

MIKE

He's crazy!

Mike is last. He takes a few steps, distrustful.

WILLY WONKA

Wait for it...

He's hit again and knocked to the floor.

MIKE

Ow.

WILLY WONKA

We're here! Welcome to The Nut Room.

MRS. TEAVEE

It's the same room!

A small squirrel scoots by, talking to itself.

WILLY WONKA

(Waving)

Evening Jeremy!

The squirrel squeaks back. Willy laughs.

You're bad!

The squirrel exits, talking to itself.

MRS. TEAVEE

(Fumbling with a pill bottle)

I need to up my prescription.

VERUCA

Squirrel! Cyooootie Woooootsie Tooooootsie SQUIRREL!

WILLY WONKA

Oh no, Veruca, Jeremy is not a cyootsie woootsie squirrel. Jeremy is a highly trained mammalian factory operative. He sorts my nuts.

GRANDPA JOE

He sorts your whats?

WILLY WONKA

Jeremy works in the sorting room, with the sorting squirrels. I use them to sort the good nuts from the bad.

GRANDPA JOE

Well that makes sense.

WILLY WONKA

Sorta.

CHARLIE

How do they know which from which?

WILLY WONKA

Squirrels have a very highly developed sense of right and wrong.

VERUCA

SQUIRREL! DADDY! I WANT IT NOW! SQUIRREL! NOW!

MR. SALT

Ok Wonka. How much do you want for one of these rodents?

WILLY WONKA

They're not for sale.

VERUCA

SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL!

MR. SALT

Name your price Wonka. I'll double it.

VERUCA

Just one squiwaw for wittaw Vewuca?

WILLY WONKA

Nyet.

Veruca hesitates, demons in her eyes.

VERUCA

No? No one. Says no. To Veruca. Salt!