

Charlie, his parents, and his grandparents discuss Charlie's future.

MR. BUCKET

As of today, I have installed one million, two hundred and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and seventy-six toothpaste caps, Charlie.

(MR. BUCKET'S right hand randomly twitches, as if he's still twisting toothpaste caps.)

CHARLIE

Do you think I might work in the toothpaste factory one day?

MR. BUCKET

Let's hope not, Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

What kind of positive thinking is that? Charlie's gonna work for Mr. Wonka making chocolate bars.

MRS. BUCKET

Now Grandpa Joe, don't go filling the boy's head with dreams of candy.

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie's from a long line of distinguished candy men

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA

And women!

MR. BUCKET

But Wonka hasn't hired anyone since Slugworth's spies stole his candy balloon recipe.

GRANDPA JOE

Wonka was so angry! He gathered all the workers saying, "I'm sorry but you all must go home." Then he locked the gates of the factory forever!

CHARLIE

But Mr. Wonka still makes candies. I can smell them on my way to school.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Yes, but no one goes in and no one comes out

Shadow workers.

GRANDPA JOE

Maybe the undead. Who knows?

MRS. BUCKET

Grandpa Joe, you're going to give Charlie nightmares again.

GRANDPA GEORGE

(suddenly waking up)

What'd she say?

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA

She's makin' bathtub gin.

GRANDPA GEORGE

We're playing gin?

GRANDPA JOE

I'm in.

MR. BUCKET

Charlie, run out and see if anyone is done with the newspaper.

CHARLIE

O.K. Dad, you'll have to feed Grandpa George.

(Charlie crosses out.)

MR. BUCKET

Here you are, here's your cabbage soup.

GRANDPA GEORGE

I thought we were playing gin...