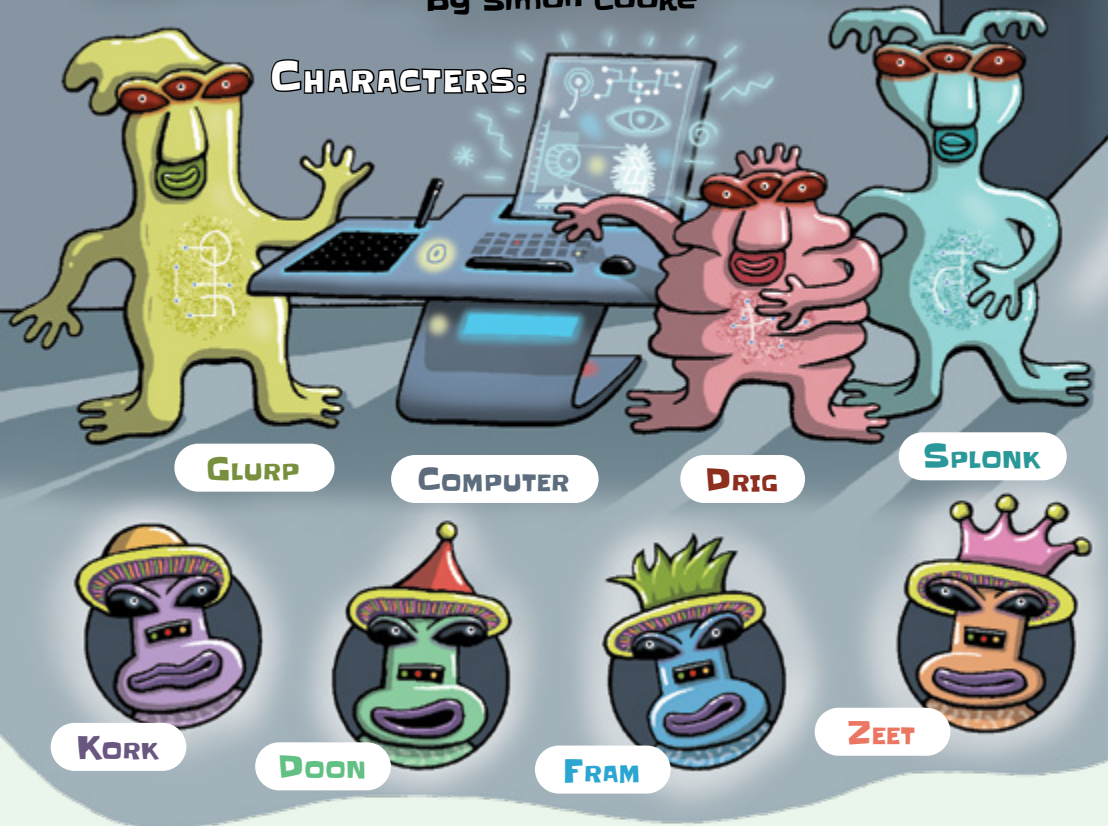


Now We're Talking

by Simon Cooke

CHARACTERS:



SCENE ONE. A meeting room on the planet Gloop. **GLURP**, **DRIG**, and **SPLONK** are standing beside the **COMPUTER**.

GLURP. All right, team. We're about to host the first planning meeting for the next Space Games. Are you ready?

DRIG. Yes, we are. The Space Games are the best thing ever. Zero-gravity shot-put is my favourite.

SPLONK. Lunar long jump!

DRIG. Space rock hurdles!

GLURP. Stop it, you two, and listen up. We've been planning this meeting for weeks. We don't want anything to go wrong. Our visitors will be arriving any minute.

SPLONK. Everything is ready. I've downloaded a free translation program from the Astro-Web. It's called Now We're Talking. All we need to do is wear these ear pods, and we'll be able to understand each other.

DRIG. But I can understand you already.

SPLONK (*frowning*). I meant we'll be able to understand our visitors and they'll be able to understand us.

SPLONK gives out the ear pods.

GLURP. Thanks, Splonk. Now let's go and welcome our visitors.

They leave the room.



COMPUTER (*buzzing and clicking*). Warning! Virus detected. My system is under attack! I repeat, my sister is under a sack! Warning! Warning!

SCENE TWO. The **COMPUTER** is buzzing and clicking in the corner. Everyone else is sitting at a table in the meeting room. They are all wearing ear pods.

GLURP. Welcome, everyone. The first thing we need to discuss today is where to hold the Space Games. We need some ideas.

ZEET (*puzzled*). We need some ripe pears? No, we don't. We're not here to eat. We're here to decide where to hold the Space Games. We need some ideas.

GLURP. But that's what I said.

FRAM. No, you didn't. I heard you say we need some white ears.

GLURP (*frowning and touching his ear pods*). No, no. I didn't say that. I'll try again. My idea is to build a sports centre on the moon.

KORK, DOON, FRAM, and ZEET. What??!!

KORK. A sports centre on a spoon? Won't it be a bit small?

DOON (*helpfully*). It could be a giant spoon.

GLURP. A giant spoon? I wonder if there's something wrong with these ear pods. Shall we move on? Splonk, can you talk about the space race? It's the highlight of the Space Games.

SPLONK. I think we should set a course that goes around the sun.

FRAM. Set a course that goes around a bun?

DOON. What kind of bun?

KORK. What kind of filling? Cream, custard, or jam?

ZEET. Why are we talking about food again?

GLURP (*quietly, to SPLONK and DRIG*). What's happening? Why are they talking about buns?

SPLONK. Who knows? Try another question, but don't mention spoons or buns.

GLURP. I didn't mention them!

He sighs and turns to the visitors.



GLURP. Can we just stop talking about buns for a moment ...

DOON. You're the one who brought them up.

FRAM. That's right. I don't think you're taking the Space Games seriously.

ZEET. I agree. Building sport centres on spoons! Running around buns! You're making fun of us! I vote that you are banned from the Space Games!

KORK. I agree, too!

DOON (*staring at KORK*). You're a pea, too?

KORK. How dare you say that!

FRAM. Did you say you're turning into a bat?

KORK. I said nothing of the sort!

ZEET. How dare you call me short!

DRIG (*to GLURP and SPLONK*). What's going on?

GLURP (*sighing*). I think there must be something wrong with the translation program.



SPLONK, DRIG, and GLURP *move over to the COMPUTER.*

GLURP. Computer, are you feeling OK?

COMPUTER. Ah good, it's moo. Now, listen to pea. I've something important to sell you. My blister is coming back! No, I mean, my toys are in a stack! No, I mean ...

GLURP (*interrupting*). Yes, I know what you're trying to say. Your system is under attack!

COMPUTER. At last, you rubber band! You're absolutely kite!

SPLONK. You're a genius, Glurp. There must be a virus in the translation download. It's making all this trouble.

COMPUTER. It's baking a small bubble?

SPLONK. We need to download some anti-virus software. We could use this free one – Dodgy Dirk's Almost Perfect Nearly Working Probably OK Virus Detector.

GLURP. OK, do it, Splonk.

SPLONK *presses some keys on the COMPUTER. Lights flash and twinkle.*



COMPUTER. Ahhh. The anti-virus is downloading. My sister feels so much better.

DRIG. My sister? Oh, no – it hasn't worked!

COMPUTER. Only joking. I mean my system feels so much better now. The virus has gone.

GLURP. Great. Now we're talking! Quick, we'd better get back to the visitors before they all get too angry and leave.

GLURP , SPLONK, and DRIG *move back to the table.*

COMPUTER *(talking to itself).* Yes, that's much better now. I'm feeling eight. Let's grow!



*illustrations by
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