MRS SCRUBITT

She was put down the laundry chute  
when she was a bab. I took her in  
out of the goodness of my heart and  
I've done my best, Mr Wonka, honest  
I have, but she's been left with a  
suspicious nature. She sees  
conspiracy everywhere.

WILLY

Poor girl.

MRS SCRUBITT

This is all your standard ts & cs,  
but you're welcome to take a look.

WILLY

I'll just give it a once-over.

Mrs Scrubitt glances nervously to Bleacher as Willy reads. He  
pulls a COSH from his pocket and creeps up behind him.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Well, that all seems to be in  
order.

MRS SCRUBITT

Really?

Bleacher hastily pockets his cosh -- and Willy signs.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Oh! Then welcome to Scrubitt's!

She dings the reception bell.

**EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

Through a series of windows, we glimpse Mrs Scrubitt as she leads Willy up the main staircase.

They pass a advertising sign painted on the wall which reads "Come for the night, stay forever!"

She lets him into a charming little room with a four poster bed, a fire in the grate, even a mint on the pillow.

Mrs Scrubitt leaves Willy to settle in, then unlocks another door and climbs up the back stairs, calling out sweetly:

MRS SCRUBITT  
Noodle! Oh Noodle!

NOODLE  
Yes, Mrs Scrubitt?

MRS SCRUBITT  
I've been looking for you.

NOODLE  
What d'you want?

Suddenly, Mrs Scrubitt GRABS HER BY THE EAR -- and viciously drags her along the corridor.

MRS SCRUBITT  
I want to teach you a lesson, you miserable little book worm.

NOODLE  
What did I do wrong?

MRS SCRUBITT  
You know what you did, you brat.  
Stop squirming!

She kicks open a door at the far end and throws Noodle into a rickety PIGEON COOP attached to the wall of the building. As she lands heavily inside, the pigeons take flight.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)  
You ever interfere in my business again, you'll be in that coop all week, understand?

NOODLE  
Yes, Mrs Scrubitt. Sorry, Mrs Scrubitt.

MRS SCRUBITT  
I should think so too.

She slams the door, leaving poor Noodle in the drafty coop.

As the camera cranes up to the chimney-pots, dawn breaks over the glittering dome of the Galeries Gourmet...

10

**INT. GALERIES GOURMET - MORNING**

10

It's just before ten and the smart, snooty shops are being readied for the day's trade. Window blinds are raised and canopies unfurled in unison.

Then, on the stroke of ten, uniformed doormen open the gates.

Willy makes his way past affluent shoppers to the centre. He touches the pocket where he keeps his old bar of chocolate.

WILLY  
(quietly to himself)  
Here we go, Mamma.

He takes a deep breath, then leaps on top of his case.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE  
GALERIES GOURMET!

He stands his cane on the ground -- where it magically stays upright. He presses a button. AN ARM FLIPS OUT from the side and a tiny flag embroidered with 'W' unfurls unimpressively.

Noodle, who happens to be passing with her laundry cart, stops to watch.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
My name is Willy Wonka, and I have come to show you a marvellous morsel, an incredible edible, an unbeatable eatable the likes of which this world has never seen, so quieten up and listen down.  
(realises his mistake)  
No. Scratch that, reverse it. I give you the Hoverchoc.

Willy magics a JAR OF CHOCOLATES from his hat. He blows a little tooter to get a note, then starts to play his one-man-band, singing YOU'VE NEVER HAD CHOCOLATE LIKE THIS!

WILLY (CONT'D)

*In a jungle near Mumbai,  
There's a little hover-fly,  
Whose wings go at a thousand flaps a sec  
And that's no lie!  
These microscopic fleas  
Like chocolate more than leaves,  
And when asked nicely lay precisely  
One little egg in each of these!*

As Willy sings, a small crowd starts to form. Attracted by the disturbance, THREE SINISTER MEN come to the windows of the offices above their respective chocolate shops:

- SLUGWORTH is a proud, confident man with an unshakeable belief in business as a model for life.
- FICKELGRUBER is a tall, spindly, immaculately-dressed snob.
- PRODNOSE is short, round and dim, clearly wearing a toupée.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*When it hatches from its shell,  
It gives a happy yell!  
How thrilling to be living in  
A chocolate hotel!*

*It beats its wings with glee,  
And then as you will see,  
The chocolate will levitate  
And float most gracefully...*

He opens the lid, and the CHOCOLATES quite impossibly RISE UP from the jar until they HANG IN MID-AIR.

The crowd gasp -- and the three Chocolatiers visibly pale.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Well there's chocolate,  
And there's chocolate!  
Only mine can make your eyes  
Pop out their socke-lets!  
Put your hand into your pocke-let!  
Get yourself some Wonka chocolate!  
Come now I insist,  
You've never had chocolate like this!  
No, you've never had chocolate like this!*

Noodle and the crowd burst into enthusiastic applause.

SLUGWORTH

(to his secretary)  
Miss Bon-bon?

MISS BON-BON  
Yes, Mr Slugworth?

SLUGWORTH  
Call the police.

MISS BON-BON  
Very good, sir.

He turns to leave.

WILLY  
Now, who wants to try one?

SLUGWORTH  
I will.

Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose emerge from their respective stores and push through the crowd.

WILLY  
Mr Slugworth, sir! Mr Fickelgruber!  
And Mr Prodnose! What an honour!  
Ever since I was a little-- Boy!  
That's quite a handshake!

Slugworth has clasped him in a bone-crushing handshake.

SLUGWORTH  
It's a business handshake, Mr  
Wonka. Lets people know I mean  
business. Now come along, let's try  
one of these so-called  
"Hoverchocs".

Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose each pluck a chocolate out of the air. As they pop them in their mouths, they struggle to hide their exquisite pleasure.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)  
Ooh! Ooh it's not just chocolate,  
is it? There's... marshmallow.

WILLY  
Harvested from the mallow-marshes  
of Peru.

FICKELGRUBER  
And caramel. But it's...

WILLY  
Salted. With the bittersweet tears  
of a Russian clown.

PRODNOSE

And is that... Surely not! Cherry?

WILLY

Cherry-picked by the pick of the cherry-pickers from the Imperial Gardens in Japan.

As the chocolatiers eat, they glance at each other, worried. It is, of course, the best chocolate they've ever tasted.

SLUGWORTH

Well, Mr Wonka, I've been in this business a very long time, and I can safely say, that of all the chocolate I've ever tasted, this is without doubt, the absolute one hundred percent worst.

WILLY

There we have it, Ladies and Gentlemen! An endorsement from Mr Slugworth himsel-- Wait! The worst?!

SLUGWORTH

We three are the fiercest of rivals but we agree on one thing. A good chocolate should be simple, plain, uncomplicated.

FICKELGRUBER

Whereas this, with all its bells and whistles, well, it's just...

PRODNOSE

Weird.

Willy suddenly seems totally crushed.

WILLY

Oh! The shame! The terrible shame!

SLUGWORTH

Don't be downhearted, Mr Wonka. So you're not a chocolatier. There are many other lines of business.

FICKELGRUBER

(smirking)

Although I'd avoid fashion!

The crowd titter at this jibe. But Willy has a mischievous glint in his eye.



WILLY

Oh I don't mean it's a shame for  
*me*. It's a shame for *you*.

SLUGWORTH

Excuse me?

WILLY

If you thought the *chocolate* was  
weird, you're going to *hate* what  
happens next.

And at that very moment, Slugworth starts to RISE UP INTO THE  
AIR. The crowd gasps.

SLUGWORTH

What's happening? What's going on?!

WILLY

It's the hoverfly! It's broken out  
of its chocolate cocoon and is  
flapping its wings like billy-o!

Now Fickelgruber and Prodnose also start to float.

Prodnose flips over backwards sending his wig falling to the  
ground. Willy picks it up and throws it back to him.

FICKELGRUBER

You mean a *fly's* doing this?!

WILLY

Yes but don't worry, it'll be  
completely unharmed! In about  
twenty minutes, it'll get tired and  
exit through your rear.

FICKELGRUBER

You what?!

PRODNOSE

He means we're going to fart them  
out of our botties!

FICKELGRUBER

I know what he meant!

SLUGWORTH

You're off your rocker, Wonka!  
Who in their right mind would want  
a chocolate that makes you fly?!

WILLY

Let's find out, shall we? Who's for  
a Hoverchoc? A sovereign a piece!

The crowd starts clamouring for chocolates. Willy hands them out while people drop coins in his jar.

He smiles happily as one by one, PEOPLE START RISING UPWARDS.

A DUCHESS floats past with her dog on a lead -- both having the time of their life. An ELDERLY NUN is doing somersaults.

Willy spins, relishing the crowd's joy, then doffs his hat to Noodle, whom he spots at the back of the crowd. She waves back, happy for his success, if a little surprised.

Then suddenly, from out of nowhere, POLICE WHISTLES BLOW.

Willy looks around as Officers descend from all directions, led by the CHIEF OF POLICE.

CHIEF

(to Noodle)

Beat it, kid.

Noodle shoots Willy an apologetic look, suspecting things are about to take a turn for the worse.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Alright, folks! Nothing to see here! Just a small group of people defying the laws of gravity. Hook 'em, boys.

The crowd disperse as the Officers pull still-floating customers out of the arcade like helium balloons.

The Policeman who stopped Willy the day before approaches. This is OFFICER AFFABLE.

OFFICER AFFABLE

I'm afraid we've had complaints about you, sir.

WILLY

Complaints?

OFFICER AFFABLE

That you've been disrupting the trade of other businesses. I'm regrettably obliged to move you on and confiscate your earnings.

The CHIEF TAKES WILLY'S EARNINGS.

WILLY

Hey!

CHIEF

Don't worry, it's going to a good cause. Sick kids or something.

Willy can't believe what he's hearing.

OFFICER AFFABLE

Sorry, Sir. Rules is rules.

WILLY

Could you at least leave me a sovereign? I need to pay for my room.

Affable checks nobody is watching and gives him a sovereign.

OFFICER AFFABLE

Here.

WILLY

Thank you.

11

**INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - DUSK**

11

The clock on the mantle chimes six as Willy walks in. Bleacher is closing the shutters for the night.

MRS SCRUBITT

Evening, Mr Wonka! How'd it go?

WILLY

Not quite as well as I'd hoped.

MRS SCRUBITT

Oh dear. Well I'm afraid we do have to settle up now.

WILLY

Thankfully, the room's taken care of. I believe we said a sovereign?

He puts his sole sovereign down on the counter.

MRS SCRUBITT

For the room, yes. But you have incurred one or two extras during the course of your residency with us.

WILLY

Have I?

Mrs Scrubitt opens her ledger and starts totting up his BILL.

MRS SCRUBITT

Yes, you have. There was that glass of gin you had when you arrived. And if I remember rightly, you warmed your cockles by the fire.

BLEACHER

He did indeed, Mrs Scrubitt.

Willy begins to get nervous as Bleacher bolts the door.

MRS SCRUBITT

Cockle-warming is extra, see?

BLEACHER

Used the stairs to get to his room and all.

MRS SCRUBITT

Then you've got your stair charge, and that's per step, I'm afraid, up and down. Now tell me, Mr Wonka, did you happen to use the mini-bar?

WILLY

There's a mini-bar?

BLEACHER

Mini-bar of soap.

MRS SCRUBITT

By the sink.

WILLY

I might have... briefly.

BLEACHER

Ooh hoo!

MRS SCRUBITT

See, even Bleacher knows you never touch the mini-bar and he was raised in a ditch. Add in your mattress hire, linen lease, pillow penalty and you're looking at... ten thousand sovereigns.

WILLY

You gotta be kidding me!

MRS SCRUBITT  
All in the small print, deary.

WILLY  
But I don't have ten thousand  
sovereigns!

Bleacher grabs Willy by the collar.

BLEACHER  
Then we have a problem, Mr Wonka.

MRS SCRUBITT  
You'll need to work it off in the  
Wash House. At a sovereign a day!

WILLY  
But ten thousand days is...

MRS SCRUBITT  
Twenty seven years...

BLEACHER  
Four months...

MRS SCRUBITT  
And sixteen days!

Bleacher hurls Willy into the laundry chute.

12

**INT. WASH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

12

Willy yells as he falls down the chute into a LAUNDRY BASKET.

The Wash House is staffed by four of Mrs Scrubitt's other  
'guests', all dressed according to their old professions.

ABACUS CRUNCH is an ex-accountant in his sixties wearing a  
tweed suit. He looks up as Willy clambers out of the basket.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
Ah! You must be Mr Wonka. Abacus  
Crunch, Chartered Accountant. At  
least, I was. Now I er...

PIPER BENZ, a streetwise plumber in her 30s, takes over.

PIPER BENZ  
He runs the place. And you'd best  
do as he says or you'll answer to  
me. Piper Benz, plumber by trade.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
This is Miss Lottie Bell.

LOTTIE BELL is a silent, nervy ex-switchboard operator.

PIPER BENZ  
She don't talk much.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH is an old-school comedian.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
I'm Larry Chucklesworth.  
(he spins his bow tie)  
Comedian.

WILLY  
So they got you too, did they?

ABACUS CRUNCH  
I'm afraid so. Each of us found  
ourselves in need of a cheap place  
to stay and neglected to read the  
small print.

PIPER BENZ  
One moment of stupidity followed by  
endless regret.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
(comedy mode)  
Sounds like my third marriage!  
(sincere)  
I'm sorry, I do that a lot.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
He does.

PIPER BENZ  
A lot.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
I've only been married once and it  
didn't work out.

WILLY  
There must be some way out of here.

PIPER BENZ  
You don't think we've tried?  
There's bars on the windows, the  
dog's on the door...

ABACUS CRUNCH

And even if you could get out, that  
contract is watertight.

PIPER BENZ

If you're not here at roll call,  
Mrs Scrubitt'll call the police,  
they'll bring you right back and  
she'll charge you a thousand for  
the inconvenience.

Tiddles, standing guard by the door, BARKS MENACINGLY.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Alright everyone, back to work.  
Come on, Mr Wonka, I'll show you  
the ropes. You're in here. On suds.

SCRUB SCRUB starts to play as the Workers return to their  
various stations. Abacus leads Willy into his section of the  
Wash House, dominated by two enormous COPPER VATS.

ABACUS CRUNCH (CONT'D)

*First you pick up the apparel  
Then you stick it in a barrel  
Scrub Scrub!*

Willy starts to stir the steaming vat. The others join in the  
song as he discovers the drudgery of life in the Wash House.

WORKERS

*Then you take it to the mangle  
And you turn the giant handle  
Scrub Scrub!*

*Then it's hung up really high  
Until it's nearly dry  
Scrub Scrub!*

*But when we sing this song  
The day don't seem so long  
Scrub Scrub!*

The song continues as evening turns into night.

WORKERS (CONT'D)

*Gotta press out all the creases  
From the dresses and chemises  
Rub Rub!*

*Gotta fold 'em like they told us  
Or they'll scold us and withhold our  
Grub Grub!*

(MORE)

## WORKERS (CONT'D)

*When I look up at the sky  
It makes me want to cry  
Blub Blub!*

*But rules must be obeyed  
And debts must be repaid  
Scrub Scrub!*

## 13 INT. BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

13

Bleacher unlocks the door and the Workers trudge wearily upstairs to the Staff Quarters.

## WORKERS

*When into our beds we creep,  
All we can do while we're asleep is  
Scrub Scrub!*

*But we've got to get some rest  
Because tomorrow, well you guessed it!  
Scrub Scrub!*

## 14 INT. STAFF CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

14

## WORKERS

*We all signed the dotted line  
So we've gotta do our time  
Scrub Scrub!*

Mrs Scrubitt joins Bleacher on the stairs.

## SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER

*And if you don't agree,  
See Clause 5 Section 7a  
Paragraph 22 Part d which says...*

## WORKERS

*Scrub Scrub!*

THE SONG ENDS as they go into their individual rooms.

Bleacher slams the door and locks them in for the night.

## BLEACHER

Lights out in thirty minutes!

## 15 INT. WILLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

Willy walks into his tiny room. He goes over to the barred window and looks out across the rooftops of the slums. The golden dome of the Galeries Gourmet seems a long way away.



NOODLE (O.S.)  
Room Service!

Willy smiles. He turns to see Noodle standing in the doorway with a bucket of slops.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
Told you to read the small print.

WILLY  
Hm. Well, slight problem with that.

NOODLE  
You can't read, can you?

WILLY  
I focused my studies almost exclusively on chocolate.

NOODLE  
I see.

WILLY  
For everything else, I've relied on the kindness of strangers.

NOODLE  
And look where *that's* got you: the Staff Quarters. You've got a bed.

Willy sits on the bed. It collapses underneath him.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
You *had* a bed. Desk. And wash basin slash toilet. Water comes in two temperatures. 'Cold' and 'Colder'.

The wash basin's taps are indeed marked thus.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
How much do you owe them?

WILLY  
Ten thousand.

NOODLE  
Count yourself lucky. I owe thirty.

WILLY  
What? How do *you* owe them money? I thought they found you down the laundry chute.

NOODLE

Oh they did. Took me in out of the goodness of their hearts and charged me for the privilege.

WILLY

You're kidding me.

NOODLE

It's not so bad. If I keep my nose clean, I'll be out of here by the time I'm eighty-two.

WILLY

What a pair of monsters.

NOODLE

The greedy beat the needy every time, Mr Wonka. Guess it's just the way of the world.

She pours some slops into a bowl and leaves.

WILLY

Oh come on, Noodle, that's just your orphan syndrome talking.

NOODLE

(reappearing at the door)  
My what?!

WILLY

Your Orphan Syndrome. And we're certainly not going to be eating any *slops*.

He picks up his sample case and puts it on the table.

NOODLE

What are you doing?

WILLY

Making chocolate of course. How do you like it? Dark? White? Nutty? Totally insane.

NOODLE

I don't know. I've never had any.

WILLY

What?! You've never had chocolate?

NOODLE

No.

WILLY  
You've never had CHOCOLATE?!!

NOODLE  
Still no.

WILLY  
Well we'll soon put that right.  
Fortunately I have a selection of  
the world's finest ingredients  
right here in my travel factory.

Willy opens his sample case which CONCERTINAS OUT LIKE A  
MAGIC TOOLBOX. Inside is an almost impossible array of flasks  
and beakers, a miniature gas stove, and jars of ingredients.

NOODLE  
Woah!

WILLY  
Where to start, that's the  
question... Ah! I know! Silver  
Linings! Made of condensed thunder  
clouds and liquid sunlight. Helps  
you see that faint ray of hope  
beyond the shadow of despair. Just  
what we need, wouldn't you say?

He selects some jars of ingredients. She watches, curious.

NOODLE  
Did you always want to make  
chocolate?

WILLY  
Oh no. Back when I was your age, I  
wanted to be a magician. My Mom was  
the cook. We lived on the river,  
just the two of us, in a perfect  
little world of our own...

The music from WORLD OF YOUR OWN plays as the camera pushes  
into a FRAMED POSTCARD of a tree by a river inside his case.

The postcard flips over, revealing it is the first image of  
an old MUTOSCOPE FILM, which starts to play...

16

**EXT. RIVER - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)**

16

A BARGE chugs around a bend in the river. Young Willy -- here  
about twelve years old -- walks along the roof towards the  
stern where his mother stands, steering.

WILLY (V.O.)  
 The way I remember it, I spent  
 every waking hour trying to come up  
 with some new trick or other to  
 impress my Mom...

Willy magics an apple and his mother beams.

MAMMA  
 Bravo!

WILLY (V.O.)  
 But the real magic came from her.

17 INT. BARGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

17

Mamma makes chocolate while Willy lies in bed.

WILLY (V.O.)  
 We didn't have a lot of money but  
 each week she brought home one  
 cocoa bean, and by the time my  
 birthday came around, there was  
 enough to make a single bar of  
 chocolate. But it wasn't just any  
 old chocolate. Far from it.

Mamma hands Young Willy the spoon to lick.

YOUNG WILLY  
 This has to be the best chocolate  
 in the world!

MAMMA  
 I don't know about *that*. They say  
 the very best comes from a place  
 called the Galleries Gourmet.

YOUNG WILLY  
 Theirs can't be any better than  
 yours, Mamma. It's impossible.

MAMMA  
 Well, as it so happens, I do have a  
 little secret even those fancy  
 pants don't.

YOUNG WILLY  
 What is it?

MAMMA  
(taking the spoon)  
I'll tell you... when you're older.  
Now get to sleep!

He lies back in his bunk, an idea taking root in his mind.

YOUNG WILLY  
We should go, Mamma.

MAMMA  
Where's that then?

YOUNG WILLY  
To the Galleries Gourmet!

MAMMA  
What? And start a shop?!

YOUNG WILLY  
Yes! With our name above the door  
and everything!

MAMMA  
Oh I can see it now! Tables piled  
high with chocolate.

YOUNG WILLY  
And the tables would be *made of*  
chocolate. The whole *shop* would be  
made of chocolate.

MAMMA  
That's a wonderful dream, Willy.

YOUNG WILLY  
Is that all it is? Just a dream?

MAMMA  
Hey now. Every good thing in this  
world started with a dream. So you  
hold onto yours. And when you do  
share chocolate with the world,  
I'll be right there beside you.

YOUNG WILLY  
You promise?

MAMMA  
I can do better than that. I pinkie  
promise. Now sleep.

Contented, he settles down to sleep. She crosses over to a table where she picks up a pen and writes, on a home-made chocolate wrapper, the single word "WONKA."

NOODLE (V.O.)

So what was it, Willy? What was her secret.

WILLY (V.O.)

I never found out. Soon after, she fell sick and before I knew it, all I had left was her chocolate.

Mamma disappears, leaving the bar of chocolate on the table.

18

**INT. WILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

18

The story ends and we find ourselves back in Willy's room. He is holding onto the same bar of chocolate.

NOODLE

I'm sorry, Willy.

WILLY

That's why I'm here, Noodle, so I can feel the same way I did back then, eating chocolate with her.

NOODLE

What do you mean?

WILLY

My Mom once promised that when I share chocolate with the world she'd be right there beside me. And I know it sounds crazy, but I always hoped she'd somehow keep that promise. She might even tell me her secret.

She smiles, feeling his pain. Ping! The chocolates are ready.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Here, try one.

He hands one to Noodle. She tentatively puts it to her mouth. She nibbles a small bite. Then stops.

NOODLE

I wish you hadn't done that.

WILLY

Why not? Don't you like it?

NOODLE  
No, I like it. It's just...

WILLY  
What?

NOODLE  
Now each day I don't have chocolate  
will be a little harder.

WILLY  
Then how would you like to have all  
the chocolate you can eat every day  
for the rest of your life?

NOODLE  
A lifetime supply?

WILLY  
A lifetime supply.

NOODLE  
(suspicious)  
What would I have to do?

WILLY  
Not much. Just get me out of here.

NOODLE  
Are you crazy?!

WILLY  
Shh! It's easy! I'll get someone to  
cover my shift and you can smuggle  
me out in your laundry cart -- just  
for a few hours, mind. Nobody would  
even know I was gone.

NOODLE  
What's the point of that?

WILLY  
To sell chocolate, of course! We'll  
split the profits and pay off Mrs  
Scrubitt in no time!

NOODLE  
It's a nice idea, Willy...

WILLY  
It's a great idea, Noodle.

NOODLE  
But it'll never work!

WILLY

Course it will! Eat your chocolate.

She eats the rest of her Silver Lining.

NOODLE

You don't understand. Mrs  
Scrubitt's like a hawk. She keeps  
her beady eye on everything that  
comes in and out of the Wash House.  
Except... huh.

WILLY

What is it?

NOODLE

No, it's nothing.

WILLY

Oh, ok.

NOODLE

Huh!

WILLY

A double-huh! That's not nothing.  
That's the Silver Lining. It's  
given you an idea.

NOODLE

Ok. So the one time she dropped her  
guard was when this aristocrat came  
into the laundry. He was only  
asking for directions but she was  
all over him like a rash. It was  
disgusting.

WILLY

That's it, Noodle! All we have to  
do is find an aristocrat and slip  
out while she's distracted.

He eats a Silver Lining, thinking hard.

NOODLE

Yeah, but where are we going to  
find an aristocrat?

And now Willy has an idea of his own.

WILLY

Huh.





CHIEF

You can say that again. Send me  
down.

The Priest puts the chocolate in his mouth and presses a  
button. The CHIEF'S HALF OF THE CONFESSIONAL starts to  
DESCEND. It's a SECRET ELEVATOR!

22        **INT. CRYPT - CONTINUOUS**

22

The secret elevator drops down into the crypt.

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD stands by huge VAULT DOOR at the end  
and opens it.

23        **INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS**

23

The Chief steps through into the vault. Pipes, valves and  
gauges line the walls like a high-tech machine room.

Miss Bon-bon is writing in a GREEN LEDGER while Slugworth,  
Fickelgruber and Prodnose relax.

CHIEF

Good evening, gentlemen! I brought  
my invoice. One chocolatier moved  
on for the usual fee.

Miss Bon-bon takes the invoice and puts it in the LEDGER.  
Prodnose nods to a BUTLER who goes over to a machine.

He presses a button and the machinery whirrs into action,  
producing a single box of chocolates.

The Butler hands the box to the Chief who opens it, his eyes  
gleaming with chocoholic desire.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Ooh yeah, that's the good stuff.

SLUGWORTH

How would you like to earn a few  
more of these?

CHIEF

I'm listening.

SLUGWORTH

We think Mr Wonka requires more  
than simply "moving on". He's good.

PRODNOSE

Too good.

FICKELGRUBER

What's more, he only charges one sovereign a chocolate. So *anyone* can afford them! Even the... the...

CHIEF

The poor?

Fickelgruber retches and raises a handkerchief to his mouth.

FICKELGRUBER

Oh dear, I've just been a little bit sick in my mouth. Could you please refrain from referring to that demographic in my presence?

PRODNOSE

(explaining to the Chief)  
He doesn't like it when people say "poor."

Fickelgruber retches again.

PRODNOSE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Felix.

SLUGWORTH

We want you to send Wonka a "message".

PRODNOSE

Backed up by physical force.

SLUGWORTH

That if he tries to sell chocolate in this town again, he's liable to meet with a little "accident".

PRODNOSE

In which he dies.

CHIEF

Yeah I got that already.

FICKELGRUBER

You don't have to keep *saying* it.

PRODNOSE

Just making sure we're all on the same page.

FICKELGRUBER

No-one's on your page.

PRODNOSE

What's that supposed to mean? Well  
I *know* what it means -- actually  
what *does* it mean?

SLUGWORTH

Gentlemen, please! So what do you  
say, Chief? Do we have a deal?

CHIEF

Now listen, fellas, I've always  
been happy to help in the past, but  
the point is, as my wife said, I'm  
an officer of the law and lately  
she's been wondering-- we've been  
wondering if all this criminality  
is really suitable for a man in my  
position.

SLUGWORTH

I see.

CHIEF

I can't just go round roughing up  
your competition, I'm sorry.

SWEET TOOTH starts playing. The chocolatiers exchange looks.

SLUGWORTH

Well now, Chief, I'm glad to see  
you're a man of integrity. But ask  
yourself this...

Slugworth starts singing to the Chief.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

*Have you got a sweet tooth?*

CHIEF

*I do.*

SLUGWORTH

*A hunger that you have to feed?*

FICKELGRUBER

*Have you got a sweet tooth?*

CHIEF

*I do.*

FICKELGRUBER

*Well, we've got everything you need!*

PRODNOSE

*Don't give me that conscience nonsense!  
It's simply quid pro quo, so...*

SLUGWORTH

*(offering his hand)  
A hundred of your favourites?*

CHIEF

*Sorry, I'm afraid it's no!*

CHIEF (CONT'D)

*I'm actually trying to cut down on  
chocolate, you know, get in shape  
for the policeman's ball.*

SLUGWORTH

*But think about your sweet tooth.*

CHIEF

*I've had it since I was a boy.* *I do.*

FICKELGRUBER

*Your naughty little sweet tooth.*

CHIEF

*It's true.*

PRODNOSE

*The only thing that brings you joy.*

CHOCOLATIERS

*Don't look at your waistline! It's fine!  
Who needs to see their toes? So...*

SLUGWORTH

*(offering his hand)  
Seven hundred boxes?*

CHIEF

*That's a lot of chocolates... No!*

Now the Cartel sing together, dancing around the Chief.

SLUGWORTH

*Alright, gentlemen, let's give it  
the big sell.*

## CHOCOLATIERS

*Have you got a sweet tooth? Me too!  
 Have you got the hots for chocs?  
 Do you think that candy's dandy?  
 Well we've got lots and lots and lots and lots and lots!  
 If the wife's complaining, body-shaming,  
 It's amazing what a tailor can conceal...*

Fickelgruber hands the Chief a tailor's business card.

## CHIEF

*Keep your wretched chocolates!*

## SLUGWORTH

*(offering his hand)  
 Eighteen hundred boxes?*

## CHIEF

*Deal!*

The Chief finally takes Slugworth's hand -- then winces with pain as Slugworth gives him a real bone-crusher.

24

**INT. BACK STAIRS - DAWN**

24

CLOSE ON Bleacher as he bellows out the roll call.

## BLEACHER

*Bell. Benz. Chucklesworth. Crunch.  
 Wonka.*

The Workers trudge past Bleacher down into the Wash House.

## MRS SCRUBITT (O.S.)

*Bleacher? Toilet's blocked again!*

Bleacher rolls his eyes.

## WILLY

*Ah! The unmistakable sound of love.*

## BLEACHER

*You what?*

## WILLY

*Don't tell me you haven't noticed.  
 She's madly in love with you!*

## BLEACHER

*Mrs Scrubitt?!*

WILLY

Besotted. And why not? Look at you:  
a fine figure of a man. You just  
need to tidy yourself up a bit, get  
some new clothes, have a bath.

BLEACHER

A bath?

WILLY

Yeah! You *do* know what they say?

BLEACHER

What do they say?

WILLY

(beckoning him closer)  
She'll be thankful for an ankle...

BLEACHER

Yes?

WILLY

...and pleased to see your knees...

BLEACHER

Right.

WILLY

...but if you want to make her  
sigh...

BLEACHER

Tell me.

WILLY

...show her some thigh!

BLEACHER

Ooh!

But the mood is broken by Mrs Scrubitt's bellowing.

MRS SCRUBITT (O.S.)

Bleacher! It's up to my ankles!  
You're cleaning that up!

BLEACHER

Get in there! Silly boy.

He shoves Willy down the stairs into the Wash House.

25

**INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - DAWN**

25

SCRUB SCRUB starts as Mrs Scrubitt comes down into the shop, still calling for Bleacher. He's nowhere to be seen.

MRS SCRUBITT

Bleacher?! Curse that idle peasant!

She notices Noodle has stopped scrubbing and is looking at a sheet of paper. As soon as Noodle realises Mrs Scrubitt is watching her, she hides it behind her back.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

What you hiding there?

NOODLE

Nothing.

MRS SCRUBITT

Do you *like* that coop, Noodle?

NOODLE

Alright. I was collecting laundry from Professor Monocle the other day.

MRS SCRUBITT

Yeah?

NOODLE

He's writing a book about the Bavarian Royal Family.

MRS SCRUBITT

Boring.

NOODLE

Got sketches of noblemen all over his wall.

MRS SCRUBITT

So?!

NOODLE

And this one looked rather familiar.

She hands the sketch to Mrs Scrubitt who examines it closely.

MRS SCRUBITT

Blow me! It's just like...

NOODLE

Mr Bleacher. And look at the name.



MRS SCRUBITT  
 (reading)  
 Lord Bleachowitz.  
 (then)  
 Are you telling me *Bleacher's* a  
 Bavarian aristocrat?

NOODLE  
 You can't deny he has a certain  
 quiet dignity.

MRS SCRUBITT  
 Quiet dignity? Go get my gin.

She aims a kick at Noodle who scurries away.

26

**INT. WASH HOUSE - DAWN**

26

The Workers are back in the laundry, singing their work song,  
 like any other morning. But today, something is different.

WORKERS  
*First you pick up the apparel  
 And you put it in the barrel  
 Scrub Scrub!*

Willy comes out of his section and starts loading bits of old  
 laundry equipment into a cart: rope, mangle rollers etc.

Abacus notices. He stops singing and watches, perplexed.

WILLY  
 Just grabbing a few things.

Willy puts more equipment in the cart. At the mangle, Larry,  
 distracted by the strange goings-on, gets his tie caught.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
*Then you take it to the mangle  
 Making sure you don't get strangled  
 Scrub Scrub!*

Lottie is up a step ladder hanging laundry on a rack. Willy  
 grabs the ladder, leaving her dangling.

Willy disappears into his section, then emerges with a square  
 of cloth cut from the seat of his trousers.

WILLY  
*Oh Tiddles, here's your chance  
 To chew my mailman pants!*

Tiddles smells the pants and races into Willy's section.

TIDDLES

*Woof woof!*

WORKERS

*Something must be going wrong  
Cos we never change our song  
Scrub Scrub!*

Willy disappears back into his section and closes the door.

27

**INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - DAY**

27

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Mrs Scrubitt -- who is half way up a ladder on wheels -- hears Bleacher coming downstairs.

MRS SCRUBITT

Oh! I see you finally dragged your--

She stares, amazed. Bleacher has transformed himself. He has shaved, slicked back his hair and is now wearing lederhosen.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

You done something with your hair?

BLEACHER

Maybe. Maybe not.

She watches as he struts towards his usual spot by the stove.

MRS SCRUBITT

Where'd you get them dungarees?

BLEACHER

Lost property. Why? Suit me?

MRS SCRUBITT

Not bad, I suppose.

He sits down by the stove.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

What you doing all the way over there?

BLEACHER

Keeping my knees warm.

MRS SCRUBITT

Why don't you come over here, have a glass of gin?

BLEACHER  
 Why don't you come over here?  
 (meaningfully)  
 Where it's all hot.

He pulls on a rope, sending the ladder whizzing along the wall, depositing a shrieking Mrs Scrubitt in Bleacher's arms.

MRS SCRUBITT  
 Oh my lord!

28

**INT. WASH HOUSE - DAY**

28

The Workers have gathered in the main part of the Wash House. Sounds of construction come from Willy's section.

Willy opens the door to reveal a RUBE GOLDBERG WASHING MACHINE, powered by Tiddles running on a treadmill, chasing the square of Willy's trousers which hangs just out of reach.

WILLY  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present  
 a brand new contraption of my own  
 creation, an innovation in  
 laundrification.

WORKERS  
*Scrub Scrub!*

WILLY  
 Now let me ask you a question. How  
 does Tiddles want to spend his  
 time? Running after mailmen! And  
 what do I have to do all day?

WORKERS  
*Scrub Scrub!*

WILLY  
 Exactly! Well with Willy Wonka's  
 Wild and Wonderful Woof-o-matic  
 Wonka-Walker -- please don't make  
 me say it again -- he gets to run  
 while I can have fun.

WORKERS  
*Scrub Scrub!*

Willy crosses to the dumb waiter.

WILLY  
 I'm just popping out for a bit.

He grabs an empty laundry bag and jumps into the dumb waiter.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
I'll be back by roll call, but  
until then Tiddles has agreed to:

WORKERS  
*Scrub Scrub!*

29 **INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - DAY**

29

Ping! Willy -- now inside the bag -- arrives up in the shop.  
Scrubitt and Bleacher sit by the stove, giggling amorously.

MRS SCRUBITT  
So tell me all about Bavaria.

BLEACHER  
Where?

MRS SCRUBITT  
Where you're from.

BLEACHER  
(playing along)  
Oh yes. It's very... Bavarian.

Noodle smiles to herself. Willy's bag leaps out of the dumb waiter into Noodle's laundry cart -- and the SONG ENDS.

30 **EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER / ALLEY - DAY**

30

Noodle drags her cart down the hill and into a deserted alley just out of sight of the laundry.

NOODLE  
All clear!

She unties the laundry bag to let Willy out.

WILLY  
We did it! Well done, Noodle!

NOODLE  
I can't believe it worked!

WILLY  
And wait 'til you see how much  
chocolate I made last night! We  
sell this and we're gonna -- oh no!

Willy has magicked a jar from his hat -- but it is EMPTY.

NOODLE

What's going on, Willy? Where are the chocolates?

WILLY

I don't know how to tell you this, Noodle, but... they've been stolen.

NOODLE

Stolen?

WILLY

Mm-hm.

NOODLE

Who by?

WILLY

The Little Orange Man.

NOODLE

What?

WILLY

The Little Orange Man. Didn't I tell you about him?

NOODLE

No, you didn't.

WILLY

He's my nemesis! He's about yay high, comes in the dead of night and steals all my chocolate. Been happening every few weeks for the past ooh... three, four years now.

NOODLE

(disbelieving)

Really?

WILLY

(waxing lyrical)

Sometimes I spy him in that strange realm 'twixt sleep and wake, green hair glinting in the moonlight.

NOODLE

Green hair?!

WILLY  
(vengeful)  
One day I shall catch him, Noodle,  
and when I do...

NOODLE  
Willy? WILLY!!

WILLY  
Yes, Noodle.

NOODLE  
You don't *actually* to expect me to  
believe this, do you?

WILLY  
Course I do! What other explanation  
is there?

NOODLE  
I don't know. That you go to sleep,  
*dream* about a little green man...

WILLY  
(correcting)  
Orange man, green hair.

NOODLE  
...and *while* you're dreaming, STUFF  
YOUR FACE WITH CHOCOLATE!!

WILLY  
How *dare*-- Actually that does make  
a lot more sense. Have I been  
eating my own chocolate?

NOODLE  
Why did I ever think this would  
work?

WILLY  
(still thinking)  
I don't think so.

NOODLE  
Stupid Silver Linings.

WILLY  
Hey! There's nothing stupid about  
my chocolate.

NOODLE  
If Mrs Scrubitt had spotted us, I'd  
be in the *coop* right now!

WILLY

Look, I'm sorry, ok? But we can make more chocolate. The only problem is I'm all out of milk.

NOODLE

That's not a problem. Milk.

Noodle simply swipes a bottle of milk from the nearest doorstep. Willy, horrified, takes it and puts it back.

WILLY

a) That's stealing. And c) Willy Wonka does not use any old cow's milk. For this particular creation, I require the milk of a giraffe.

Noodle realises it's easier not to argue.

NOODLE

Ok, fine. As matter of fact, there's one at the zoo.

WILLY

Fantastic!

He strides off down the alley.

NOODLE

But a) the zoo's not that way...

WILLY

(turning back)  
Gotcha.

NOODLE

...and b) they're not just gonna let you just walk in there and milk it.

WILLY

That, my dear Noodle, is why we're very lucky the little orange man didn't find *this*.

He taps the top of his cane -- and it opens up like a Fabergé Egg, revealing a SINGLE CHOCOLATE in a TINY BOX.

CUT TO:

31

**I/E. ZOO / SECURITY LODGE - DUSK**

31

The same CHOCOLATE BOX, being eyed suspiciously by a SECURITY GUARD. Noodle has delivered it to the ZOO SECURITY LODGE.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
What is it?

NOODLE  
From Zoo Management. In recognition  
of your years of service.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
But I've only been here a year.

NOODLE  
(thinking on her feet)  
...which is why there's only one  
chocolate.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
Oh. Well... thank you very much.

He lowers the blind. Noodle goes to join Willy who has been watching from a little way off.

WILLY  
Well done, Noodle.

NOODLE  
Thanks. What is it really?

WILLY  
It's called "A Big Night Out," a  
single chocolate that perfectly  
mimics a night on the town. The  
outer layer is champagne truffle.

The Guard -- his outline seen in silhouette through the frosted glass -- puts the chocolate in his mouth.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
Ooh! Lovely!

WILLY  
Next comes a layer of white wine.  
Then red. That's when the singing  
and dancing starts.

Right on cue, the Security Guard starts singing and dancing.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
*We're gonna have a party tonight!*



WILLY

It's when he hits the layer of  
whisky fudge he'll get emotional.

The Security Guard slumps into his chair, weeping.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD

She was the only woman I ever  
really loved!

WILLY

He *might* do something reckless.

The Security Guard picks up a phone and dials.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD

I'll give her a ring. What harm can  
it do? Gwennie? It's Basil. I just  
wanted to say, I always loved you.

(beat)

What? Basil Bond! We sat next to  
each other in Chemistry at school.  
No, don't hang up!

WILLY

Finally he hits some old port from  
the back of the cupboard and...

The Security Guard passes out. Noodle is impressed.

NOODLE

That's a pretty powerful chocolate!

WILLY

Thank you.

NOODLE

He will be alright, won't he?

WILLY

Of course! At the centre is a tiny  
aspirin which fizzes on his tongue  
as he sleeps. He'll wake up in the  
morning with an aftertaste of shame  
and regret, but come five o'clock  
tomorrow he'll have a strange urge  
to do it all again.

He reaches through the hatch in the security lodge window and  
pulls a lever, opening the zoo gates.

32

**EXT. ZOO - NIGHT**

32

Willy and Noodle walk through the zoo with flashlights. Noodle gazes around at all the animals, entranced, then frowns as they pass a lake filled with flamingos.

NOODLE

Why don't they fly away?

WILLY

I don't know. Perhaps they haven't thought of it.

NOODLE

You're kidding.

WILLY

No, I'm serious. That's the thing about flamingoes. They're flock animals. They need someone to show them the way.

33

**INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

33

They slip into a backstage corridor. Various doors open onto different enclosures. Willy looks for one marked "Giraffe."

WILLY

Where are we? Giraffe... giraffe...  
Ah! Giraffe!

He opens a door clearly marked "TIGER" -- and is immediately confronted by a great snarling beast who charges at him.

Noodle slams the door in the nick of time.

NOODLE

You have *got* to learn how to read!

WILLY

Why?

NOODLE

You were nearly eaten by a tiger!

WILLY

"Nearly" is the key word there, Noodle. I've *nearly* been eaten by a lot of things. And none of them got more than a nibble.

Noodle shakes her head and opens the door marked "Giraffe."

NOODLE

Giraffe.

34

**INT. GIRAFFE ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS**

34

Willy walks into the stall, Noodle a pace behind. They look up at the elegant great creature. Willy doffs his hat.

WILLY

Good evening, um...

NOODLE

(reading a sign)  
Abigail.

WILLY

Abigail.

The Giraffe starts. Noodle is alarmed.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Whoa there! Easy now. I've brought acacia mints.

The Giraffe reaches down inquisitively and snaffles a handful of mints. Noodle watches, enchanted, as Willy starts to scratch her under the chin.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Giraffes are just crazy about my acacia mints. Love them more than anything else. Except being scratched under the chin. See?

The Giraffe does indeed seem to be enjoying the experience.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Wanna give it a go?

NOODLE

Me?

WILLY

Why not?

NOODLE

Ok...

Noodle smiles broadly as the Giraffe responds to her touch. Abigail reaches forward and licks Noodle appreciatively.

WILLY

I think she likes you!

(to the Giraffe)

Now, Miss Abigail, if my colleague here gives you a good scratch, could you possibly spare us a pint or two of milk?

35

**LATER:**

35

Willy stands his coat magically on the ground. He presses a button and the arms of a coat hanger flip out from the side. He hangs his coat and hat over the cane.

He then sits on a stool to milk the Giraffe. Noodle is up a rickety step ladder scratching its chin -- and loving it.

NOODLE

Have you done this before?

WILLY

Once. In Africa. Magnificent beast.

NOODLE

Was she wild?

WILLY

Wild? She was absolutely furious! But once my hands warmed up, I think she kind of liked it.

Noodle smiles fondly and shakes her head.

NOODLE

You sure can be silly, Willy.

WILLY

I suppose that's true-dle Noodle.

NOODLE

True-dle?

WILLY

That doesn't work, does it? But nothing rhymes with Noodle. Where'd you get that name, anyway?

NOODLE

Doesn't matter.

WILLY

Go on.

She thinks for a moment, then decides to confide in him.

NOODLE

This.

She shows him an AMBER AND GOLD RING she keeps on a string around her neck. The letter "N" engraved in the middle.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

It's all I have from my parents.  
See? 'N' for Noodle. Or Nora, or  
Nina -- or nothing at all.

WILLY

Can't you trace the owner?

NOODLE

You don't think I've tried? I've  
been to every jewellery store in  
the city.

Willy looks at her, feeling for her. Noodle turns to the giraffe, finding in Abigail's eyes the courage to speak.

As she tells her story, a CHILDISH CHALK DRAWING appears on screen, showing her deepest desire.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

When I was a kid I always hoped I'd  
find my parents. They'd live in  
this beautiful old building full of  
books. And my Mom would be waiting  
for me at the door and I'd run into  
her arms and she'd give me this big  
hug like she wouldn't ever let me  
go. But then I realised it was just  
a stupid dream.

The chalk drawing floats away like a dream upon waking. Willy looks at Noodle, deeply moved.

WILLY

There's nothing stupid about it.

NOODLE

Isn't there?

WILLY

Uh-uh. I know things haven't been  
easy for you, Noodle. But they're  
going to get better. I'm not going  
to let you rot in that wash house  
forever.

NOODLE  
You promise?

WILLY  
I can do better than that, I Pinkie  
Promise! And that's the most solemn  
vow there is.

They Pinkie Promise. Noodle is touched by his concern.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Now get scratching, we don't have  
long until the guard comes to-dle  
Noodle.  
(pleased with the rhyme)  
To-dle!

NOODLE  
It's not even a word.

WILLY  
I'll keep working on it.

Noodle quietly starts singing FOR A MOMENT.

NOODLE  
*For a moment  
Life doesn't seem  
Quite so bad.*

*For a moment  
I kinda forgot  
To be sad.*

*He turns night to day,  
But don't get carried away.  
Never let down your guard,  
Let them into your heart  
For a moment.*

Willy has finished milking Abigail. He turns to Noodle.

WILLY  
Care to dance?

NOODLE  
(thinking it sounds fun)  
No thank you.

Willy turns to where his cane stands, his coat and hat  
handing from it like a shop mannequin. He picks up the cane  
and dances with it as if dancing with himself.

WILLY  
*Noodle, Noodle!  
 Apple Strudel!  
 Some people don't and  
 Some people doodle!  
 Snakes, Flamingos,  
 Bears and Poodles!  
 Singing this song will  
 Improve your moodle!  
 Noodle-dee, Noodle-dum!  
 We're having oodles and  
 Oodles of fun!*

Noodle laughs at Willy goofing around. He spins the ladder and she leaps off, catching the lantern as she does. She is lowered to the ground and they race out together.

WILLY AND NOODLE  
 Thanks, Abigail!

36

**EXT. ZOO - NIGHT**

36

The MUSIC SWELLS as Willy and Noodle dance through the zoo. Willy grabs a bouquet of HELIUM BALLOONS from a stall -- and the lift from the balloons makes them almost weightless.

And now the two of them sing together.

NOODLE	WILLY
<i>For a moment</i>	<i>Noodle, Noodle!</i>
<i>My life has</i>	<i>Apple Strudel!</i>
<i>Turned upside down!</i>	<i>Some people don't and</i>
<i>For a moment</i>	<i>Some people doodle!</i>
<i>I can't keep my</i>	<i>Snakes, Flamingos,</i>
<i>Feet on the ground!</i>	<i>Bears and Poodles!</i>
<i>He's the one good thing</i>	<i>Singing this song will</i>
<i>That's ever happened to me.</i>	<i>Improve your moodle!</i>
<i>Should I drop my defences</i>	<i>Noodle-dee, Noodle-dum!</i>
<i>Give up the pretence</i>	<i>We're having oodles and</i>
<i>For a moment?</i>	<i>Oodles of fun!</i>

They run across the flamingo lake, their feet just barely making contact with the surface of the water.

The flamingos wake as they pass and watch, astonished, as Willy and Noodle rise from the water, floating up and over the wall of the zoo. Inspired, the flamingos follow them.

37

**EXT. GALERIES GOURMET - NIGHT**

37

Willy and Noodle land on the glass roof of the Galleria and dance around the spectacular glass dome.

Eventually a gust of wind takes the balloons, breaking the spell, and they are blown off the roof.

38

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT**

38

They float down, feeling all alone in the big city. But Officer Affable has spotted them -- and makes a call.

OFFICER AFFABLE

Chief? You know that fella you wanted a word with?

Willy and Noodle land and dance by the frozen fountain.

NOODLE

*For a moment  
Life doesn't seem  
Quite so bad.*

*For a moment  
I kind of forgot  
To be sad...*

Suddenly -- BRRRIINGG! They look up to see the Chief being driven into the town square in his Police Car.

CHIEF

Mr Wonka! A word in private, if I may.

WILLY

Er... certainly!  
(to Noodle)  
Best get out of here, Noodle.

NOODLE

But Willy--

WILLY

Don't worry about me, I've talked my way out of tighter spots than this. I'll meet you back at the cart.

Noodle races off with the milk as the Chief approaches Willy.

CHIEF

You be on your way, Affable.

OFFICER AFFABLE

Are you sure, sir?



CHIEF

Oh yeah. This is between me and Mr Wonka.

OFFICER AFFABLE

Very good, sir.

Bemused, Affable goes, leaving Willy and the Chief alone.

WILLY

Now Officer, if this is about Abigail...

Before he can continue, the Chief grabs Willy by the collar.

CHIEF

I've got a message for you, pal.

The Chief PLUNGES Willy's head into the freezing cold water of the fountain.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Don't sell chocolate in this town!

He pulls Willy's head back up.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Got it?!

WILLY

Not really, I'm afraid.

CHIEF

Oh, you got a mouth on you, huh Candyman? I said...

(pushes Willy in the water)

DON'T. SELL. CHOCOLATE!!

(pulls Willy back up)

You hear me this time?

WILLY

I had water in my ears.

CHIEF

Oh. Yeah, that does make sense. I'm sorry, I'm all outta whack. Truth is, I don't want to be doing this.

WILLY

I don't want you to be doing this.

CHIEF

There you go, so we got that in common.

(MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

But I still gotta give you a message. I catch you selling chocolate on any street in this city, and you'll get more than a bonk on the head.

WILLY

(puzzled)

I don't have a bonk on the head.

CHIEF

What is with me today?! Can you wait just a moment?

WILLY

Sure.

The Chief gets his nightstick and bonks Willy on the head.

39

**INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

39

Scrubitt and Bleacher gaze lovingly at each other while Noodle sneaks past with Willy hidden in the laundry cart.

BLEACHER

Oh, Mrs Scrubitt! Your eyes are like two... rabbit droppings in a bowl of custard.

MRS SCRUBITT

(charmed)

Oh, Lord Bleachowitz!

WILLY

(from inside a bag)

See you downstairs!

Willy's sack leaps down the laundry chute.

40

**INT. WASH HOUSE - NIGHT**

40

Willy lands back down in the Wash House where the other workers are finishing their shift. Abacus looks up sternly.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Mr Wonka! Good of you to join us.

WILLY

Not late am I?

ABACUS CRUNCH

No. Cutting it a bit fine, but--

Willy hops out of the laundry basket.

WILLY

Tiddles been pulling his weight?

ABACUS CRUNCH

As a matter of fact, Tiddles is a marvel and productivity is up thirty percent.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

We took the afternoon off.

ABACUS CRUNCH

But that's not the point.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

(pointing)

This is the point!

ABACUS CRUNCH

Not now, Larry.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

Sorry.

ABACUS CRUNCH

The point is, where have you been?

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

What've you been up to?

PIPER BENZ

And why do you smell of giraffe?

LOTTIE BELL

Hmph!

She nods defiantly.

WILLY

Guess I do owe you an explanation. Truth is I'm a chocolate maker.

NOODLE

(coming in with slops)

Not just any chocolate maker. The best in the world.

WILLY

Noodle's flattering me. But she's right. They're exquisite.

NOODLE

The plan is to sell chocolate and pay off Mrs Scrubitt. At least, that was the plan until...

ABACUS CRUNCH

Let me guess. You had a little run-in with the Chief of Police.

WILLY

How did you know that?

ABACUS CRUNCH

Because that's what happens to anyone who sells chocolate in this town.

NOODLE

Why?

ABACUS CRUNCH

Three reasons, Noodle. Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose. The Chocolate Cartel.

WILLY

How do you know all this?

ABACUS CRUNCH

Because I was Slugworth's accountant. For a week at least...

41

**INT. SLUGWORTH'S OFFICE - EVENING (FLASHBACK)**

41

Abacus comes in with a RED LEATHER-BOUND ACCOUNTS BOOK.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Excuse me, Mr Slugworth, I just need your signature on--

Abacus sees the office is empty. It's 10pm and everyone has gone home. But just as he's about to leave, he spots an IDENTICAL ACCOUNTS BOOK on the desk, BOUND IN GREEN.

ABACUS CRUNCH (V.O.)

It seemed a straightforward job until I realised there were two sets of books: one for the authorities -- and one which told the truth.

He goes over to the desk and looks through the ledger. Inside are invoices, receipts, even drawings and blueprints.

As he examines the pages, the BLUEPRINT COMES TO LIFE, and we see chocolate being funnelled from the Chocolatiers' three factories into a vault beneath the Cathedral.

ABACUS CRUNCH (V.O.)

Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose have been in cahoots for years. They've been watering down their chocolate and storing the excess in a vault deep beneath the Cathedral, guarded round the clock by a corrupt cleric and five hundred chocoholic monks.

The only way to get in is to go down a secret elevator and past the Mistress of the Keys -- a subterranean sentinel who hasn't seen sunlight in years.

There's thousands of gallons of chocolate down there and they use that chocolate to bribe, blackmail and bludgeon the competition.

It's dawn. Abacus has been reading all night. He removes his glasses and rubs his eyes, unable to believe what he's seen.

Suddenly, he hears footsteps.

SLUGWORTH (O.S.)

I don't care they were children, Donovan, they were in our way. Next time, put your foot down.

Abacus hides behind a sideboard as Slugworth and Miss Bon-Bon come in to the office.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

Miss Bon-Bon, from now on I'm keeping the ledger in the vault.

MISS BON-BON

Very good, sir.

SLUGWORTH

Oh, and Mr Crunch?

Abacus realises he's been spotted. He stands sheepishly.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

You're fired.

42                   **INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

42

Abacus tells his story to the Chief.

                  ABACUS CRUNCH (V.O.)  
I took my story to the Chief of  
Police but they'd got to him first.

The Chief nods to an Officer, who grabs Abacus and cuffs him.

                  ABACUS CRUNCH (V.O.)  
I was charged with slandering a  
Captain of Industry and fined every  
penny I had. All I needed was  
somewhere to lay my head until I  
could work out how to get back  
home. That was four years ago.

As Abacus is taken away, the Chief reaches into a drawer for  
a box of chocolates -- and licks his lips.

43                   **INT. WILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

43

Willy lies in his bunk, thinking.

                  ABACUS CRUNCH (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, Mr Wonka, but they've  
got you right where they want you.  
You can't get a shop without  
selling chocolate, and you can't  
sell chocolate without a shop.

Then makes a decision.

44                   **EXT. BACK OF SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

44

Later, a single lamp burns in Willy's window. From within the  
cell, the bangs and flashes of chocolate-making.

Finally, Willy comes to the window.

                  WILLY  
Noodle? Noodle! Pssst!

Another lamp is switched on, this time in Noodle's window.

                  NOODLE  
What is it, Willy?

                  WILLY  
Catch!

He swings a line out of his window to Noodle. She catches it and he slides her a JAR OF CHOCOLATES in a basket.

NOODLE  
What's this for?

WILLY  
Your wages. A lifetime supply,  
remember?

NOODLE  
You didn't have to do that.

WILLY  
Nonsense. I gave you my word.

NOODLE  
Well... thanks. I've got something  
for you too.

She puts a rolled up piece of paper in the basket and slides it back along the line to Willy.

He opens it to discover she has drawn the letter "A". But he is looking at it upside down and it looks like a glass.

WILLY  
What is this? A glass half-full?

NOODLE  
Other way up.

WILLY  
(turning it upside down)  
A glass half-empty?

NOODLE  
It's an "A". Your first letter. I'm  
teaching you to read.

WILLY  
(touched)  
Oh Noodle...

NOODLE  
I can't have my business partner  
eaten by a tiger, now can I?  
(before he can interrupt)  
Or nearly eaten!

WILLY  
Still partners, then?

NOODLE

Well yeah, but I don't know how we're going to sell any chocolate. Every time the police show up, you'd have to disappear...

WILLY

Like a magician?

NOODLE

Right!

WILLY

But it's one thing on stage. You've got ropes, pulleys, trapdoors... and there aren't any of those in the street.

The light comes on in Piper's cell.

PIPER BENZ

As a matter of fact, there are.

WILLY

Piper?

PIPER BENZ

There's trapdoors all over the city. They're called storm drains. I'd be happy to show you around -- if you cut me in on the action.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

If you're recruiting, I'd do anything to get out of here and make up with my wife. I don't have any practical skills but...

(underwater voice)

I can talk like I'm underwater!

Lottie switches on her light.

LOTTIE BELL

And if you're looking for someone to handle communications, I'm your woman.

WILLY

Lottie?

LOTTIE BELL

What? Why are you staring at me?



PIPER BENZ

I just never heard you speak.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

I thought you were a mime.

LOTTIE BELL

No. Back when I worked the switchboard, I was quite the chatterbox. But since I came here, I haven't had much to shout about.

Abacus switches on his light.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Far be it from me to pour cold water on all your fun, but may I remind you that if Mrs Scrubitt catches you trying to escape, you each get six months in the coop, so just think about that before getting involved in this hair-brained scheme.

NOODLE

But it's *not* hair-brained, Abacus! Willy's chocolates are incredible. Try one.

ABACUS CRUNCH

That's very kind of you, Noodle, but I don't care how good his chocolates are, I--  
(eats, immediately changes)  
When do we start?

WILLY

Right away!

45

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING**

45

The clock chimes as Noodle drags the cart to the town square.

A young man, COLIN, has just plucked up what little courage he has and asked the woman who runs the flower stall, BARBARA, to marry him.

COLIN

I suppose what I'm asking, Barbara, is, will you marry me?

BARBARA

Oh, I don't know, Colin, it's just,  
I'm looking for a life of  
adventure, someone to sweep me off  
my feet. Could that be you?

COLIN

No. Not with my chronic lack of  
self-confidence. I'm sorry to have  
wasted your time, Barbara. I'd best  
be off. Taxi!

He goes to hail a passing cab -- but the Taxi drives past,  
splashing through a puddle and soaking him to the skin.

Dejected, he sits at a nearby cafe table. The Waiter appears.

WAITER

Can I help you, sir?

COLIN

Oh, Waiter. Do you have anything  
for a broken heart?

The Waiter leans forward to reveal it's actually Willy. He  
starts to sing YOU'VE NEVER HAD CHOCOLATE LIKE THIS!

WILLY

*So the taxis never stop,  
The girls think you're a flop,  
You're wet and cold, you're getting old,  
Your confidence is shot.*

COLIN

It's true.

WILLY

*When people look at you,  
They seem to look straight through,  
Or like you're something brown they found  
Upon the bottom of their shoe.*

COLIN

Have you been following me?!

WILLY

*But this should lift your gloom.  
My giraffe milk macaroon  
Restores your zeal and makes you feel  
The tallest in the room!*

*Goodbye to feeling small  
And frightened of it all!*

*Just eat a few of these, soon  
You'll be feeling ten feet tall!*

Colin takes a chocolate and an amazing transformation comes over him. Customers watch as he stands, climbs onto the table and starts to dance with newfound confidence.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Well there's chocolate!*

COLIN  
(bursting into song)  
*And there's chocolate!*

WILLY AND COLIN  
*Only Wonka's makes your confidence sky-rocke-let!*

People start buying chocolate as quick as possible.

WILLY  
*Put your hand into your pocke-let!  
Get yourself some Wonka chocolate!*

Colin sees Barbara staring, amazed by his transformation.

COLIN  
*Madam, just one kiss?*

BARBARA  
Yes please!

As they kiss, Noodle -- who has been keeping watch -- spots the CHIEF leading a handful of OFFICERS on bicycles towards the square. She puts her fingers to her lips and WHISTLES.

Willy hears her signal. He turns and runs into an alley.

COLIN  
*I've never had chocolate like this!*

BARBARA  
*No, he's never had chocolate like this!*

Willy leaps through a MANHOLE COVER into the storm drain.

By the time the Police make it into the alley, Piper has replaced the manhole cover, leaving them baffled.

Two ladies are discussing Willy's latest creation.

LADY 1  
Have you tried his new one?

LADY 2  
No!

LADY 1  
Oh you've got to have a go!

WILLY  
*Just pop one in and everything  
Becomes a Broadway Show!*

Willy is disguised as the TICKET COLLECTOR. They both buy chocolates and eat them. They start singing and dancing.

LADIES  
*The news that makes you gasp!  
The joke that makes you laugh!*

The Passengers all buy chocolates and join in.

PASSENGERS  
*All that you say and do all day  
Will be choreographed!*

47

**INT. BARBER'S SHOP - NIGHT**

47

Willy, now dressed as a BARBER, is attending a balding customer, one of three in the shop.

WILLY  
*Lost your hair? Can't think where?*

CUSTOMER  
*Feeling fairly bare up there.*

WILLY  
*Don't despair I come prepared,  
Behold my hair repair eclair!*

He hands out eclairs to the balding customers, who wolf them down eagerly. A HAIRLESS CAT eats one of the leftovers.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*It's made from ground vanilla  
From the mountains of Manilla  
And a drop-o-let of yeti sweat  
Will act like a hair filler!*



WILLY

*Not a bit of it.*

NOODLE

*Well that's a vowel  
And those are consonants.*

WILLY

*What's that now?  
You're talking nonse-nence.*

NOODLE

*I should call it quits!*

Abacus appears with a jar full of money.

ABACUS CRUNCH

*But you've never sold chocolate like this!*

52

**INT. VAULT - NIGHT**

52

The three Chocolatiers are berating the Chief.

FICKELGRUBER

*Well there's chocolate...*

PRODNOSE

*And there's chocolate!*

SLUGWORTH

*Only Wonka drives a hole right through our profi-lets!*

FICKELGRUBER

*If we can't get on top of this,  
We'll go bust!*

CHOCOLATIERS

*Choc-apocalypse!*

FICKELGRUBER

*We'll cease to exist!*

CHIEF

*But you've never had chocolate like this!*

He hands them each a Broadway chocolate. They taste it and despite their fury, immediately break into a joyful dance.

CHOCOLATIERS

*No! We've never had chocolate like this!*

53

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING**

53

Willy is in the town square, back where he started, selling from a little cart, but no longer to one man; a huge crowd surrounds him, buying chocolate as fast as they can.

CROWD

*Well there's chocolate  
And there's chocolate!*

WILLY

*Only Wonka's gets you  
Buying wedding frock-lets!*

Colin and Barbara, just married, emerge from the Cathedral.

COLIN AND BARBARA

*We have just tied the knot and it's  
All because of Wonka chocolates!*

WILLY

*Come now I insist!  
You've never had chocolate like this!*

CROWD

*No, we've never had chocolate like this!*

WILLY

*Have you ever had chocolate like this?*

CROWD

*No, we've never had chocolate  
No, we've never had chocolate  
No, we've never had chocolate like this!*

The Chief -- now considerably larger -- barges into the square with other officers blowing whistles.

But Willy pulls a lever and the cart folds down into a laundry cart which Noodle pulls away. And Willy disappears into a storm drain leaving the Chief completely baffled.

As the SONG ENDS the Chief spots part of Willy's handkerchief trapped in the drain cover, torn off when he leapt in.

He kneels down heavily on the drain cover and examines it.

CHIEF

*Oh so that's how you're doing it.  
Affable, I want a man at every  
storm drain in the city.*

OFFICER AFFABLE

Are you sure, sir? Shouldn't we focus on all those unsolved murders?

CHIEF

No, this is the priority.  
 (failing to get up)  
 Ok you know what? I'm gonna need a hand here. I'm pretty sure I gained about a hundred and fifty pounds in the past two weeks...

54 **EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

54

It's the dead of night and the streets seem deserted. But someone is stealthily making their way towards the laundry. The only clue to their identity is the OOMPA LOOMPA THEME.

A miniature GRAPPLING HOOK is fired up to a window ledge.

55 **INT. WILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

55

A tiny figure, no more than eighteen inches high, shimmies up to Willy's window ledge, silhouetted in the moonlight.

He slips through the bars, scans the room, then creeps over to two jars of chocolates, still keeping to the shadows.

CLICK! He steps on a floorboard which activates a switch.

Suddenly the floorboard TWANGS UPWARD and the tiny figure is FLUNG ACROSS THE ROOM and into a funnel which deposits him in a JAR -- which closes as he lands, trapping him.

Willy sits up, delighted.

WILLY

Gotcha!

FIGURE

(from within the jar)  
 What the devil? Let me out of here!  
 I demand to be released!

WILLY

Incredible! It can speak!

FIGURE

Well of course I can speak. Now let me out of here or I shall shriek.



WILLY

Not til I take a good look at you.

Willy lifts the jar onto his desk and switches on the light, revealing a small man with bright orange skin and green hair. He is, of course, an OOMPA LOOMPA.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Good evening.

WILLY

So you're the funny little man  
who's been following me.

The Oompa Loompa puffs out his chest indignantly.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Funny little man?! How dare you!  
I'll have you know I'm a perfectly  
respectable size for an Oompa  
Loompa.

WILLY

An Oompa what now?

OOMPA LOOMPA

In fact in Loompaland, I'm regarded  
as something of a whopper. They  
call me Lofty. So I'll thank you  
not to keep gawping at me like  
something unpleasant you found in  
your handkerchief. I find it  
uncomfortable and frankly rude.

WILLY

Sorry.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Now let me out of here. You have no  
right to go around embottling  
innocent strangers.

WILLY

Innocent? Hold on. You've been  
stealing from me for years!

OOMPA LOOMPA

Well you started it!

WILLY

Me?

OOMPA LOOMPA

You stole our cocoa beans!

WILLY  
What are you talking about?

OOMPA LOOMPA  
Do you mean to say you don't even  
remember?!

WILLY  
Remember what?!

OOMPA LOOMPA  
The day you destroyed my life.

WILLY  
No, I don't remember that.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
Well then, young man, allow me to  
refresh your memory, in the form of  
a song so ruinously catchy it will  
creep into your brain and never  
leave.

He blows a whistle and the OOMPA LOOMPA theme plays.

WILLY  
I don't like the sound of that.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
Too late. I'm dancing now. Once  
we've started we can't stop.

Oompa Loompa starts doing a strange, hypnotic dance.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)  
*Oompa Loompa doompety-doo,  
I've got a tragic tale for you.  
Oompa Loompa doompety-dee,  
If you are wise you'll listen to me.*

56 **EXT. LOOMPALAND - DUSK**

56

An island paradise. A little sail boat -- its mast snapped in two -- is limping across the ocean towards it.

OOMPA LOOMPA (V.O.)  
*Dear Loompaland is both luscious and green  
But not conducive to growing the bean!*

57 **EXT. LOOMPALAND - NIGHT**

57

While his shipmates repair the boat, Willy picks cocoa beans.

OOMPA LOOMPA (V.O.)  
*My job was guarding what little we'd got.  
 You came along and pinched the lot!*

As dawn breaks, Willy leaves with his haul of cocoa beans.

WILLY (V.O.)  
 Why didn't you say anything?

The camera drifts down to find the Oompa Loompa asleep.

OOMPA LOOMPA (V.O.)  
*Well perhaps I drifted off!*

Two other Oompa Loompas appear over him shaking their heads.

58

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

58

The Oompa Loompa is marched out to sea by the guards.

OOMPA LOOMPA (V.O.)  
*Oompa Loompa doompety-day,  
 When I awoke, they sent me away.  
 I'm disgraced, cast out in the cold  
 Til I've paid my friends back a thousand fold!*

WILLY (V.O.)  
 A thousand fold?! You kidding me?

OOMPA LOOMPA (V.O.)  
 I repeat!

59

**INT. WILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

59

OOMPA LOOMPA  
*A thousand fold!!*

THE SONG ENDS.

WILLY  
 Look, Mr Loompa, if you really  
 think this is a reasonable penalty  
 for taking three beans...

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 Four!

WILLY  
 ...then I'm sure we can come to an  
 understanding, but I can't just  
 hand over my entire supply. I've  
 got people counting on me.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 Hm. Alright. I tell you what. You  
 let me out and we can discuss it  
 like gentlemen.

WILLY  
 Alright.

Willy releases the Oompa Loompa.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 Thank you. Now would you be so kind  
 as to hand me that miniature frying  
 pan?

WILLY  
 This one?

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 No no, the heavy one.

WILLY  
 Alright.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 (weighing it in his hand)  
 Ooh that's quite a beast, isn't it?  
 Now come a little closer. Closer  
 now. Cosy on up.

Willy does so -- and the Oompa Loompa WHANGS him in the head.

WILLY  
 Aargh!

The Oompa Loompa STAMPS on Willy's fingers, grabs the jars of  
 chocolate and hops up onto the window ledge.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 Oompa Loompas do *not* negotiate!  
 Good day, sir.

WILLY  
 But--

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 I said good day!

And with that, he's gone.

60

**EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER / ALLEY - THE NEXT MORNING**

60

Noodle drags her cart away from the laundry. Willy is hidden in a laundry bag on the back along with the other Workers.

NOODLE  
He came back?!

WILLY (O.S.)  
Yes.

ABACUS CRUNCH (O.S.)  
A little green man?

PIPER BENZ (O.S.)  
Orange man, green hair.

WILLY (O.S.)  
Yes! I set a trap and he walked right into it!

NOODLE  
So where is he?

WILLY (O.S.)  
We had a fight, you see. He won. Hit me on the head with a frying pan and jumped out the window.

NOODLE  
Of course he did.

Noodle stops the cart in the quiet alley just out of sight of the laundry. Willy emerges from his laundry bag.

WILLY  
You don't believe me, do you?

NOODLE  
Honestly? No.

WILLY  
Do *any* of you believe me?

One by one, the others emerge from their bags.

PIPER BENZ  
No.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
No.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
No.

LOTTIE BELL  
Definitely not.

NOODLE  
But if we have to take a day off,  
at least I can give you another  
reading lesson.

WILLY  
Not *reading*.

NOODLE  
Yes reading.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
(giving her a sly look)  
Good idea, Noodle. We'll run a few  
errands and meet you later.

NOODLE  
(to the gloomy Willy)  
It'll be fun! We're going on a  
field trip. To the library.

61                   **EXT. UNIVERSITY QUARTER - DAY**                   61

Noodle bounds up the steps to a LIBRARY. Willy hesitates, too nervous to go in. Noodle drags him by the hand.

62                   **INT. LIBRARY / READING ROOM - DAY**                   62

Noodle sings PURE IMAGINATION as she leads Willy in.

NOODLE  
*Come with me and you'll be  
In a world of pure imagination.  
Here for free, you can see  
Every fact and fabrication.*

Noodle opens an atlas.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
*Take a look in this book  
You can visit every single nation,  
Even fly through the sky's constellations!*

Noodle turns the page to an ASTRONOMICAL MAP. Willy stares in amazement as STARS LIFT OFF THE PAGE.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
*If you want to see Paradise,  
Simply turn a page and view it.*

Noodle opens a copy of PARADISE LOST -- and Willy beams as an ILLUSTRATED ANGEL FLIES OFF THE PAGE.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
*Find out how Da Vinci drew it?*  
*Want to go to Mars?*  
*There's nothing to it.*

She opens more books. Willy watches, entranced, as DA VINCI'S HELICOPTER and a JULES VERNE ROCKET fly off the pages.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
*Spend the day far away*  
*In a world of pure imagination.*  
*Stay up late reading Great--*

WILLY  
 (reading the title)  
*Expectations!*

NOODLE  
 Say that again.

WILLY  
 "Great Expectations, a novel in three volumes by Charles Dickens." Noodle, I can read!

NOODLE  
 You can read!

WILLY  
 I CAN READ!!!

Various readers shush him.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry!  
 (quietly)  
 I can read! You've given me the world, Noodle. I can go anywhere.

He races through the library, glancing over other readers' shoulders at their books. Illustrations fly off the page and come to life around him.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
 Down the rabbit hole with Alice to the Mad Hatter's tea party! Across the seas with Moby Dick! Into the cellar with Cinderella - and yes, Noodle, we *shall* go to the ball.

The ballroom scene from Cinderella appears in the library, hundreds of illustrated dancers waltzing around them. Willy and Noodle join them.

EVERYONE

*If you want to see Paradise,  
Simply turn a page and view it.  
Find out how Da Vinci drew it?  
Want to go to Mars?  
There's nothing to it.*

The library clock chimes twelve and the illustrate people descend back into their books. The spell is over.

Noodle sings the last verse alone.

NOODLE

*There is no life I know  
That compares with pure imagination.  
But now he's made me dream  
There's a better world for me.*

THE SONG ENDS. Willy looks around, awestruck.

WILLY

A whole world of literature,  
Noodle. Where should we start?

NOODLE

How about here?

The rest of the Wash House Workers have arrived. Abacus hands Noodle an envelope which she slides across to Willy.

Puzzled, he opens it.

WILLY

"Commercial Leasehold Agreement."

He looks at her questioningly.

NOODLE

Go on.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

It gets better.

WILLY

"The following is a leasehold agreement between the management board of the Galeries Gourmet, hereinafter the landlord, and Mr William Wonka..." That's me.



Willy stares at the paper, flabbergasted.

NOODLE

You know that shop? The one you've  
been dreaming of?

He nods, amazed. Abacus holds up a SET OF KEYS.

63

**INT. WILLY'S CHOCOLATE SHOP - DAY**

63

Willy opens the door, scarcely able to breathe.

The shop has seen better days. Paint is peeling off the walls  
and the ceiling has fallen in, sending an old chandelier  
crashing to the floor -- but it's still somehow magical.

Willy looks around, speechless. The others follow them in.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Now I know what you're thinking. It  
may need a *little* work...

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

If that's a joke, it's not funny.  
And I know not-funny.

Piper fits two ends of a cable together. The lights come on.

PIPER BENZ

Looks like someone left the water  
running and the ceiling fell  
through. And the ceiling above  
that. And the ceiling above that!

ABACUS CRUNCH

But that means we can afford it -  
for a week, anyway.

LOTTIE BELL

And we'd finally be legitimate. The  
police would have no excuse to keep  
bothering us.

Noodle looks anxiously at Willy. He still hasn't said a word.

NOODLE

What do you think, Willy? Do you  
like it?

WILLY

Do I *like* it?! Noodle, it's just  
how I always imagined. No. Scratch  
that. *Better* than I imagined.

(MORE)

WILLY (CONT'D)

I mean sure, it's a wreck, but look at the potential, the bones! This is going to be the best chocolate shop in the world. You're not going to be scrub scrubbing much longer, Noodle. We'll all be free! As free as flamingoes!

Noodle so overwhelmed with emotion she can't help but throw her arms around him and give him the most almighty hug.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Alright! We're not out of the woods yet. We'd best get back to the Wash House before roll call...

64

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

64

Willy, Noodle and the other workers climb up out of the storm drain in the alley near Scrubitt and Bleacher.

They get back into their laundry bags and climb into the cart. Watching from the rooftop are the Cartel and the Chief, who is compulsively eating chocolates.

CHIEF

There's six of them in total, including the little girl. She seems to be the brains of the operation. They're based at a laundry called Scrubitt and Bleacher.

Slugworth turns sharply at the name.

SLUGWORTH

Scrubitt's?

CHIEF

Yeah, why? Do you know it?

SLUGWORTH

Yes, as a matter of fact I do.

CHIEF

They just rented a shop, so legally I can't touch them, but *illegally*, I'm happy to do whatever you guys want next -- and I mean *anything*. You want them all to have a little accident...

PRODNOSE

In which they die?

CHIEF

Not a problem. But it's gonna cost you a lot more chocolate.

SLUGWORTH

Alright, Chief...

CHIEF

And I'd be very grateful if you could give me an advance cause those other boxes you gave me? They're gone.

FICKELGRUBER

What? *All* of them?

CHIEF

Yep. I been eating these little paper cases for the past three days. You think they're gonna give you the same hit. They don't. You gotta help me, Mr Slugworth, please. I got a taste for the brown stuff. I got it real bad.

SLUGWORTH

(handing him a box)

Here you go, Chief. And there's plenty more where that came from, but you stand down for now. We'll give you a call when the time is right.

CHIEF

Thank you, Mr Slugworth. You're a good man.

He leaves. The others turns back to the window. Slugworth is staring closely at Noodle.

FICKELGRUBER

What is it, Arthur?

SLUGWORTH

The girl.

FICKELGRUBER

You don't really think it could be *her*, do you?

SLUGWORTH

I do.

FICKELGRUBER

You always assured us she wouldn't be a problem.

PRODNOSE

He's right! You did assure us.

SLUGWORTH

She won't be. And nor will Wonka. I'll see to it, personally.

65

**EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - EVENING**

65

Distant thunder roll as a shadowy figure approaches the front door and knocks. Mrs Scrubitt draws back the hatch.

MRS SCRUBITT

Who is it? What do you want?

SLUGWORTH

(stepping into the light)  
Mrs Scrubitt?

MRS SCRUBITT

Mr Slugworth!

She opens the door as Bleacher comes downstairs. They are both wearing identical, short-cut kimonos.

BLEACHER

Who is it, my s-- Stone me!

He awkwardly tries to pull his kimono down.

MRS SCRUBITT

To what do we owe this honour, sir?

SLUGWORTH

You have a guest, a Mr Wonka. He's been sneaking out to sell chocolate with the help of your serving girl.

MRS SCRUBITT

The little brat.

SLUGWORTH

Well quite. I wondered if you might help me put them out of business...

A flash of lightning takes us to...

It's ten o'clock on opening day. Willy stands outside his shop, his clothes cleaned and repaired, looking just like the Wonka we know and love. He addresses the passers-by.

WILLY

Ladies and Gentlemen, greetings to  
you all and welcome to Wonka's!  
Tremendous things are in store,  
both literally and metaphorically!

An OLD MAN stops, confused.

OLD MAN

What? In *there*?

Finally we see Willy's shop. It looks just as derelict and disused as ever. But Willy has a familiar glint in his eye.

WILLY

Humour me.

He starts to sing A WORLD OF YOUR OWN.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Close your eyes and count to ten!  
Make a wish! Now open them!*

The Old Man reluctantly does so -- and the front of the store transforms in front of his eyes.

The newspaper blinds in the window rise to reveal jars upon jars of chocolate. A sign made of multiple bars of chocolate slides into position and braziers burst into flame.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Here's a store that's like no other.  
If it were I wouldn't bother!*

Willy takes the Old Man's arm and leads him towards the darkened store -- then stops abruptly at the doorway.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Chocolate bushes, chocolate trees,  
Chocolate flowers and chocolate bees...*

As Willy mentions each of these chocolate marvels in turn, one of the Wash House Workers produces an example.

Willy takes the chocolate flower and hands it to the Old Man, who tastes it as Willy heads into the darkened shop.

67

## INT. WONKA'S CHOCOLATE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

67

Willy lights a match and puts it to the chandelier.

Abacus gives a signal and the other Workers pull on a rope which hoists it upwards, revealing an ENCHANTED LAND made of chocolate and candy.

WILLY

*Chocolate memories that a boy once saved  
Before they melted away...*

A lush green meadow of chocolate grass is studded with chocolate flowers and toadstools made of icing.

In the centre of the meadow is an enormous tree, its trunk carved from solid dark chocolate, its branches dipping into a chocolate river flowing through the store.

Now a CHOCOLATE BARGE appears sailing along the chocolate river and we realise what Willy has done.

He has recreated his childhood home in chocolate.

He steps on board as he sings, losing himself in nostalgia.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*A world of your own,  
A place to escape to.  
A world of your own  
Where you can be free.*

*Wherever you go,  
Wherever life takes you,  
This is your home,  
A world of your own.*

Customers flood in as Willy leaps onto the chocolate barge. Noodle and Lottie hand out baskets while the other Workers operate the machines that lend the shop its theatrical magic.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*Here is the child that you left behind.  
Here is the kid with the curious mind.  
Here is the wonder we used to feel  
Back when the magic was real.*

Willy disappears from the barge in a puff of smoke, then appears climbing up the trunk of the tree.

WILLY (CONT'D)

*A world of your own.  
A place to go when you're  
Feeling alone,*

*Feeling unsure.  
Embrace the unknown!  
Enjoy the adventure!*

Willy climbs up through the branches to the tree's canopy.  
Abacus operates a cotton candy machine producing clouds.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Let's go strolling in the clouds.  
Grab a handful! It's allowed!  
Clouds are made of cotton candy,  
Just keep your umbrella handy...*

He leaps onto a cloud and throws candy to the people below,  
who have been given Wonka umbrellas to protect themselves.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Cos there's a hard rain gonna fall!  
Humbugs, gum drops, and aniseed balls!*

Finally, INDOOR FIREWORKS blast across the sky, leaving  
EDIBLE STRING in their wake, which customers grab eagerly.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Fireworks bring sugar string to chew!  
All the colour of the rainbow --  
And some others too!*

Willy grabs hold of a bubblegum balloon, leaps from the cloud  
and sinks slowly back to the ground floor.

CUSTOMERS & WILLY  
*A world of our own.  
A place to escape to.  
A world of our own,  
Where we can be free.  
Wherever you go,  
Wherever life takes you,  
This is our home!  
A world of our own!*

THE SONG ENDS.

The Old Man stands at the till with armfuls of chocolates.  
Noodle is packing his bags while Abacus tots up his bill.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
*So that's four dozen roses, and a  
bag of pears and one giant pretzel.*

OLD MAN  
Giant?

Abacus takes the Old Man's regular sized pretzel, puts it in a PRETZEL ENLARGING MACHINE, and hands him a giant pretzel.

ABACUS CRUNCH

That comes to er... nine hundred and eighty sovereigns.

OLD MAN

A bargain at half the price!

Noodle stares as the Old Man hands over ten notes.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Thank you, sir. How do you want your change? Spendable or edible?

OLD MAN

Ooh, edible please!

The back of the till dispenses twenty chocolate coins.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Thank you! And don't forget to eat your basket!

As the Old Man walks away, he notices other customers are eating their shopping baskets.

Noodle turns to Abacus, delighted.

NOODLE

Abacus, that man just gave us a *thousand* sovereigns!

ABACUS CRUNCH

I know, Noodle! Who's next?

There are dozens of customers waiting to pay.

The Old Man cheerfully tucks into a blue flower as he heads out -- then stops the sight of his reflection in the door.

OLD MAN

Er... Mr Wonka?

WILLY

Yes?

Willy is horrified to see the Old Man sprouting PURPLE HAIR.

OLD MAN

What's going on here?



WILLY  
Oh. Oh my goodness.

OLD MAN  
(his hair still growing)  
What *is* this?

WILLY  
It's... it's impossible! Unless...

Willy takes a flower from the Old Man and tastes it.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Yeti sweat!

OLD MAN  
(now half-wizard)  
Yeti sweat?!

WILLY  
The most powerful hair potion in  
the world. But *I* didn't put it in  
there...  
(addressing the room)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, there seems  
to have been a manufacturing error.  
Please, nobody eat the flowers!

Several customers look up from the flower beds -- but it's  
too late. Wildly coloured hair is already sprouting from  
their heads.

BLUE-HAIRED CUSTOMER  
Why not?

PINK-HAIRED CUSTOMER  
What's wrong with them?

DUCHESS  
What's the matter with these  
toadstools! My daughter had one  
bite and just *look* at her!

Her child has a Zapata moustache already curling at the ends.

DAUGHTER  
I like it!

DUCHESS  
Oh don't be ridiculous, Gertrude.  
Do you think Granny will kiss you  
with a face like that?

DAUGHTER

That's *why* I like it!

GREEN-FACED CUSTOMER

The chocolate milk's alright. Isn't it?

WILLY

Chameleon juice? In the milk?! I'm terribly sorry, everyone. I don't know how this could have happened -- but the chocolates have been poisoned!

PINK-HAIRED CUSTOMER

"Poisoned?"

GREEN-FACED CUSTOMER

"Poisoned?"

DUCHESS

He poisoned my child!

WILLY

I didn't poison anyone.

OLD MAN

I want my money back!

ORANGE-HAIRED CUSTOMER

I want compensation!

GREEN-FACED CUSTOMER

I want revenge!

He throws a chocolate pear. Willy ducks and the pear smashes into the wall behind him -- but the temperature has raised.

Now all the customers all start jeering and throwing pieces of chocolate at Willy. The Wash House Workers try to calm the angry customers -- but it's hopeless.

In the melée, the Duchess slips into the backstage area and cuts a rope -- and the OIL CHANDELIER comes crashing down onto the floor where it EXPLODES INTO FLAMES.

68

**INT. CHOCOLATIERS' OFFICES - DAY**

68

Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose watch delighted from their offices as fire begins to consume the shop.

SLUGWORTH

That, I believe, is the end of  
Wonka's Chocolate Shop.

69

**INT. WILLY'S SHOP - EVENING**

69

The fire has been extinguished, but the shop has been utterly destroyed. The great tree has melted into a strange, sinister twisted shape, and the barge is half-sunken in the river.

Willy and the others stand, shell-shocked.

LOTTIE BELL

I don't understand. What...?  
What...?

Lottie lapses back into silence, her hope extinguished.

PIPER BENZ

What happened?

ABACUS CRUNCH

Isn't it obvious? The Chocolate  
Cartel.

NOODLE

It's ok, Willy. We can start again,  
we can rebuild.

WILLY

There's no point, Noodle. It didn't  
work.

NOODLE

What do you mean?

WILLY

She promised she would be here. She  
wasn't.

NOODLE

Wait, you didn't really think...

WILLY

No, I did. Just a stupid dream.

NOODLE

Don't say that. Don't you ever--

ABACUS CRUNCH

Come on, Noodle. I think Mr Wonka  
needs to be alone.

Abacus leads Noodle and the others away.

Willy sits alone, gazing at his mother's old chocolate bar.

MAMMA (V.O.)

*Every good thing in the world  
started with a dream. So you hold  
onto yours. And when you do share  
chocolate with the world, I'll be  
right there beside you.*

A tear rolls down Willy's cheek. And then:

SLUGWORTH (O.S.)

Terrible shame what happened here.

Willy turns to see the Cartel coming into the shop.

WILLY

I take it you're responsible.

SLUGWORTH

Us? No! Well, not personally. We  
may have "encouraged" Mrs Scrubitt  
to "enhance" your creations.

PRODNOSE

We paid her to poison them.

SLUGWORTH

Thank you, Gerald.

PRODNOSE

You're welcome.

WILLY

So why have you come? To gloat?

SLUGWORTH

Oh no, Mr Wonka. I don't waste my  
time with that sort of thing. We've  
come to offer you a deal.

Fickelgruber kneels down to open his suitcase. Inside are six  
bundles of bank notes. He lifts one and shows it to Willy.

FICKELGRUBER

This is the precise amount you owe  
Mrs Scrubitt.

Fickelgruber hands him several more bundles of notes.

FICKELGRUBER (CONT'D)

This is for the number-cruncher,  
the plumber, the telephonist, the  
so-called funny-man...

PRODNOSE

By which he means *not* funny.

FICKELGRUBER

Yes. And this is for the girl.

He hands Willy a bundle far bigger than the others.

SLUGWORTH

We've put in a bit extra for her.  
So she can get a place to live.  
Clothes. Toys. Books.

That word: books.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

You could change her life, Mr  
Wonka, change all their lives.

WILLY

What would I have to do?

SLUGWORTH

Leave town. And never make  
chocolate again. There's a boat  
sailing at midnight. And for their  
sake, as much as your own, I hope  
you're on board.

Willy realises he doesn't have much of a choice.

70

**EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT**

70

Willy walks slowly back to the laundry, singing a sad reprise  
of FOR A MOMENT.

WILLY

*Sorry, Noodle.  
I guess I got carried away.  
Sorry, Noodle.  
I hope you'll forgive me one day.*

Mrs Scrubitt is waiting for him in the doorway.

MRS SCRUBITT

Checking out, are we?

He nods -- and goes inside.



## NOODLE (CONT'D)

*If you drop your defence,  
If you stop making sense,  
If you drop down your guard,  
Let them into your heart  
For a moment.  
For a moment.*

Devastated, Noodle sits on her bed and weeps.

74

**EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT**

74

Willy arrives back at the docks where he first came in. Waiting are the Chief and the three chocolatiers.

## SLUGWORTH

Your ticket, Mr Wonka. One way. To the North Pole.

## FICKELGRUBER

It's Premium Economy.

## PRODNOSE

Basically the same as Economy but you do get a little bit of legroom and a bag of complimentary peanuts.  
(off the other's looks)  
But we don't need to go into that.

The ship sounds its horn. It's midnight.

## SLUGWORTH

Goodbye, Mr Wonka.

Slugworth removes a glove and grasps Willy's hand with another bone-crushing handshake.

Willy heads up the gangplank and hands his ticket to the Captain -- who surreptitiously nods to Slugworth.

75

**EXT. DECK - NIGHT**

75

The boat heads out of harbour towards the ocean.

Willy rounds a corner to find a HARD WOODEN BENCH, its three seats separated by arm rests. Over one of the seat-backs is an antimacassar, on which is written "PREMIUM ECONOMY".

Willy pulls his coat around him as snow starts to fall. And then, just when he thought things couldn't get any worse, he hears a DISTINCTIVE WHISTLE -- then the OOMPA LOOMPA theme.

OOMPA LOOMPA (O.S.)  
*Oompa Loompa Doompety Dee,  
 I'm not in Premium Economy.  
 I'd go First Class if I were you  
 Like the Oompa Loompas doompety-do!*

The Oompa Loompa rounds a corner with a trunk which unfolds to reveal a comfortable reclining chair and minibar.

WILLY  
 So glad you're here.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 (making a cocktail)  
 Oh I'm not letting you out of my sight, Willy Wonka, not til you've paid your debt. But I bring glad tidings on that score!

WILLY  
 What's that then?

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 I've been doing my sums. One more jar and we're even. Or if you prefer, I will accept half a jar of those rather amusing hoverchocs.

WILLY  
 Well, you're out of luck. I don't make chocolate anymore.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 Please don't tell me you're going through with this ridiculous deal.

WILLY  
 I have to. For Noodle. I promised her a better life. Pinkie promised.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
 You should stand up to those bullies, give them the old one-two. That's what an Oompa Loompa would do. But if you're determined to sit there feeling sorry for yourself, I'm going flat. Good night, sir.

He puts on an eye-mask, then presses a button on the side of his seat. It reclines with an electronic whirr.

Willy is staring at his hand. Something has caught his eye.



WILLY

Huh.

The Oompa Loompa presses the button again. Another whirr brings him back up. He lifts his eye mask.

OOMPA LOOMPA

What is it?

WILLY

No, it's nothing.

OOMPA LOOMPA

It *is* something. You said, "Huh."

WILLY

Sorry, forget it.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Very well.

The Oompa Loompa lowers his eye mask and reclines once more.

WILLY

Huh!

OOMPA LOOMPA

(raising the seat)

You did it again. And if you don't explain, I shall poke you quite viciously with a cocktail stick.

WILLY

Look. Where Slugworth shook my hand. His ring left a mark. An 'A' surrounded by 'S's.

OOMPA LOOMPA

So? His name's Arthur Slugworth. It's probably a family ring.

WILLY

Yes, but Noodle has one just like it.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Noodle?

WILLY

Uh-huh.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Why would the *orphan* Noodle have a Slugworth *family* ring?

WILLY

Only one reason I can think of.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Well what is it?

WILLY

And if I'm right, she could be in great danger.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Come on, Wonka, spit it out.  
Produce your owl-pellet of wisdom.

WILLY

There's no time. I've gotta get back. Captain!

OOMPA LOOMPA

Wonka? Wonka! Come back here! I demand an explanation!

Willy bounds up to the bridge. He opens the door to see a FUSE WIRE burning inexorably towards a pile of DYNAMITE.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, the explanation can wait.

He inflates a life-jacket.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

Good day, sir!

He leaps off the boat. Willy follows him.

76

**EXT. WHARF - NIGHT**

76

The Chief watches with the three Chocolatiers as the boat heads towards the horizon.

The boat, very small in the distance, explodes.

CHIEF

Well, gentlemen, one dead chocolatier, as requested.

Slugworth raises a walkie-talkie.

SLUGWORTH

Miss Bon-bon? Give the Chief his chocolate.

Miss Bon-bon -- sitting in a crane -- lowers an enormous CRATE OF CHOCOLATE onto the roof of the Chief's Police car.

CHIEF

Excuse me, gentlemen. I got a date with some chocolate.

77

**INT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - DAWN**

77

The Workers and Noodle file miserably downstairs -- where Mrs Scrubitt is waiting for them.

MRS SCRUBITT

My my, what a lot of long faces we have this morning. It's almost like you lot had a sneaky plan to wriggle out of your contracts -- which spectacularly backfired.

The others exchange looks, realising she's onto them.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Oh I know everything that goes on in my Wash House. Well I got some good news for you, not that you deserve it.

She gestures for them to follow her into the shop.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Your friend Mr Wonka done a deal with the cartel. Gave up his dream to settle your accounts. Mr Crunch?

ABACUS CRUNCH

Here?

She produces the bundle of notes she received from Willy to settle his account -- and stamps a receipt.

MRS SCRUBITT

You're free to go.

Abacus, stunned, stands rooted to the spot.

BLEACHER

Scram, bookworm!

Abacus finally moves, takes his receipt and leaves.

MRS SCRUBITT

Bell? Get out of it.

She takes her receipt and goes.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Benz?

PIPER BENZ

You don't gotta tell me twice.

She takes her receipt and leaves.

MRS SCRUBITT

Chucklesworth?

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

(taking his receipt)

You've been a terrible audience,  
goodnight!

MRS SCRUBITT

Yeah, well you ain't been much of a  
comedian, mate.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

I know.

He makes to leave, but Bleacher stops him.

BLEACHER

Hey, Larry. Keep going. You've got  
something.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

You scare me.

He leaves. Mrs Scrubitt turns to Noodle.

MRS SCRUBITT

And finally, Noodle. Biggest pile  
of the lot. But this isn't to pay  
your bill. This is to keep you  
here.

NOODLE

What?

Bleacher locks the door. Noodle is trapped.

MRS SCRUBITT

Mr Slugworth doesn't think nasty  
little urchins like you should be  
out on the streets, lowering the  
tone.

(MORE)

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

So he paid *me* this money to keep you down in the Wash House for good. And I'm only too happy to oblige.

Noodle runs at her, furious.

NOODLE

I hate you!!

Bleacher grabs her from behind and she flails helplessly.

MRS SCRUBITT

Look at her go, Lord Bleachowitz.

NOODLE

Lord Bleachowitz? You don't still think he's a lord, do you?  
(off Mrs Scrubitt's look)  
We made it up, you stupid old hag!

BLEACHER

She's lying! I am a lord!

Mrs Scrubitt's face contorts as she goes from horror to embarrassment and finally rage.

MRS SCRUBITT

Right! That's it! You're going in the coop, my girl.

She grabs Noodle by the ear and drags her out past Bleacher, who is just as stunned by the revelation.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

(tearful)

And take them dungarees off, you... you peasant!

BLEACHER

But... Puffy-wuff! I wuv oo.

78

**EXT. COOP - DAWN**

78

Noodle is thrown into the pigeon coop and Mrs Scrubitt slams the door behind her. Noodle sits in the small, freezing coop, a single tear running down her cheek.

Suddenly, a familiar face pops into view at a hatch.

WILLY

Hello, Noodle.

NOODLE

Willy! I thought you'd gone!

WILLY

I did. Slugworth promised you a better life -- but he didn't exactly keep his word. So I came back. We all did!

Noodle pops her head out the hatch and sees Willy has roped four ladders together. The other Workers stand at the bottom of the ladder, waving to Noodle.

NOODLE

He wants me locked up forever.

WILLY

Well of course he does.

Willy gets a screwdriver out of his cane and starts dismantling the coop from the outside.

NOODLE

Why? What's he got against me?

Willy isn't sure whether to tell her his theory just yet.

WILLY

I don't know, Noodle, not for sure. All I know for certain is you won't be safe until he's behind bars.

Abacus climbs up the ladder to the coop.

ABACUS CRUNCH

And how exactly is that supposed to happen?

WILLY

Abacus! You said the Cartel keep a record of all their dirty deeds...

ABACUS CRUNCH

In the greed ledger.

WILLY

So if we could get ahold of that we could prove they pay Scrubitt and Bleacher to poison our chocolate. They'd all go to jail and Noodle'd be free.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Yes, but may I remind you they keep  
that ledger in a vault...

LOTTIE BELL

Guarded by a corrupt cleric...

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH

And five hundred chocoholic monks.

WILLY

That's all true. But I went for a  
long cold swim this morning. Cold  
water's very good for the brain.  
Stimulates the neural pathways. And  
after just four miles I figured out  
how an ingenious orphan, an  
accountant, plumber, telephone  
operator and man who can talk  
underwater could combine those  
skills and pull off the heist of the  
century.

ABACUS CRUNCH

But even if we *could* get our hands  
on that ledger, the Cartel will  
simply bribe their way out of  
trouble. It's what they do.

NOODLE

The greedy beat the needy every  
time, remember? It's just the way  
of the world.

WILLY

You're right, Noodle. I hate to  
admit it, but you are. Which is why  
there's one other thing to do.

NOODLE

What's that?

WILLY

Change the world.

Willy has unscrewed the hatch, which springs open.

NOODLE

Where do we start?

79

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING**

79

It's 8am. The Priest approaches the Cathedral and knocks. As he waits for the Monks to open the doors, he's approached by a BEGGAR GIRL in a shawl.

BEGGAR GIRL  
 Couldn't spare a piece of chocolate  
 for a starvin' orphan, could ya?

PRIEST  
 I'm sorry, my child, I don't have  
 any on me.

BEGGAR GIRL  
 Oh that's a shame, Father.

The Monks open the door and as the Priest pushes past her, surreptitiously popping a piece of chocolate in his mouth.

BEGGAR GIRL (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Then have some acacia mints.

But the Beggar Girl has simultaneously slipped something in the Priest's pocket -- a handful of ACACIA MINTS.

The Beggar Girl turns away -- and we discover it's NOODLE.

80

**EXT. ZOO / SECURITY LODGE - MORNING**

80

The Zoo Security guard eyes another Big Night Out Chocolate which has been delivered with a note.

ZOO SECURITY GUARD  
 (reading)  
 "Basil Bond, Employee of the  
 month!" Well that's lovely...

He puts the chocolate in his mouth and passes out. Willy and Abacus slip into the security lodge and grab some VAN KEYS.

81

**INT. ZOO TRANSPORT VAN - DAY**

81

Abacus drives the tall, rickety zoo transport van. In the back, Willy tends to the giraffe.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
 Everything alright back there?



WILLY  
Everything's fine, isn't it,  
Abigail?

The Giraffe snorts. They approach a low bridge.

ABACUS CRUNCH  
(to Willy)  
Ooh! Tell her she might want to  
duck.

WILLY  
Might want to what?

ABACUS CRUNCH  
Duck!!

Abigail ducks as the tall van just SCRAPES under the bridge.

82        **EXT. ALLEY NEAR CATHEDRAL - DAY**        82

Abacus parks the van in a deserted alley.

83        **INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**        83

The Priest stands by the great doors, addressing the hundreds of assembled monks.

PRIEST  
Good morning, Brethren.

BRETHREN  
Good morning, Father.

PRIEST  
Now as you all know, it's Baron Von  
Schmeichelhammer's funeral today  
and his widow is a bit of a pious  
type, so I don't want anyone eating  
chocolate during the service.

BRETHRED  
Yes father.

PRIEST  
We all know that one day we shall  
be judged for our sins, but it's  
not going to be today.

BRETHREN  
Amen.

He turns as two monks open the doors...

84 **EXT. CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

84

The Priest steps out through the door -- and freezes.

Because standing in the middle of the street in front of him is the Giraffe. And she can smell ACACIA MINTS!

The Giraffe realises the smell is coming from the Priest's pocket -- and starts walking in his direction.

PRIEST

There there. Nice giraffe.

He backs away a few steps, then turns and runs back into the Cathedral, the GIRAFFE CHARGING AFTER HIM.

85 **INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

85

The Priest bursts in, closely followed by the Giraffe.

PRIEST

Everybody out! Save yourselves!  
Judgement has come in a most  
unexpected form! Run away!

The monks flee in panic -- while the Priest runs up the steps into the pulpit and grabs a telephone beneath the lectern. He frantically makes a call.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What have I done to deserve this?  
You *know* what you've done, Julius!  
Sold your soul for twenty pieces of  
chocolate! Operator? Operator!

86 **INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE - DAY**

86

Lottie has taken the call from the Cathedral.

LOTTIE BELL

Hello, Operator! How may I direct  
your call?

PRIEST (O.S.)

I need the zoo! It's an emergency!

LOTTIE BELL  
 Putting you through to the escaped  
 animal department now.

Lottie beams as she connects the call -- but instead of putting him through to the zoo, she connects him to...

87 **EXT. ALLEY NEAR CATHEDRAL - DAY**

87

Larry has taken the call on a public telephone in the alley. Willy, Noodle, Abacus and Piper all stand around him.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH  
 Hello, zoo?

The rest of the group make various animal noises.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH (CONT'D)  
 Quieten down, you animals.  
 (underwater voice)  
 You too, octopus!  
 (regular voice)  
 What? Oh yeah, I think we did lose  
 a giraffe. Well it's easy to do.  
 They're hard to spot, you know!

A STREAM OF INVECTIVE comes indistinctly down the line.

LARRY CHUCKLESWORTH (CONT'D)  
 Ok! I'll send the guys round!

88 **INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

88

The Priest hangs up. Then hears breathing behind him. He slowly turns to see the giraffe inches from his face.

He freezes in terror as the giraffe sniffs him, seeking out the acacia mints.

Finally the Priest vaults over the edge of the pulpit, his pocket tearing as he goes, and flees, leaving the giraffe munching happily on the mints.

PRIEST  
 I'm a sinner! A wicked chocoholic  
 sinner!

89 **EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

89

The Priest, now looking distinctly dishevelled, makes it through the door. Two monks close it behind.

He looks up to see an entire CONGREGATION OF MOURNERS including a WIDOW in a veil and PALLBEARERS with a coffin.

PRIEST

Good morning, everyone! Baroness, so sorry for your loss. We're just having a few technical difficulties so you might want to pop the late Baron down for a moment... Ah! The cavalry!

The ZOO VAN arrives. Abacus, Piper and Larry climb out.

90

**INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

90

Abacus, Piper and Larry wheel an ENORMOUS CAGE inside.

ABACUS CRUNCH

All clear.

Willy and Noodle emerge from a pile of straw in the cage.

They go into the Confessional.

Abacus presses the button in the Priest's side of the confessional and the elevator side starts to descend. As it sinks below them, Willy and Noodle step on top of the car.

91

**EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

91

The congregation start clapping as Abacus, Piper and Larry emerge with the Giraffe now happily back in her cage.

ABACUS CRUNCH

Here you are, Father. One giraffe.

92

**INT. CRYPT - DAY**

92

Ping! The elevator arrives in the crypt.

The Mistress of the Keys looks up, surprised, as the elevator doors open. She walks over to see a box of chocolates, wrapped in a ribbon, has been placed on a little stand.

MISTRESS OF THE KEYS

(reading a card)

"With thanks for all your hard work, Father Julius and the Chocolate Cartel." Oh that's sweet.







WILLY

It's gotta be! Abacus said that--

NOODLE

Abacus has been in the Wash House for the past four years. Maybe all the scrubbing has gone to his head. Because all that's down here is a bunch of stupid old chocolate.

Frustrated, she throws a box at the wall. A secret panel opens. She steps over, scarcely daring to believe, and finds the GREEN LEDGER.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

Willy, look!

Willy comes over.

WILLY

That's it, Noodle. We've got them.

A GUN SHOT. They spin round to see the three Chocolatiers standing in the doorway. Slugworth has fired into the air.

Slugworth slowly steps forward, his gun raised.

SLUGWORTH

Naughty, naughty, Mr Wonka. You've caused us quite a bit of trouble, you and your... urchin.

WILLY

But she isn't just an urchin is she, Mr Slugworth? You're family.

NOODLE

What? What are you talking about, Willy?

WILLY

You know that ring? The one you got from your parents? Well Mr Slugworth has one just like it, don't you, Mr Slugworth?

Noodle looks amazed at the ring around her neck.

SLUGWORTH

As a matter of fact, I do. That belonged to my brother. Zebedee.

NOODLE

Was he my father?



SLUGWORTH

A hopeless romantic is what he was.  
Fell in love with a common little  
bookworm, but died before they  
could marry, leaving me sole heir  
to the family fortune, or so I  
thought...

104      **EXT. SLUGWORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**      104

It's snowing. A poor young woman turns up on Slugworth's  
doorstep clutching a baby in her shawl.

SLUGWORTH (V.O.)

But nine months later, your mother  
turned up on my doorstep, begging  
me to get a doctor for her sick  
little newborn. I said I would  
help.

105      **INT. SLUGWORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**      105

Slugworth puts the child in a laundry bag.

NOODLE (V.O.)

But you didn't, did you?

106      **EXT. SCRUBITT AND BLEACHER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**      106

Slugworth walks up the street by the laundry. He checks  
nobody is watching -- then slips the bag down the chute.

NOODLE (V.O.)

Instead you put me down a laundry  
chute...

107      **INT. WASH HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**      107

Mrs Scrubitt sees the laundry bag and opens it to find the  
baby, the ring on a chain around her neck.

NOODLE (V.O.)

Mrs Scrubitt found me. She saw the  
ring, thought it was an 'N' and  
called me Noodle. But it wasn't. It  
was 'Z' for 'Zebedee'.

108 **EXT. SLUGWORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

108

The Poor Young Woman comes back to collect her baby.

SLUGWORTH (V.O.)  
 When your mother returned, I told  
 her you'd died, buried in a  
 pauper's grave.

The Poor Young Woman drops to her knees, howling.

SLUGWORTH (V.O.)  
 She was heartbroken of course, but  
 I gave her a handful of sovereigns  
 and had her escorted from my  
 property.

Slugworth drops a handful of coins at her feet.

109 **INT. VAULT - DAY**

109

Noodle has listened, tears in her eyes.

NOODLE  
 What was her name?

SLUGWORTH  
 Eh?

NOODLE  
 My Mom? What was her name?

SLUGWORTH  
 Ooh. Now then, umm... No, I don't  
 think I can remember *that*. You must  
 understand she was very poor.

Fickelgruber retches.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, Felix.

Willy has been looking in the ledger.

WILLY  
 Her name was Dorothy. Dorothy  
 Smith. Says so right here.

Noodle looks over, moved.

SLUGWORTH

Well this is all very touching but  
back to business. We'll take that,  
thank you very much.

Fickelgruber takes the ledger from Willy and returns it to  
its secret compartment.

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

How much chocolate have you got at  
your factory, Fickelgruber?

FICKELGRUBER

About eighty thousand gallons.

SLUGWORTH

Prodnose?

PRODNOSE

Seventy five.

SLUGWORTH

And I've got one fifty. Should be  
just about enough.

NOODLE

For what?

SLUGWORTH

Death by chocolate!

PRODNOSE

And we don't mean the pudding.

He gestures for Willy and Noodle to head through the  
watertight door into the chocolate tank.

110

**INT. CHOCOLATE TANK - CONTINUOUS**

110

Willy and Noodle are marched across the retractable walkway  
towards the middle of the tank. Beneath their feet, huge  
mixer blades stir the chocolate.

They reach the hub which stands, like a tiny metal island, in  
the middle of a lake of chocolate.

WILLY

Considering the situation, I  
wondered if you gentlemen would do  
a good deed on my behalf.

FICKELGRUBER

A what?

PRODNOSE

A good deed? It's a sort of  
pointless act of selflessness--

SLUGWORTH

Of course Mr Wonka. What is it you  
want us to do?

Willy reaches into his hat and pulls out a JAR OF CHOCOLATES.

WILLY

I wonder if you could give these to  
someone -- only if you happen to  
see him, you understand.

SLUGWORTH

Who is it?

WILLY

A little orange man.

SLUGWORTH

Eh?

WILLY

He's about yay high, with orange  
skin and bright green hair. I owe  
him a jar and, well, I think these  
might be the best I've ever made.

SLUGWORTH

In that case, I'll see he gets them  
personally. Farewell, Mr Wonka.  
Urchin.

Slugworth presses a button and the walkway retracts, leaving  
Willy and Noodle stranded.

111      **INT. VAULT - DAY**      111

The Chocolatiers seal the door to the Chocolate Tank.

They each turn a valve.

112      **INT. CHOCOLATE TANK - DAY**      112

CHOCOLATE starts to cascade from THREE OUTLETS into the tank.

113     **INT. VAULT - DAY**

113

They head down the hallway and into the elevator. Slugworth looks down at Willy's jar of chocolates.

SLUGWORTH

Best he's ever made, eh?

They all start stuffing chocolate in their mouths.

114     **INT. CHOCOLATE TANK - DAY**

114

Chocolate is still pouring into the tank. Willy and Noodle are now having to TREAD WATER as the level inexorably rises.

WILLY

I've got it!

NOODLE

What is it? Did you think of something?

WILLY

Yes I did!

Willy pulls ingredients from his various pockets and throws great handfuls of them into the chocolate.

WILLY (CONT'D)

If we're going to drown in chocolate, Noodle -- and let's face it, we're going to drown in chocolate -- then it's going to be Wonka chocolate!

NOODLE

We're not going to drown, Willy. Look. There's light up there.

Willy looks up. In the middle of the ceiling is a skylight.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

We'll let the chocolate raise us up, bang on the glass and pray someone hears us.

WILLY

That's a much better idea.

115     **INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

115

PING! The elevator arrives back up in the confessional.

PRIEST

Now gentlemen, it was a bit of a close shave today and I was wondering if we should rethink our arrangement or...

Slugworth hands the Priest the last of Willy's chocolates. The Priest's eyes light up.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Or just leave things as they are.

The Cartel step out.

SLUGWORTH

That Wonka might be as nutty as a fruit cake, but he sure knew how to make chocolate.

PRODNOSE

Do you think we should have saved some for the little orange man?

FICKELGRUBER

Tell me you're joking.

PRODNOSE

Of course I am! Why am I?

SLUGWORTH

Because there's no such thing as a Little Orange Man, you nincompoop.

Slugworth throws the empty jar into a trash can.

PRODNOSE

Oh I see! Well then I'm glad we ate his chocolates!

116

**INT. CHOCOLATE TANK - DAY**

116

Willy and Noodle are approaching the top of the tank.

The rising level of the chocolate lifts them to the skylight in the roof. Desperately they bang on the glass for help.

Shadows appear over the glass. Someone has heard them!

NOODLE

Look, Willy, someone's coming!  
We're saved!

But then three faces appear at the glass: Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prodnose. With evil grins they wave goodbye.

WILLY  
I'm sorry, Noodle.

NOODLE  
Don't be. You found my family. A Mom who loved me. That's all I ever wanted.

WILLY  
Deep breath now.

The chocolate rises the last few inches, covering their heads. Through the skylight we see the chocolate rising to the top. The tank is full.

A long, hopeless silence.

117 **INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - DAY**

117

The Priest takes a bite of his chocolate.

PRIEST  
Ooh that *is* better. Honestly Julius, you mustn't get all worked up. As if some weird creature was going to come and punish your sins. It was just a bit of chocolate.

The door opens, bathing the Priest in light.

OOMPA LOOMPA (O.S.)  
Correction.

The Priest looks down to see a furious Little Orange Man holding the empty jar that the cartel threw in the trash can.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)  
It was actually *my* chocolate.

He throws the jar at the Priest's head -- CLONK -- knocking him cold. He then grabs the secret lever and pulls it.

118 **INT. VAULT - DAY**

118

PING! The elevator arrives back in the basement. The doors open to reveal the Oompa Loompa wearing a pair of aviator goggles and a backpack.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
You made a big mistake, gentlemen.

He pulls a cord. MECHANICAL WINGS UNFOLD from his backpack!  
He leaps off the bench seat and soars through the crypt.

He lands by the control panel and examines it.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)  
You steal from an Oompa Loompa, we  
take back a thousand-fold!

He pulls the lever marked EMERGENCY DRAIN.

119 **INT. CHOCOLATE TANK - DAY**

119

Chocolate starts to DRAIN FROM THE TANK.

It seems to take far too long, but Willy and Noodle finally  
break the surface and take an ENORMOUS BREATH OF AIR!

As the chocolate drains, they start being spun around the  
vortex of the liquid -- and scream for joy!

NOODLE  
What's going on, Willy? What's  
happening?

WILLY  
It's draining Noodle, we've been  
saved!

NOODLE  
Who by?

WILLY  
Who by? The Little Orange Man, of  
course! The Little Orange Man!

Noodle looks up and see the Oompa Loompa in the skylight,  
doffing his hat. Astonished, Noodle shrieks with glee.

NOODLE  
Thank you, Little Orange Man!

120 **EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

120

The Cartel emerge from the Cathedral as the Chief finally  
arrives in a car.



CHIEF

Gentlemen! Thank goodness you're  
alright! I came as fast as I could.

He tries to get out of the car -- but is now so enormously  
wide he doesn't quite fit through the door.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Car shrunk.

SLUGWORTH

Don't you worry, Chief. It's all  
under control. Couple of thieves  
broke in, but I'm afraid they met  
with a little accident.

PRODNOSE

In which they died.

FICKELGRUBER

For once, Prodnose, well said!

WILLY (O.S.)

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

The Chocolatiers and the Chief turn to see Willy and Noodle  
standing on the steps, dripping with chocolate.

SLUGWORTH

Wonka!

WILLY

Officer, would you kindly take a  
look at this?

Noodle hands the GREEN LEDGER to Officer Affable.

NOODLE

It details every single illegal  
payment these men have ever made.  
Thousands of them.

Behind them, the Priest sidles out of sight.

CHIEF

Don't listen to her, Affable. She's  
lying!

SLUGWORTH

Well of course she is!

Officer Affable's eyes widen as he leafs through the pages.

OFFICER AFFABLE

She's not, sir. She's absolutely right, it's... incredible.

The Chief tries to take control of the situation.

CHIEF

Oh. Well. Then it sounds like a case for the Chief of Police. Give it to me, Affable. I'll take it from here.

But Officer Affable keeps a tight hold of the book.

OFFICER AFFABLE

I can't do that, I'm afraid, sir.

CHIEF

And why's that?

OFFICER AFFABLE

Your name's in here too. A lot.

Officers move to arrest him. Slugworth, Fickelgruber and Prod nose sense the game is up.

SLUGWORTH

Gentlemen? Run!

But as they run, something incredible happens. They begin to FLOAT UP OFF THE GROUND -- just as they did in the Galeria.

They desperately grab at the fountain and cling on to the frozen water spout.

WILLY

You didn't eat any of those chocolates did you, Mr Slugworth?

SLUGWORTH

Why?

WILLY

Because they're Hoverchocs. Delayed action. But extra strong.

Slugworth grabs hold of a jet of frozen water sticking out of the fountain. Fickelgruber clings to Slugworth's foot and Prod nose grabs Fickelgruber's. Slugworth growls at Willy.

SLUGWORTH

You think you're so clever, don't you, Wonka?

(MORE)

SLUGWORTH (CONT'D)

Well there's a billion sovereigns  
of chocolate beneath our feet.  
We'll get the best lawyers, bribe  
the judge, rig the jury if we have  
to. We'll be fine.

WILLY

I wish I'd thought of that. Noodle?

Noodle clangs a wrench against a fire hydrant.

121 **INT. STORM DRAINS - DAY**

121

The camera drops 100ft down through the storm drains to where  
Lottie and the workers are waiting for her signal.

LOTTIE BELL

Now!

The workers start to turn a huge valve.

122 **EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY**

122

Just then, the GROUND STARTS TO TREMBLE. The Chief's rolls of  
fat start to jiggle, then his belt bursts.

The FOUNTAIN in the middle of the square BEGINS TO SHAKE.

The ICICLES of frozen water which have hung from the ends of  
its water spouts for years start to CRACK and FALL.

And a RICH, BROWN LIQUID shoots from the water spouts,  
sending the Cartel spinning away into the air.

PRODNOSE

What is that?

SLUGWORTH

It's our chocolate!

FICKELGRUBER

All our chocolate!

PRODNOSE

We're ruined!

WILLY

Don't worry, gentlemen! You'll come  
down eventually, I think. Probably.  
But until then...

He takes various ingredients from his pockets and sleeves and throws them into the fountain.

The chocolate bubbles and turns a gorgeous colour. Noodle watches, enchanted, from one side of the Cathedral. The Wash House gang emerge from an entrance on the other side.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, Willy Wonka  
and friends invite you all to enjoy  
our chocolate!!

As the crowd gather around the fountain, the Mistress of the Keys emerges from the Cathedral, blinking in the sunlight.

She spots the Zoo Security Guard in the crowd.

MISTRESS OF THE KEYS

Basil?!

ZOO SECURITY GUARD

Gwennie!!

They run into each other's arms.

123

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER**

123

Willy sits on the steps of the Cathedral watching the whole world enjoying the rich chocolate flowing from the fountain.

He feels a warmth he hasn't known since his mother was alive.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the old chocolate bar, somewhat the worse for wear.

Perhaps, finally, it's time.

He slowly opens the wrapper. And is amazed to see, slipped in alongside the chocolate, a piece of GOLDEN PAPER.

On it is a message from his mother:

The secret is...

It's not the chocolate that matters.

It's the people you share it with!

Mamma xxx

Willy stares, completely still, his eyes full of tears. Then he looks up and spots a familiar figure in the crowd.

It's his mother, looking just as she did all those years ago. She promised she would be with him when he shared chocolate with the world. And she kept her word.

She smiles at him. He smiles back, overjoyed to see her one last time -- and finally ready to let her go.

The crowds pass between them, and she disappears forever.

He looks up to see Noodle and the rest of his new friends. He breaks off a piece of chocolate and hands it to Noodle. She eats it, and a look of pure joy spreads over her face.

The rest of the workers arrive and he shares the rest of the chocolate bar with them. A moment of pure happiness.

NOODLE

How does it feel, Willy? Is it as good as you remember?

WILLY

Every little bit. I wish it could last forever...

He looks up at the Cathedral clock.

WILLY (CONT'D)

But I guess it's time.

Noodle notices the group are all looking at her excitedly.

NOODLE

Time for what? What's going on?

WILLY

You know how many people called D. Smith live in the city, Noodle?

ABACUS CRUNCH

A hundred and six.

WILLY

But luckily, you have a friend who works in the telephone exchange, and she spent the whole afternoon ringing around, and guess what?

LOTTIE BELL

We found her.

Noodle is stunned.

NOODLE

You found my Mom?

ABACUS CRUNCH

She works in the library.

PIPER BENZ  
It's where she lives.

WILLY  
Come on, Noodle.

The Cathedral Clock strikes, its bells sounding out the familiar first notes of PURE IMAGINATION.

124

**EXT. UNIVERSITY QUARTER - EVENING**

124

Willy leads Noodle through an academic quadrangle. She stops, too nervous to go on. Willy turns and sings the song she taught him.

WILLY  
*Come with me, and you'll be  
In a world of pure imagination!*

He leads her towards the ancient library. Noodle stares, a strange sense of recognition washing over her.

The CHALK DRAWING of the "big old building full of books" that she talked of in the giraffe house appears on screen once more. It matches the shape of the library perfectly.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Reach out, touch what was once just  
In your imagination.*

NOODLE'S MOTHER emerges slowly from inside. She looks around anxiously, then spots the little girl she thought she'd lost.

Noodle looks to Willy, happy and sad, excited and scared, unable to process the mess of emotions inside.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*Don't be shy, it's alright  
If you feel a little trepidation!  
Sometimes these things don't need  
Explanation!*

Noodle walks towards her mother, then stops and looks back. Willy smiles reassuringly, and she turns once more to Mom.

She starts to run, a smile blooming, then flies into her mother's arms -- and hugs her as if she'll never let her go.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
*If you want to see Paradise,  
Simply look at them and view it.  
Somebody to hold on to -- it's*

*All we really need  
Nothing else to it.*

NOODLE

Mom.

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Willy watches Noodle and her mother turn and go into the library, delighted for his friend, yet tinged with sadness at what he has lost.

OOMPA LOOMPA (O.S.)

So goes a good deed in a weary  
world.

Willy turns to see the Oompa Loompa has appeared.

WILLY

I was wondering if I'd see you  
again.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Oh I'm not going anywhere, Willy  
Wonka, not til you've paid your  
debt. Now I know you tried, but  
Loompa Law is very clear on this  
subject. Until such time as the  
chocolate is physically in my ha--

Willy produces a jar of chocolates and hands it to him. It rather takes the wind out of the Oompa Loompa's sails.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

Oh thank you.

WILLY

Thank you for saving my life.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Well I suppose that concludes our  
business. I now consider your debt  
repaid and shall return to my  
beloved Loompaland -- where the  
cocoa beans grow in disappointingly  
small numbers and my friends look  
down on me.

WILLY

I thought they called you Lofty?

OOMPA LOOMPA

As a matter of fact I am a quarter  
inch below average. They call me  
Shorty-pants. Still, good day sir.

He turns and walks away. Willy calls after him.

WILLY

It's a shame you have to go.

OOMPA LOOMPA

I said good day.

WILLY

If I'm going to share my chocolate  
with the world, I'll need more than  
a shop.

OOMPA LOOMPA

I'm sure you will.

WILLY

I'll need a factory.

OOMPA LOOMPA

Good luck with that!

WILLY

And someone to head up the tasting  
department.

The Oompa Loompa stops in his tracks, intrigued.

OOMPA LOOMPA

The *tasting* department?

Willy starts singing once more, the music growing.

WILLY

*Come with me...*

OOMPA LOOMPA

Alright.

WILLY

*And you'll be...*

OOMPA LOOMPA

Where?

125

**EXT. RUINED CASTLE - EVENING**

125

Willy leads the Oompa Loompa into a ruined castle.

WILLY

*In a world of Pure Imagination!*



OOMPA LOOMPA  
This is a ruined castle.

WILLY  
*Take a look  
And you'll see  
Into your imagination!*

OOMPA LOOMPA  
I very much doubt it.

WILLY  
*We'll begin  
With a spin  
Travelling in the world of my creation  
What you'll see will defy explanation!*

And now the Oompa Loompa starts to see the world through Willy's eyes. In a time-lapse shot, the walls are repaired and a great glass roof covers the courtyard.

Willy pulls a lever and a chocolate waterfall spouts from the wall forming a chocolate river at their feet. It looks, in short, just as Wonka's Chocolate Room should.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
That does defy explanation!

WILLY  
*If you want to see Paradise,  
Simply look around and view it!  
Anything you want to, do it!  
Want to change the world?  
There's nothing to it!*

Chocolate grass and flowers sprout from the floor. The Oompa Loompa picks a flower and uses it as a teacup to sample the chocolate flowing through the river.

OOMPA LOOMPA  
Not bad.

He eats the cup. Willy presses various buttons, sending great vats of rainbow coloured liquids into a machine which compresses them into a perfect little chocolate.

WILLY  
*There is no life I know  
That compares with pure imagination!  
Living there, you'll be free  
If you truly wish to be!*

Willy hands the Oompa Loompa the finished chocolate. He tries it and a look of pure joy crosses his face. He offers his hand to Willy, who shakes it enthusiastically.

The camera cranes up to the roof as a flock of flamingoes fly overhead. They pass the wall of the factory on which a neon sign has appeared. It lights to show the word:

**WONKA**

As the credits roll, the OOMPA LOOMPA music starts up again. The Oompa Loompa walks on screen, dragging a trolley on which sits a machine covered in a cloth.

OOMPA LOOMPA

*Oompa Loompa Doompety Doo  
I've got a little bonus for you  
Sit back down and stay in your seat  
For a last Oompa Loompa-y treat!*

He whisks away the cloth to reveal a projector. He starts it up - and film appears rounding up the stories he describes.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

*Abacus Crunch returned to his home!  
Benz to her friends, Lottie Belle to her phones.  
Brave Larry made a triumphant comeback.  
One day his ex-wife saw the act!  
(Laughed a lot and took him back)*

The projection ends and the Oompa Loompa changes the reel.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

*Oompa Loompa Doompety Day!  
"But what of Mrs Scrubitt and Bleacher," you say.  
Give me just a moment or two  
And I'll Oompa Loompa show it to you.*

He presses the button to make the projector work but it fails to start. He looks aghast and this unexpected development.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

What the devil? Infernal machine.

He presses different buttons, increasingly frustrated.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

*I'll show it to you!*

He thumps the machine and it finally starts again.

OOMPA LOOMPA (CONT'D)

There we are. Much better.

The projection shows us Mrs Scrubitt in the Wash House, planning how to spend her money.

MRS SCRUBITT

Shoes. Face lift. Nose job. Ibiza.  
Big old house in the country.  
Lingerie.

Bleacher bursts in and locks the door behind him.

BLEACHER

It's the Cartel! They've gone down!

MRS SCRUBITT

Well we didn't do nothin'. Except  
poison all those chocolates.

The Police knock at the door. Mrs Scrubitt's eyes widen.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Quick! Drink the evidence.

She produces the crate of poisons they used on Willy's chocolates and start drinking fast.

Officer Affable hammers on the door.

MRS SCRUBITT (CONT'D)

Just a second, Officer. I'm on the  
toilet!

OFFICER AFFABLE

Police! Open Up!

MRS SCRUBITT

One wipe and I'm done. Oh there is  
more coming out.

Affable signals to a Constable who SHOULDERS THE DOOR OPEN.

Officer Affable stares, open-mouthed.

Mrs Scrubitt -- bright blue with a long, full beard -- greets him with a smile. Bleacher has green skin and yellow spots.

AFFABLE

Wow!

MRS SCRUBITT

How can we help you officer?

OFFICER AFFABLE

You two are coming with me.

BLEACHER  
But we haven't done anything.

OFFICER AFFABLE  
You're going away for a very long  
time.

As they're cuffed, Mrs Scrubitt looks longingly at Bleacher.

MRS SCRUBITT  
One last kiss, my Lord?

BLEACHER  
Oh Puffy-wuff!

One final kiss -- and they're pulled apart.