

Veruca Salt

Opening – Setting the scene (invention room)

Mr Wonka rushed excitedly down the corridor before stopping outside of a large, ornately decorated golden door. The handle was a glass orb and great, bulging acorns lay embedded around the doorframe. The sign on the front of the door read, 'The Nut Room'.

"All right," declared Mr Wonka, "open it up!"

Inside the room, was the most incredible sight. One hundred squirrels were seated upon high stools around a large table. On the table lay mounds and mounds of walnuts. The squirrels were busily working away, shelling the walnuts at a tremendous speed. When they had finished, each but would tumble from their hands, clattering down the pile like a pebble down a mountain.

"These squirrels," explained Mr Wonka, "are specially trained for getting the nuts out of walnuts. Unfortunately, Oompa-Loompas can't get walnuts out of shells in one piece. They always break them in two. Nobody expect for squirrels can get walnuts out of the shell in one piece. It is extremely difficult and in my factory of course I insist on whole walnuts. Therefore, I have to have squirrels to do the job. Aren't they just wonderful the way they get those nuts out? See how they tap the nuts with their knuckles first to see if it's a bad one? If it's bad, they don't open it. They just throw it into the rubbish shoot. There! Look! Watch that squirrel nearest to us! I think he's got a bad one now!"

They all watched the little squirrel tapping the walnut with his knuckles. He cocked his head to one side, listening instantly. Then suddenly, he threw the nut over his shoulder into the large hole in the middle of the floor. The nut scuttled round and round the shoot until finally popping down the hole in the middle and disappearing out of sight.

Build up – Introduce Character Flaw

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" screamed Veruca Salt suddenly, "I want one, I want one, I want one!"

Now, Veruca Salt was not like any nice, normal young girl that you or I have in our acquaintances. She was a spoilt, horrible, snotty nosed little pig snout. She was a ghastly, foul-mouthed, bog-bottomed, thick-headed little worm. She was a maggot. A louse. A weasel. A snake. And the most disgusting little weeping blister in existence. It's a funny thing about parents. Even with a child like that, they still think that he or she is wonderful. Some parents go even further. They are so blinded by adoration that they manage to convince themselves that their child has qualities of genius.

It is rather unfortunate that Veruca's parents were exactly the adoring and blinded kind. They doted on their revolting child day and night, showering her with gifts until a sickly grin spread across her face like those clowns that terrify people at circuses. Her mother and

father were rather rich and the owners of a large factory. Her father and paid his factory workers to unwrap tens of thousands of Wonka chocolate bars, just to find his little princess a golden ticket. This is exactly how she had ended up at the factory that day.

Problem – Something goes wrong

“Daddy! Are you listening? I want one!” she screamed in utter frustration, banging her fists against his shoulder and pouting out her lips like some sort of miserable duck.

“Don’t we silly my darling sweetheart,” replied her father, “these all belong to Mr Wonka. We can get you another squirrel . . . a better squirrel!”

“But I don’t want any old squirrel! I want a trained squirrel!” cried Veruca, her cheeks flushing with determination.

“All right my pet,” replied her mother soothingly, “we will ask Mr Wonka how much he would like for a trained squirrel and you can have one just as soon as Daddy writes a cheque.”

“Oh these squirrels are not for sale. She can’t have one,” stated Mr Wonka firmly.

“Who says I can’t?” retorted Veruca.

With that, she threw open the door to the squirrel enclosure and stood beside the towering mountain of nuts. Her eyes narrowed into a determined expression. She took a silk ribbon from her pocket (most likely one made from the finest threads in all the lands) and hitched her beautiful, velvet dress around her knees. With one last glance behind at her dumbfounded parents, she began to climb.

The very moment she had entered the room, all of the squirrels had stopped working and were now watching her intently as she clambered towards them. Veruca Salt stared straight back at her, her beady little eyes set like a snakes on a particularly pretty, little squirrel who was sitting on the table closest to her. The squirrel was holding a walnut in its paws.

“Alright, I’ll have you!” she declared as she reached out her hands to grab the squirrel. Both her parents stared in horror, gawping at their daughter’s impulsiveness. Mr Wonka simply smiled. I knowing look danced about his eyes and onto his lips.

Resolution

In the room, there was a sudden flash of movement. Like lightening, hundreds of squirrels descended on the girl, landing on her body and holding every inch of her with their paws. They pinned her down onto the ground. Her arms, legs, hair and even her chest were pinned down by hundreds of squirrels.

“Save her!” screamed Mrs Salt in panic.

“It’s quite alright Madame. Replied Willy Wonka. They won’t harm her. They’re simply testing her to see if she’s a bad nut.”

“A bad nut?” exclaimed Veruca’s father, “don’t be ridiculous Wonka. Do something!”

Veruca struggled furiously but the squirrels held onto her so tightly that she could scarcely move. The pretty, little squirrel who had been standing before her just moments ago marched up to Veruca and tapped her firmly on the head with its knuckles. An angry squeak buzzed around the squirrels. Then, all at once, they carried Veruca Salt off to the garbage shoot.

“My goodness. She was a bad nut after all. Her head must have been quite hollow,” smiled Willy Wonka, clearly enjoying the escapade.

Veruca kicked and screamed but it was no use. Her parents stared on in horror as they daughter was thrown into the rubbish shoot. The last of flailing legs and wisps of golden hair could be seen for mere moments before she disappeared entirely.

“Where has she gone?” screamed Veruca’s mother with sheer terror in her voice.

“Down the rubbish shoot of course,” cried Mr Wonka, confused by Mrs Salt’s dim-witted question. “She will travel along the shoot where she will be thrown into the main pipeline which carries all of the factory rubbish away to be incinerated. It’s honestly quite filthy down there! She’ll be covered in fish heads, slime and goodness knows what!”

“Incinerated?!” screamed Mr and Mrs Salt together.

“Why yes!” replied Wonka, “by the furnace of course. But maybe you’ll be lucky. They only light it every other day. Maybe today is one of the days that it is off! Hey! You there! I say! Take Mr and Mrs Salt to the incinerator. There a rather disgusting boil of a girl caught in the pipes. See that she is removed at once.”

The Oompa-Loompa to whom he was talking nodded obediently and swiftly ushered the two shocked parents out of the room and towards a large elevator. As they left they sang a song.

Ending

*Veruca Salt, the little brute,
has just slid down the rubbish shoot.
She’s just the same as grime and muck,
Let’s hope that she will soon get stuck
We hardly mean to be so brash,
But very soon she’ll turn to ash.
Not that we’re sad, no not one bit,
She was the most horrendous twit.
That spoilt, nasty little toad,
Is going down a different road.
With gunk and muck, slime and goo,
occasionally a floating poo.*

*But should we blame Veruca Salt?
Is it really all her fault?
For though she’s spoiled and dreadfully so,
A girl can’t spoil herself you know.
Who spoiled her then? Yes who indeed?
Who pandered to her every need?
Who turned her into such a brat?
Who are the culprits? Who did that?
They are (and this is very sad),
Her doting parents, Mum and Dad.
And that is why we wish they fell,
Into the rubbish shoot as well!*



Charlie
AND THE
CHOCOLATE
FACTORY



The golden tickets.