

[Pause] But he's a *midget*! Isn't he going to get any bigger?

WILLY WONKA: Grab him! *Quick!* [MR TEAVEE acts as if he grabs something] He's *completely* okay!

MR TEAVEE [Acting as if something is in his hand]: You call that okay? He's *shrunk*!

WILLY WONKA: Of course he's shrunk. What did you expect?

MR TEAVEE: This is terrible! I can't send him back to school like this! He'll get squashed! He won't be able to do *anything*! [He acts as if he is listening to MIKE, in his hand] What did you say, Mike? [Pause] Never! No, you will *not* be able to watch television! I'm throwing the television set right out the window the moment we get home. I've had *enough* of television! What, Mike? [Pause] I don't care what you want . . . or how much you jump and scream! [He puts him in his pocket, acting as if he is secure there, slapping his pocket] There!

CHARLIE: Gee, how will Mike ever grow again?

WILLY WONKA [Stroking his beard thoughtfully]: Well . . . small boys are extremely springy and elastic, so . . . he'll stretch if we put him on a special machine