

## **Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator**

### **SIDE 2 – Willy Wonka, Grandpa Joe**

*(Charlie, Grandpa Joe, and Willy Wonka are floating in space in the Great Glass Elevator.)*

GRANDPA JOE. What in the world keeps this thing up in the air, Mr. Wonka?

MR. WONKA. Skyhooks.

GRANDPA JOE. You amaze me! These skyhooks... I assume one end is hooked onto this contraption we're riding in. Right?

MR. WONKA (*matter-of-factly*). Right.

GRANDPA JOE. What's the other end hooked onto?

MR. WONKA. Questions... questions! Every day I get deafer and deafer. Remind me, please, to call up my doctor the moment we get back.

GRANDPA JOE. Charlie, I don't think I understand this gentleman that much. He's a bit odd. And, he smells a bit too. (*Wonka reacts negatively, beat*). Like chocolate. (*Wonka reacts positively*).

MR. WONKA (*excitedly*). We must hurry! We have so much time and so little to do! No! Wait! Strike that! Reverse it! Thank you! Gracias! Now back to the factory! (*He claps his hands twice and springs two feet in the air with both feet.*) Back we fly to the factory! But we must go up before we can come down! We must go higher and higher!

GRANDPA JOE. Higher or lower? I don't quite understand, Mr. Wonka. But, I'm sure you know what you're doing.

MR. WONKA (*yelling*). Yes! We must go higher! We must go tremendously high! Hold onto your stomachs! (*He presses a button*).

GRANDPA JOE (*yelling*). Stop! Save us! Go down! This is too high.

MR. WONKA (*yelling*). No, no! We've got to go up!

GRANDPA JOE (*shouting*). Why up and not down? This is crazy. It's going too high. We can't even see the ground.

MR. WONKA (*shouting*). Because the higher we are when we start coming down, the faster we'll be going when we hit. We've got to be going at an absolutely sizzling speed when we hit!

GRANDPA JOE. When we hit what?

MR. WONKA. The factory, of course!

GRANDPA JOE. But, we'll all be pulpified!

MR. WONKA. Yes. Like orange juice. We'll be scrambled like eggs. We'll be flat as a pancake. Hmm... all this breakfast talk is making me hungry. Maybe an omelet. Some bacon? Hmm... well, a violent impact is a chance we shall have to take.

GRANDPA JOE. What?!!! You're joking! Tell us you're joking!

MR. WONKA. Sir, I never joke.

GRANDPA JOE. Oh, my dear! We'll all be liquidated, all of us!

MR. WONKA. More than likely. (*GRANDPA JOE screams but CHARLIE and WONKA keep moderately cool.*)

GRANDPA JOE. But, what happens if we go too high?

MR. WONKA. Do please stop talking and let me concentrate!

GRANDPA JOE (*interrupting with a scream*). Help!!! This is already too high. Stop it now! (*He reaches out and grabs MR. WONKA by the coat and yanks him backwards onto the bed.*)

MR. WONKA. No, no! Let me go! (*Frantically, struggling to free himself.*) I have things to see to! Don't disturb the pilot!

GRANDPA JOE (*shrieking and shaking MR. WONKA wildly*). You, sir, you get us back home this instant!

MR. WONKA (*with a demanding plea*). Let me go! I've got to press that button or we'll go too high! Let me go! Let me go! Now look what you've done! (*Everyone becomes "weightless", moving in slow motion as if swimming*).

GRANDPA JOE. What happened? Did we go too far?

MR. WONKA. Too far? I'll say we went too far! You know where we've gone, my friend? We've gone into orbit! We are now rushing around the earth at seventeen thousand miles an hour. How does that grab you?

GRANDPA JOE. I'm choking! (*He gasps.*) I can't breathe!

MR. WONKA. Of course you can't! There's no air up here. (*He sort of swims across the Elevator to a button marked "OXYGEN" and presses it.*) You'll be all right now... breathe away.

GRANDPA JOE. This is the strangest feeling. (*He swims about.*) I feel like a bubble. Wooh... wait a minute... It's great! It feels as though I don't weigh anything at all.

MR. WONKA. You don't! None of us weighs anything... not even one ounce. Just float around and be happy.