

Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator

SIDE 7 – Queen, Chief Interpreter, Miss Tibbs, Prince

QUEEN (*crying out of fright*). Nanny! Did you hear the transmission from the space station? The wrong astronauts are on board! Oh, Nanny, what on earth do we do now?

MISS TIBBS (*calmly*). I'll get you a nice warm glass of milk.

QUEEN. Warm milk? I hate the stuff! Please don't make me drink it!

MISS TIBBS. Well, then.... summon the Chief Interpreter!

QUEEN. Yes, summon the Chief Interpreter! Where is the Chief Interpreter? (*The CHIEF INTERPRETER enters nervously.*)

CHIEF INTERPRETER. Right here, Madam the Queen.

QUEEN. Did you hear that? The odd language?

CHIEF INTERPRETER. Yes, ma'am.

QUEEN. What language was that creature spouting up there in the Space Hotel? Be quick! Was it Eskimo, Tagalog, or Ugro?

CHIEF INTERPRETER. None of those, Madam.

QUEEN. Was it Tulu, then? Or Tangus, or Tupi?

CHIEF INTERPRETER. None of those either, Ms. Royal Ma'am.

MISS TIBBS (*yelling impatiently*). Don't just stand there telling her what it wasn't, you... you... linguist! Tell her what it was!

CHIEF INTERPRETER. Yes ma'am, ma'am (*begins to shake with fear of Miss Tibbs.*) Believe me, Madam Royalness, it was not a language I have ever heard before.

QUEEN. But I thought you knew every language in the world.

CHIEF INTERPRETER. I do, Your Highness.

QUEEN. Don't lie to me, Chief Interpreter. How can you possibly know every language in the world when you don't know this one?

CHIEF INTERPRETER. That's just it, it's not a language of this world, Ma'am.

MISS TIBBS (*barking out*). Nonsense! I understood some of it myself!

CHIEF INTERPRETER. These people, Miss ma'am, have obviously tried to learn just a few of our easier words, but the rest of it is a language that has never been heard before on this earth! Did you not notice, Your Highness, how they used the words Venus and Mars?

QUEEN. Of course, I noticed it, but what's that got to do with it? Ah-ha! I see what you're driving at! Good gracious me! Men from Mars... and Women are from Venus! That could make for trouble.

CHIEF INTERPRETER. I'll say it could! Good luck with that. I'll be seeing you. (*Chief Interpreter exits abruptly.*)

QUEEN. What do we do now, my Prince?

PRINCE (*crying out*). Slime 'em! Make them all ooky.

QUEEN (*crossly*). You're always wanting to mess things up. Can't you think of something else?

PRINCE. I like sliming things up and making a mess! It makes such a lovely noise. Shlush-Woosh!

MISS TIBBS. Don't be a fool! If you slime these people, Mars will declare war on us! So will Venus!

QUEEN. Quite right, Nanny, those planets would not take a liking to us! We'd be mashed like potatoes!

PRINCE (*shouting*). Don't be babies. I'll take 'em on! Where's the slime? What color? Yellow? Green? Yes...

MISS TIBBS (*snapping back*). Shut up! Keep your trap shut!

PRINCE. Wha...?

QUEEN. Hooray! Well done nanny!

MISS TIBBS. We've got to treat these fellows up on the hotel gently. The one who spoke just now sounded extremely cross. We've got to be polite to them, butter them up, make them happy. The last thing we want is to be invaded by men from Mars. You've got to talk to them, Madam. Tell Ground Control we want another direct radio link with the Space Hotel! And hurry!

QUEEN (*going over to the microphone*). Ground Control! Ground Control... this is your Queen! Give me another direct radio link. (*in a too-nice voice*). A hum... Dear, dear friends! Welcome to Royal Ole Space Hotel and B&B. Greetings to the brave astronauts from Mars and Venus... Why don't you come pay us a visit down here on our humble little Earth? I do hope you know enough of our language to understand me (*uncertainly*). I shall wait most anxiously for your reply.