

CHARLIE

What?

MRS. BUCKET

Last night Mrs. Walinsky cut my shifts at the laundry.

The grandparents vocally react.

She's gone and bought a machine. She only needs me for delicates now. I'll find more work. But, in the meantime, we just have to tighten our belts. We haven't a cent to spare.

The reality sinks in.

I'm sorry Charlie.

CHARLIE

That's all right, mom.

MRS. BUCKET

Come on. You don't want to be late for school.

Charlie, despondent, puts on his schoolbag and starts to go.

GRANDPA JOE

Now look here! I know times are hard, but a birthday's a birthday, and a kid oughtah have a present on his birthday, oughtn't he? 'Specially if that kid's Charlie.

MRS. BUCKET

Joe!

GRANDPA JOE

Now, as it happens, I've saved up quite a bit of money over the years.

Grandpa Joe brings a sock out from under his pillow.

Seventy nine cents to be exact.

JOSEPHINE

Joe, that money's supposed to be for your funeral!

GRANDPA JOE

Oh stick me in a trash bag and put me out on a Tuesday, Josephine. I don't care about funerals. I just care about Charlie, and I think he should have a chance at a golden ticket.

CHARLIE

But, Grandpa Joe, my birthday's not for twenty-nine and a half days. All the golden tickets could be gone by then!

GRANDPA JOE

Gone! What sort of spirit is that! Don't you remember my story about hunting rhinos in Africa?

CHARLIE

With Dr. Livingston, I presume?!

GRANDPA JOE

That's the one. Do you remember, what he told me? "Joe," he said—

CHARLIE

"When the rhinos charge—

CHARLIE & GRANDPA JOE

Never waver.

CHARLIE

Stand your ground! Let fate decide."

GRANDPA JOE

He was a wise man, Dr. Livingston.

JOSEPHINE

Whatever happened to him?

#4B – Candyshack

GRANDPA JOE

He was killed by a Rhino. But that's not the point. The point is Charlie—stand your ground. If there's a golden ticket out there with your name on it, it'll find you.

MRS. BUCKET

It's a chance in a million, Charlie.

CHARLIE

One chance is all I need. *(Charlie crosses out of the shack.)*