

CHARLIE & THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

ENGLISH NEWSMAN

Veruca. Can you spell that for us, please?

VERUCA: V-E-R-U-C-A. Veruca Salt.

[Camera flashing]

MR. SALT

Soon as my little Veruca told me she had to have one of these Golden Tickets, I started buying up all the Wonka Bars I could lay my hands on. Thousands of them. Hundreds of thousands. I'm in the nut business, you see, so I say to my workers:

Morning, ladies. From now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these chocolate bars instead.

[...]

Three days went by, and we had no luck. The wait was terrible. My little Veruca got more and more upset each day.

VERUCA: Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my Golden Ticket!

MR. SALT

Well, gentlemen, I just hated to see my little girl unhappy like that. I vowed I would keep up the search until I could give her what she wanted.

[...]

And finally, I found her a ticket.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want another pony.