

Willy Wonka pretends to sing at an operatic scale.

WILLY WONKA

AH!

OOMPA LOOMPAS

FUDGE!

MRS. GLOOP

AUGUSTUS!!!

OOMPA LOOMPAS

DOOM-PA-DEE-DOO

The Oompas exit.

16A – Auf Weidersehen Playoff

16B – Red Door

WILLY WONKA

Onwards. Follow me. Hurry. We must hesitate without delay. No dillying. No dallying. No shillying. No shallying. And definitely no shallow-sillying. Go! Go! Go! Stop. I gotta make a call.

He starts to move towards the speaking tube.

CHARLIE

Poor Augustus!

WILLY WONKA

Poor Augustus? What about my machinery? It's all going to need to be cleaned. Meanwhile, production stops. But is anyone thinking about that? No. It's all Augustus, Augustus, Augustus.

CHARLIE

Grandpa Joe, is Mr. Wonka joking or is he serious?

GRANDPA JOE

I don't know, Charlie. I think he might be both.

Willy speaks into the speaking tube.

WILLY WONKA

Herman! Run up to the fudging tubs. I expect the boy's in vat thirteen. Fetch him out with a stick. But do hurry. If you miss him he'll end up caramelized.

Everyone gasps. He turns to the others.

I know. Bones in the toffee! Disgusting.

The party are shocked – they gasp again.

What? He'll be fine. And if not, well at least he died doing what he loved best. Why the long faces? Anyone want to go home?

KIDS

No!

#16C – The Mixing Room

WILLY WONKA

That's the spirit, come along then, no wicked for the rest! Show me your hands!

They do. He inspects them as they pass.

No dirt under the fingernails? Nothing between your ears? All smiles and happy faces. Good. Next room.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe hang back.

CHARLIE

Grandpa Joe, was it like this when you worked here?

GRANDPA JOE

I don't know Charlie. I don't recognize any of this.

CHARLIE

Did people used to fall into the chocolate and get made into fudge?

GRANDPA JOE

No. The odd finger maybe, but never a whole child.

They enter the Mixing Room.