

SCENE 11: THE BUCKET SHACK

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Turn it off! I've heard enough of these snot-nosed brats!

GRANDPA GEORGE

(waking up suddenly)

What'd he say? What'd she say?

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA

She said she's spotted rats...

GRANDPA JOE

Catch one! We'll eat it!

MRS. BUCKET

That's quite enough. We should all go to bed.

CHARLIE

Can Grandpa Joe tell me one Wonka story? Just one? Please?

MRS. BUCKET

All right, but just one. But NO Zombie worker stories. You need your sleep.

START

(The three GRANDPARENTS have all fallen asleep and answer with a snore.)

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie, look here.

CHARLIE

A Wonka Nutty Crunch Surprise!

GRANDPA JOE

Shh....

CHARLIE

But, where'd you get it?

GRANDPA JOE

I've been saving—open it!

CHARLIE

I can't, I'm too nervous. You open it.

GRANDPA JOE

Let's do it together. A lifetime supply of chocolate.
One...two...three...



(CHARLIE opens the wrapping.)

CHARLIE

Nothing. A good thing, really... 'cos chocolate's very fattening.

GRANDPA JOE

You're right, Charlie. A lifetime supply of it—you'd be the size of the dome on Capitol Hill!

(MR. and MRS. BUCKET enter and overhear the following.)

CHARLIE

I wish I'd never heard of candy—or Wonka!

END CHEER UP, CHARLIE

Warmly ♩ = ca. 94 *poco rit.* GRANDPA JOE: *a tempo*

Cheer up, Char-lie. _____

4 3

Give me a smile! What hap-pened to the smile I used to know?

7

Don't you know your grin has al-ways been my sun-shine?

rit.

MRS. BUCKET:

a tempo