

Act II Scene I

Narrator: While our intrepid rebel meteorologists are escaping to the planet Newbuilding, we now hop on the number 192 bus and pay a visit to the evil Bracknellian empire. As we near the planet Bracknell the air begins to turn foul, the landscape becomes increasingly barren and bleak. We hear the lonely, desperate cries of tormented souls being carried from faraway on the wind...oops, sorry I was getting a bit carried away there.

Now we are looking upon the rotten core of this evil empire, a place where dastardly deeds are dreamt up and poisonous plans are plotted, the coffee room of the Bracknellian empire. As we gaze upon this forsaken place two stormtroopers, the evil minions of the Dark Overlord Darth Valdes [sharp intake of breath], return from a hard day of naughtiness in search of refreshment and this weeks copy of New Scientist...

[Cue evil Star Wars music. Enter Stormtrooper 1 + 2. Menacingly march over to coffee table. Remove helmets.]

ST1: Ooo..I've had an awful day, I could murder a cup of coffee.

ST2: Oh I know, all that crushing rebel bases, it's left me with a migraine. There you go love. [Takes two cups and hands one to ST1]

ST1: Ooo..were you there when they attacked that planet TOB2?

ST2: Oh I know, it was awful. All those sandals and white socks, tres non-chic.

ST1: Ooo..and all that facial hair. They deserved a good thrashing if you ask me.

ST2: Look lively, here comes Darth Valdes.

[Enter Darth Valdes]

DV: I am the evil Darth Valdes. [BOO!] I have just returned from crushing the rebel base on TOB2 and as soon I have finished the Death GCM I will suck the whole galaxy dry of weather. [HISS!] I even like to kick small dogs and whistle in corridors. [BOO!]

[DV addresses STs]

What are you two doing here? You should be debugging the Death GCM and here you are lounging around drinking coffee. What do you think you are PhD Students?

ST1: Sincerest apologies Lord Valdes, but we came to tell you that we haven't got rid of all those smelly meteorologists from planet TOB2. Our intelligence sources tell us that a small ragtaggle band of rebels managed to escape, and are presently holed up on planet Newbuilding.

DV: Hmm..this is grave news indeed. I must tell the Emperor Stu at once.

ST2: Here comes Emperor Stu now Lord Valdes.

[Enter Emperor Stu]

[DV + STs bow down and chant]: Stu! Stu! We like the look of you!

Emperor: Rise my minions. ~~Lord~~ Valdes what news of our dastardly plan to suck the galaxy dry of weather?

DV: Well sire, we crushed the rebel base on Planet TOB2 this morning but we've just heard that a ragtaggle bunch of rebel meteorologists have escaped to the planet Newbuilding. But not to fear, Oh Illustrious leader, we will make straight for Newbuilding and destroy it with my new Death GCM, hmm..though I suppose that will mean we'll have to work

late tonight.

ST2: Aw, but I'll miss Eastenders.

Emperor: Is it that serious, Lord Valdes?

ST2: Well Ricky and Bianca have just...

DV: Silence! Hang on a second are you two drinking coffee without saucers!??

STs: Umm..err..

[DV makes hand gesture. STs start to choke.]

Emperor: That's enough, ~~Lord~~ Valdes.

[DV stops] DV: Just because Emperor Stu is feeling nice today I'm not going to punish you even more. Give thanks to your magnificent master.

STs: [chant] Stu! Stu! We'd like to marry you!

DV: Indeed you are honoured, my lucky little henchmen, for I have developed yet another evil weapon with which to defeat the rebels, and you will be the first to witness it's unveiling.

Emperor: ~~Now!~~ What is it ~~Lord~~ Valdes, a horrible ray gun that burns the flesh off our enemies.

ST2: Or perhaps it is new explosive that can blow up an entire solar system!

DV: Hmm nice ideas, but no, it is far more wicked than that. It is my crack force of Dalek Secretaries!

[Enter Dalek Secretaries]

Daleks: Exterminate! Exterminate! Fill in your claims form!

Emperor: Darth Valdes, you truly are an nasty man, I'm so glad I converted you to the dark side. You've taken to this evil-doing with relish.

DV: Well it's you I have to thank, Emperor Stu, for showing me the power of the dark side. I mean who could resist that increase in salary and superior pension scheme.

[DV + STs]: Stu! Stu! You could be our guru!

DV: Now, let's all praise our wonderful chief executive in song.

[Baddies song (to be written). All Exit]

Act II Scene II

Narrator: The rebels have landed on planet Newbuilding, a strange and unusual planet, for here the roofs don't leak and toilets lights are automatic. As we join them they step out from the JCOMMterprise and into this brave new world...

[Enter Luke, Princess, Swipc3o, Obiwan]

PLC: Ah, so this is Planet Newbuilding then? A bit cold though isn't Luke?

Luke: Yeah, it is a bit nippy, especially since the thermostats reckon it's a constant 42 degrees Celsius.

Ken: Mmm, I believe that this is the fourth coldest planet I've visited

in the month of December since 1972.

Swipc3o: Really Obwian Kenobi Sir, that is a most interesting fact.

Luke: Swipc3o, I think that your blatant lie circuits are wearing out again.

PLC: Look here come the crew from the JCMEnterprise.

[Enter Captain, Spock, Scotty. Spock holding black box thingy]

Captain: Greetings and salutations rabbles..er rebels. Fortunately for you we have brought with us our fantastically advanced sensor equipment with which we will be able to concisely and precisely locate any significant hazards to ourselves on this new planet. Mr. Spocktrager, our technical wizard, will initiate the search.

Spocktrager: Umm..[fiddles with black box]..did we get a manual with this? Ah!..oh, er..Captain, our sensors indicate that the only significant item on planet Newbuilding would appear to be a talking lift.

Scotty: A talking lift! Dunna talk rubbish man. What would anyone want with a talking lift!

Spocktrager: Mmm..the sensors must be broken. Hold on I'll just stick a post-it note on it.

Swipc3o: Don't fret yourselves Sirs. I'll shall perform a search of Planet Newbuilding using my own built-in sensor technology, oops!...Loop error...core dump...[Powers Down]

Luke: Damn ipc series.

Captain: No need to fear Luke. Mr. Spocktrager, our technical wizard, will repair your robot. Mr. Spocktrager the three fingered Vulcan death grip if you please.

Scotty: Oh no, not the three fingered Vulcan death grip.

Spocktrager: Mmm..let's see now. Ah there's Control and Alt. Now where's Delete. Oh there we go.

Swipc3o: Memory test...enter new time and date...[and other rebooting noises]

PLC: This is all very well but how on Newbuilding are we going to defeat the evil empire and the dreaded Darth Valdes?

Ken: Well as I mentioned in the first Act, what we need to do is to train up our useless ragtaggle bunch of PhD students into PV knights. Then they can attack the Death GCM in our Xpilots.

Luke: But how do the Xpilots get past the Death GCMs defences?

Ken: What I failed to mentioned, even though this is central to the plot, is that we also need it to develop a cunning computer virus that will enable us to scramble their defence systems, thus allow our Xpilots to attack without fear of reprisal.

Captain: Fortunately for you rebels, Mr. Spocktrager, our technical wizard, is with us.

Spocktrager: Not to fear Captain. I'll come up with a plan.

Captain: In that case we shall retire to the JCMEnterprise so that Mr. Spocktrager can develop his computer virus.

Scotty: We're doomed!

[Scotty, Spock and Captain exit]

Ken: It's time to train up that ragtaggle bunch of Phd Students into PV knights. Luke and Princess Layer Cloud, could you fetch them for me?

[Enter PV knights 1,2,3]

PV knight1: STORM TRACKS!

PV Knight2: RADIATION!

PV Knight3: LIGHTNING!

PLC: How on Newbuilding are this useless lot going to become PV Knights?

Ken: I shall teach them the ways of the PV knights. They shall learn the one true skill that all PV Knights possess. How to carry a cup of coffee...

PV Knight1: [Shocked] STORM TRACKS!

Ken: ...without a SAUCER!

PV Knight2+3: [Petrieved] RADIATION! LIGHTNING!

Luke: Holy Thurburn's Buckyballs Ken. Can they possibly do that?

Ken: We can only try Luke. The future of Meteorology as we know it depends upon these PV Knights. Should we fail and the dark side win, all the weather will be sucked out of the galaxy forever. And there will be no more current weather game.

PLC: Then let's go to work.

Ken: Let's first see just how good their coffee carrying skills are.

[Each of the PV Knights gets a cup of coffee, try to walk with it and spill coffee everywhere.]

PLC: They're useless.

PV Knight1: [dejected] Storm tracks...

Ken: Don't be too judgemental Princess. Carrying a cup of coffee is much harder than you think.

Narrator: An hour later, after an intensive informal seminar entitled "Coffee carrying: much harder than you thought".

Ken: Now try carrying those cups again.

[All the PV Knights succeed in carrying the coffee this time]

Luke: They've done it!

PLC: And without saucers!

Ken: I must say I was worried there for a moment, but yes they seemed to have cracked it! They truly are PV Knights now.

PV Knight1: STORM TRACKS!...are regions of high frequency variability associated with synoptic scale weather systems!

PV Knight2: RADIATION!...is the forcing of the atmosphere by the absorption and emittance of electromagnetic waves!

PV Knight3: LIGHTNING!...is a sparkly bright thing that comes shooting out of the sky!

Ken: Well I suppose two out of three isn't bad.

Luke: Oh, I thought that was a fairly good description of lightning.

PLC: Hey look it's the crew from the JCMEnterprise again.

[Enter Captain, Scotty and Spock. Spock brandishing floppy disk this time.]

Luke: Well have you done it. have you managed to develop a cunning computer virus that will allow us to attack the Death GCM.

Captain: Mr. Spocktrager has spent the past few hours in a deep contemplative trance, transforming the laws of computer science as we know them. He has developed a virus so cunning it bypasses all known detection programs, and yet so powerful that it will render any computer system useless within minutes. Mr. Spocktrager what do you call this computer virus?

Spocktrager: [Holding up disk] Why Captain, I call it Word for Windows 7.

Ken: Excellent. It's time to attack the Death GCM. Gentleman, oh and Ladies, start your Xpilots!

Scotty: We're doomed!

[Exit all to rapturous applause]