

# The Department of Meteorology

presents

The Millennium Pantomime...

# The Wizard of Um

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## Dramatis Personæ (in order of appearance)

DOROTHY	<i>Elspeth</i>
TOTO	<i>Jeff</i>
MICHAEL FISH	<i>A well-known TV Meteorologist</i>
JOHN THUBURN	<i>Chris</i>
GILES HARRISON	<i>Malcombe</i>
TECHNOLOGY JAMES	<i>James</i>
The GOOD WITCH of the Tropics	<i>Susan</i>
The UMCHKINS	<i>Christine, Marion and Hilary</i>
The ECMWF	<i>Pete</i>
The EGG WAITER	<i>Andy</i>
The SCARECROW	<i>Dan</i>
GEORGE CRAIG	<i>Brenda</i>
The SILICONMAN	<i>Ben</i>
PAUL VALDUDES	<i>Bob</i>
ALAN O'LION	<i>Andrew</i>
DAVE FRAMEMAKER	<i>Mike</i>
CALAMITY JAMES	<i>James</i>
BARRIE	<i>Mike</i>
The REF	<i>Andy</i>
A VORTI CITIZEN	<i>Helen</i>
ROSEMARIE	<i>Chris</i>
STAGEHANDS/WARDROBE	<i>John, Dan Adamson</i>
The WIZARD of UM	<i>mystery guesst appearance</i>
KEN	<i>Ian</i>
A CURRENT WEATHER SPEAKER	<i>Cyril</i>

## ACT 1 Scene I

*The play opens with a comedy Hollywood credits sequence on the projection screen. After the laughter has died down, the stage is in darkness and the Narrator appears, spot-lit at the side of the stage.*

NARRATOR: Ah! Dear sirs! Ladies too!;  
This play which you are now to see;  
We hope will not offend you;  
For it is but the tale of something strange;  
And quite removed from day-to-day reality.  
To start us off, let's introduce;  
The star of our great odyssey;  
A little girl - with golden curl;  
And well versed in synoptic meteorology.

*Fade to black. Exit narrator. Enter Dorothy and Toto, stage left. Dorothy is probably carrying a picnic.*

DOROTHY: Oh Toto, what a fine day! Wouldn't it be super to go outside and take some measurements - for my PhD?

*Toto (standing) shrugs shoulders to audience*

DOROTHY: I'd better just check the forecast first, Toto.

*Dorothy turns on the TV, which is located so that the screen faces away from the audience.*

DOROTHY: Oh look! It's my hero, Michael fish - he's so great and honest and kind. When I grow up I want to be just like him.

FISH (*on TV*): ... So, to summarise, another fine day. Absolutely no chance of tornados.

DOROTHY: Great, I'll be writing up in no time. I can't wait to hear what my supervisor will say about me at the wine party.

DOROTHY(*song*): Somewhere, over the first floor, way up high,  
There's a place that I heard of  
Once during coffee time.  
Somewhere, over the first floor, the Suns are new,  
And their model predictions  
Really do come true.  
Someday my long computer runs  
Will work and get the right results  
Precisely  
And diagnostics packages  
With just one press of just one key  
Will interpret PV.  
Somewhere, over the first floor, they all have PhDs  
Doctors -live on that strange floor  
Why then, oh, why not me  
If happy little postdocs fly beyond the first floor,  
Why, oh, why can't I?

*The music continues, as Dorothy and Toto leave walk towards the field site at the right of the stage.  
Back drop of field site.*

*Dorothy takes a whirling micrometer and notebook out of her basket and starts making measurements  
Backdrop and sounds of tornado*

DOROTHY: Oh my!! A tornado!

*She runs round panicking.*

Dorothy: Help! Won't somebody help me?!

*Stage right, enter runner in tank-top (John Thuburn)*

THUBURN: Um.. actually, what seems to be the problem?

DOROTHY: Oh Dr Thuburn! Please help us, before the tornado comes!

THUBURN: What are you talking about? I can't resolve any tornadoes. ... but the fence around the field site – the mesh – strangely hexagonal ... hmm - gives me an idea .... Sorry, must dash!

*Thuburn runs off to the right. Dorothy is looking increasingly worried.*

DOROTHY: Oh my, Toto! What are we to do?!

*Toto points sarcastically towards the left of the stage, representing the field site hut - which is suddenly lit by spotlight. She mime-opens the door. Inside the hut (i.e. he has been at the side of the stage all along) is Giles Harrison, crouched over a computer and some bizarre-looking piece of experimental apparatus.*

DOROTHY: Oh, Dr Harrison – your secret supply of Kinder Surprise Eggs!

GILES: Yes, I've just had a *spark* of inspiration, so I came up here like *lightening* and have been *charging* around trying to make it work.

DOROTHY: But what are you doing?

GILES: I plan to measure the electric field in the tornado using this Chocospheric Electrodynamic Eggometer here, but I just can't get it to work.

TECH. JAMES: *(from the back of the theatre to stage left)* This sounds like a job for *Technology James!*

*Technology James 'walk-flies' to the front of the theatre and fiddles about with the wires connecting Giles' equipment together.*

TECH. JAMES: Loose connections... Tenuous links...

GILES: ...just like the panto script.

TECH JAMES: *(to Dorothy)* I should get out of here before the sparks really start flying....

*Dorothy leaves the hut area at the left of the stage, and looks around desperately as the wind noise increases.*

DOROTHY: Oh no, Toto! What are we going to do now?! *(she sees the other hut, stage right. The first hut is in darkness now, and Giles and James can make a quiet exit as the next part of the action progresses)* Oh look Toto, the other hut – if we run, we can make it.

*With difficulty, Dorothy enters the other hut, and pretends to be being thrown around in it (Like in star-trek), whilst Toto looks on in bemusement. The wind noise gets louder and louder, possibly with dramatic accompanying music, as the light fades. Then Dorothy falls to the ground, and we suddenly cut to darkness and silence.*

## Scene II

*The scene opens with Dorothy lying on the floor where she fell at the end of Scene I. Toto, however, has been replaced by a stuffed dog. There could be appropriate ethereal music too (Venus or Saturn from The Planets?), as the light comes up gradually, and Dorothy gets up and looks around her in amazement.*

DOROTHY:                   Where am I ? What is this strange place ? Everything is made out of cubes and...and...all these bright colours. How can anyone live with such a colour scheme !

*Good Witch of the Tropics appears left  
Umchkins on right corner*

DOROTHY:                   *(surprised)* And who are you!?  
GOOD WITCH:               Why, I'm Julia the Good Witch of the Tropics and guardian of the diurnal cycle. Who are you?  
DOROTHY:                   Dorothy, but most people call me Dot. That's just Dot. Period.

*Umchkins titter*

DOROTHY:                   And this is my dog ... err... *(looks at Toto in her arms)* Toto! What *has* happened to you!!?  
GOOD WITCH:               Ah, he has been parametrised. Unfortunately the parameterisation appears to be a little unrealistic. I keep telling them at the Hadley centre to get these things sorted out  
DOROTHY:                   But where am I?  
GOOD WITCH:               You've arrived in the Unified Model: the U.M. *(spell it out!)*, known as the magical land of UM.  
UMCHKINS:                 UM... UM... UM...  
DOROTHY:                   And what's that noise?  
GOOD WITCH:               Well, we're in UMchkinland, and these are the UMchkins

*Three Umchkins appear from the right wearing rain/cloud/sun symbols and/or equations*

GOOD WITCH:               This is Reddin. This is Yookay. This is Aysee. Have you Met ? Dot...Reddin, Dot...Aysee, Dot...Yookay.  
DOROTHY:                   Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

*The UMchkins become very excited all of a sudden. They point to the area at the front of the stage which the audience can't see, and where we suppose the legs belonging to the Witch of Weather Action are protruding from beneath some kind of building (the field site hut).*

UMCHKINS:                 The Witch, The Witch, The Witch

*Good Witch notices the witch is dead*

GOOD WITCH:               Corbyn heck!! Your field site hut landed on the Witch of Weather Action, and killed her outright! And so you are now the rightful owner of the Solar Flares, which confer many powers upon the wearer.  
DOROTHY:                   Solar flares! I didn't think they were still in fashion.  
GOOD WITCH:               Ah, they make a come-back about every eleven years.

*Dorothy takes and puts on Solar Flares. Immediately, there is a dramatic chord or other music, and the ECMWF appears , stage left*

UMCHKIN1:                 Oh no, it's the Extremely Cunning and Mischievous Weather Friend.  
UMCHKIN2:                 Yes, it's the E.C.M.W.F.! Run for your lives!

*The Umchkins run and hide, stage right*

ECMWF: Ach liebe Himmel. I'm late again. So much for a dramatic entrance. It's those damn strikers. If it's not the fishermen blocking the ferry terminal, it's the farmers blocking Eurostar. Zut alors! But anyway I'M HERE!

UMCHKINS: *(from the edge of the stage)* Aaaaah!

DOROTHY: And WHO are you?

ECMWF: Ja ja. I am Professor Juan Tortellini-Kristiensen.

GOOD WITCH: What do you want anyway?

ECMWF: Mama mia! Je suis the master of the weather. I have absolute control over rain, snow, sleet, thunder, hail... Ha ha ha ha haa!

DOROTHY: *(unimpressed)* Yes.. and?

ECMWF: Hombre! I, Professor Juan Pierre Wolfgang Totellini-Kristiensen, have become bored with the weather in the land of UM. It has become too predictable. I have decided to change all that. I have stayed up all night and come up with a wonderful plan. I have laboured long and hard, I have wracked my brain and relied on all my cunning, I have delved into the ancient tomes of learned scholars and I've even read Hoskins, McIntyre and Robertson

DOROTHY: *(interrupting)* Yeah yeah, so what?

ECMWF: Caramba. I didn't understand a word of it. I, Professor Juan Pierre Wolfgang Luigi Carlos Boris van der Tortellini-Kristiensen, have developed a whole army of bugs, UMbugs. Umbugs that I have released into the land of UM, where they will plague you by creating spurious and physically unexplainable weather phenomena. Flash floods, blizzards in the Sahara, sweltering heat at the poles and daily rain in Britain... oh that happens already. My bugs are potent. My bugs are cunning. My bugs will make life here in the land of UM a misery. Ha ha ha ha haa!

OMNES: Boo! Hiss!

GOOD WITCH: That Professor, he's an evil Juan.

ECMWF: Ha ha ha ha haa!

DOROTHY: So what can we do? Is there any hope?

GOOD WITCH: The Professor is powerful but without those Solar flares he cannot finish off the coding for those bugs, and they must be vulnerable. ECMWF, you have no power here in UMchkinland. Be Gone!

ECMWF: Don't sink you can escape me Dorosy. I'll get zose solar flares...

*ECMWF cackles exits, stage left*

*Boos and hisses all round...*

*The UMchkins return to the stage gradually when they see that the ECMWF has gone.*

DOROTHY: Oh, Julia, Good Witch of the Tropics. I want to go home. Can't you help me go home ?

GOOD WITCH: I'm afraid that despite being a professor, I cannot help you. There is only one person in the whole land of UM that could send you home, and that's the great and powerful Wizard of UM.

DOROTHY: The Wizard of UM? Where can I find this Wizard.

GOOD WITCH: He lives a long way away in Vorti City.

DOROTHY: Vorticity? But how do I get to Vorti City?

GOOD WITCH: It's easy. All you have to do is follow the ITCZ.

UMCHKINS: *(High pitched)* Follow the ITCZ. Follow the ITCZ.

DOROTHY: Why do they sing so high?

GOOD WITCH: Well, they didn't want to sing solo.

*Dorothy looks around not knowing which way to go*

GOOD WITCH: Here, this UMchkin will point you in the right direction.

*An Umchkin (the Egg Waiter) arrives wearing waiter's outfit and carrying lots of eggs/egg boxes*

DOROTHY: Who's that?

GOOD WITCH: Oh he's called the Egg-waiter. Some say he's been all around the World! He's even been knighted, you know. Now he's Sir Cumference.

DOROTHY: Oh, he's *really* hot!

EGG WAITER: Come here Dorothy. Dot come.

CAST SONG: Follow the ITCZ. Follow the ITCZ  
Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow the ITCZ  
Follow the ITC... Follow the ITC ...  
Follow the ITCZ

We're off to tune convection, by changing the rainfall in UM  
You'll find it is a bitch of a job! If ever a job there was  
If ever oh ever a job there was- the rainfall in UM is one because  
Because, because, because, because, because:  
The parameterisation is up the spout.

*All skip off stage left singing we're off to see the Wizard*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### Scene I

*Lights up. In the middle of the stage is a signpost. On one arm is the legend 'Ensemble Forecasting'. The other reads 'Improved Ocean Models'. The Scarecrow is attached to his pole to the left of the sign, and completely motionless. Enter Dorothy, stage right, who is walking along the ITCZ. She has Toto, who has changed into a cow, in her arms.*

DOROTHY: Oh Toto – you've changed into a cow – I expect that's Jo Pelly's doing. But which way do we go now? Look – there's a sign over there.

*She reads the sign.*

DOROTHY: More ensemble forecasting or improved ocean models... why they both sound like a waste of time to me.

SCARECROW: If you ask me I wouldn't start from here.

DOROTHY: (*surprised*) Who said that? It was a very stupid thing to say.

SCARECROW: I'm sorry, I'm Hoskins the scarecrow, I went to last years panto and by the end of it I'd totally lost my brain. My mind's now as empty as Journal Club. What I need is a new brain

SACRECROW(*sing*): I could study complex forms, like mid-atlantic storms  
And understand the rain.  
And atmospheric blocking,  
With depressions interlocking.  
If I only had a brain.

DOROTHY(*sing*): From advection of air that's cold, to tropospheric folds.  
The knowledge you could gain!  
You'd make clever observations  
about PV conservation  
If you only had a brain.

DOROTHY: If what you need is a new brain, why don't you come with us to see the Wizard of UM, I'm sure he could get you one.

SCARECROW: OK sure, but could you get me down off this pole first please.

DOROTHY: OK.

*Squelchy extraction sound as Dorothy pulls the pole out of Scarecrows backside*

DOROTHY: Let's go to Vorti City.

*They skip to the left of the stage to the tune of "We're off to see the Wizard", then turn around and skip back to the centre where they find George Craig who has entered from the right*

*Enter George Craig, stage right*

DOROTHY: Hello who are you?

GEORGE: I'm George

DOROTHY: hmm, your accent... are you American?

GEORGE: (*angry voice*) No, I'm Canadian actually, people often make that mistake. They sometimes think I'm Scottish too.

DOROTHY: Well why not come along with us to the Wizard of Um, I'm sure he could make you more obviously Canadian.

GEORGE: Great idea.

SCARECROW: Canadian hey? Throw another shrimp on the barbie, mate! Great Olympics you boys put on..

GEORGE: That's Australia you fool!

SCARECROW: Oh I am sorry, I haven't got a brain, my head's as empty as the coffee room fridge when you need chocolate. So what is Canada famous for?

GEORGE: *(bends down and picks up Malteser)* Gosh! Look at this - *(sniffs)* Elk droppings! *(eats it)* And only a few days old too.

DOROTHY: Now you're just changing the subject, what has Canada ever done?

GEORGE: Sorry I can't come with you to the wizard of UM, I'm going to hunt down this elk instead.

*George starts to track the Elk slowly across the stage to the left.*

DOROTHY: Oh well, let's carry on to Vorti City!

*Dorothy and the Scarecrow continue to the right of the stage into darkness and stop.*

*ECMWF enters, stage left and whispers into George Craig's ear. George nods, and the two of them leave the stage together, stage left.*

*Dorothy and the Scarecrow re-enter, skipping the stage right.*

*Toto has changed into a sheep (this is a visual gag, so Dorothy doesn't say anything).*

*Enter Siliconman, stage left, moving very stiffly, with one hand holding his chin, and the other clutching a 'Unix for Dummies' book*

DOROTHY: Who's that bloke over there?

SILICONMAN: *(In croaky voice, barely moving lips)* Need coffee, can't move.

SCARECROW: What did he say?

DOROTHY: I think he said he's desperate for some coffee.

SCARECROW: I think I've got some coffee left over from the last Met. Soc. meeting., along with some small tasteless biscuits. *(pulls out thermos, pours the contents down Tinman's throat.)*

SILICONMAN: *(Gradually comes to life)* Ahhh, that's better, I can't do *anything* without some coffee inside me.

DOROTHY: Who are you?

SILICONMAN: I'm Ellis, the Siliconman. I was trying to understand this complicated technical book, when I just froze through lack of coffee.

SILICONMAN*(sings)*: In a way I do feel blessed, being in charge of ITS  
 A finer job you could not make  
 But my mind is close to trashing - as these cursed suns keep crashing  
 AND I REALLY NEED A BREAK  
 I'd fill my cup, and sit down, and try and lose my frown  
 It'd be a piece of cake  
 I'd sip my drink in silence, with no more thoughts of violence  
 IF I HAD A COFFEE BREAK  
 I could run away - from these suns,  
 To my dear old, nice 3 tuns  
 What fun.  
 Or just take a walk outside, see the campus far and wide  
 and sit down by the lake  
 I could read a scooter mag  
 In a comfy chair in Ag  
 IF I HAD A COFFEE BREAK  
 JUST ONE BREAK- JUST ONE CUP OF OF COFFEE- IT'S NOT TOO MUCH  
 TO ASK IS IT? COME ON- BOTHER DALE OR SHEILA FOR A BIT! LEAVE  
 ME ALONE! BLAME SUN NOT ME.....

SCARECROW: Calm down man – why don't you come with us to see the Wizard of UM. I'm sure he'll be able to give you a break. Or a Kit Kat.

DOROTHY: By the way, are we on the right path to the Vorti City?

SILICONMAN: *(exasperated)* Why so many questions when I'm just trying to have a coffee break?



*Dorothy, the Scarecrow and the Siliconman skip to stage left then turn around and return to centre with “We’re off to see the Wizard”*

*Valdudes enters, stage right in a Hawaiin shirt, shades, carrying bucket and spade and a surfboard (ironing board) and looking for something*

SCARECROW: Oh, who are you? And what are you looking for?  
VALDUDES: Hey man, I’m Paul Valdudes. I’ve got this new computer game, it’s really far out, dude. But I need another 5000 Terabytes of disk space, and a brand new supercomputer to run it.  
SILICONMAN: Rumour has it that the Wizard of UM has several thousand ZX Spectrums running in parallel, I’m sure he could help. Why don’t you come with us to Vorti City?  
VALDUDES: Awesome!, I’ll say there’s a conference there and put it on expenses. When does the plane leave?  
DOROTHY: Actually, we’re walking.  
VALDUDES: Ahh....And what are the beaches like at Vorti City?  
SCARECROW: There aren’t any.  
VALDUDES: Ski slopes?  
SILICONMAN: No  
VALDUDES: Does the hotel have a jacuzzi?  
SCARECROW: No  
VALDUDES: Ummm,....on second thoughts I think I’ll just stay here and rub my board down.

*Dorothy, the Scarecrow and the Siliconman skip to stage right then turn around to tune “We’re off”*

*ECMWF enters stage left and entices Valdudes off in same manner as before. They exit stage left*

*Dorothy, the Scarecrow and the Siliconman skip back to centre. Toto now a moose*

*Lion jumps out from stage left and scares them, wearing cycle clips and cycle helmet*

LION: Grrrrr, I’m Alan O’Lion, and I’m going to rob you and then eat you.  
DOROTHY: You don’t scare me: I’m a PhD student with no money so there’s no point in robbing me. I’ve only just got enough money to buy more fashionable clothes than postdocs. Anyway, why are you so angry?  
LION: I’ve just been to the Met Soc garden party and there was *no booze!*

LION(*sings*): When one’s in charge of CGAM  
One says bye to one’s freedom  
No really, I don’t jest.  
I’d like to fly out of here, and sit down with a beer  
I need some courage (best).  
I’m sick of polite greetings, in alcohol-free meetings  
My sanity’s gone west  
If sobriety was illegal,  
I’d sit myself down regal...  
And quaff all my Beneagles...  
If this Wizard is far better than the rest  
Then I’m sure to get a brain, a break, and a courage (best).

SCARECROW: Why don’t you come with us to Vorti City? There’s a great pub there called the 3-Ums and one of the barmaids looks like Darcy Bussell.

LION: Mamma Mia, I’ll get my bike (*this is a verbal gag only, he doesn’t really get bike*)

*Skip to “We’re off” tune to stage left then turn around and skip back to centre*

*Framemaker enters stage right, wearing cricket whites and a pet sheep*

DOROTHY: Oh, hello, who are you?  
FRAMEMAKER: Goodday, I’m Dave Framemaker, you’re lavely, but not as lavely as me. Have you seen my cricket ‘bit’?  
LION: No, but we’re going to see the wizard of UM in Vorti City, I’m sure he could get you one.

FRAMEMAKER: What are the top five pints of 'beast' in Vorti City?  
SCARECROW: Well, I hear they have Fosters on tap.  
FRAMEMAKER: Ahhh geez, I'm not touching that Aussie piss. Anyway, nice to have 'mit' you?????????  
DOROTHY: (*imitating accent*) Yeahh, nice to have 'mit' you too

*Framemaker makes to leave, to the left, practising some cricket strokes.*

LION: Ohhh, he was a glossy boy wasn't he!  
FRAMEMAKER: (*shouting from the edge of the stage*) NO, I'M NOT A GLOSSY BOY, I AM A SERIOUS ACADEMIC WITH A PHD .....AND I'VE WRITTEN A BOOK????  
OMNES: Oooohhh!

*Before Framemaker can get too far, he is accosted by the ECMWF on left in the usual manner. The others leave the stage to right without ceremony. Lights down.*

## Scene II

*Lights up on the UM Control Room – mainly consists of a silvery control desk with 'UM Controls' written on it. Computery noises fill the air, and severe weather could be projected onto the screen. Inside we see the ECMWF, Framemaker, Valdudes and George Craig.*

ECMWF: Curses! That Dorothy is really getting my onions in a twist. Skipping along the ITCZ like she owns the place! I have perturbed my internal physics and re-coded myself as a woman so that I can compete with her in the fashion stakes. (*strangles Valdudes*)  
VALDUDES: Chill man, ... I mean woman!  
GEORGE: Those flares don't even suit her.  
ECMWF: Oui, I'm at the cutting edge of European fashion. Those flares belong to me! Haven't you three come up with a plan? Whatever happened to the Brain Drain to the ECMWF? We even had Hoskins and Julia for a while but they managed to escape. Well, that does it! It's time for the last resort! (*frantically*) Wo ist Calamity James? Get here and fix this UM!

*Enter Calamity James, stage right – walk-flying as before.*

ECMWF: Calamity James – are you sure we can run the UMbugs on this heap of junk?  
CALAM. JAMES: Eh, calm down mate. I got you a good deal on that. Listen, I can get you drizzle, stratocumulus and a localised ground frost by next Tuesday.  
FRAMEMAKER: That'll not be enough? What we need is to put Toto on a stretched grid, and ... (*dramatic pause*) decrease the resolution?

*Gasps all round*

VALDUDES: Then subject the pair to a perpetual January – Far out man!  
GEORGE: Or we could flood the entire place and watch her drown.  
FRAMEMAKER: No way mate, we tried that a few weeks ago across the whole of England?  
ECMWF: Das ist true! I could not believe all the credit went to Global Warming, after all my hard work.  
CALAM. JAMES: No, no, mate. Listen, I can't guarantee ought, but I know a geezer who could rustle up a snowstorm by Monday, but I'd be putting myself out for that. I'll need a little incentive – you hear what I'm saying?  
ECMWF: Ha ha ha ha... That should do it. She will no longer follow my ITCZ. Ha ha ha ha ha! There is certainly no place like *my* home! Muh ha ha ha ha!!!

*Boos and hisses all round. Dramatic ECMWF music (Timpani from 'Neptune'?). Lights down.*

### Scene III

*Lights up on Dorothy and her companions walking along from right to left. Music is Grieg – ‘Morning’ from Peer Gynt.*

DOROTHY: Oh, it’s such a lovely day – it won’t be long before we get to Vorti City.

*Suddenly, the lights dim, and there is thunder, lightening and wind.*

SILICONMAN: Oh, the weather’s suddenly got much worse – I can’t go any further in this wind.

*Terrifying music – enter ECMWF, stage left in smoke, etc.*

ECMWF: Ah Hah, at last I have you, you swinehunds. I have you trapped like the scum on your tasteless English tea. I will drown you in strong coffee, throw raw meat and garlic in your face, make you wear lederhosen, and worst of all.....force you to grow your armpit hair. Ha ha ha!

SILICONMAN: *(drooling in Homer style)* mmmmm, coffee....

LION: *(terrified)* What are we going to do?

SCARECROW: I know, we’ll confuse him with the rules of cricket,

ECMWF: Nein!

DOROTHY: Make him watch Morris dancing.

ECMWF: Non!

SCARECROW: And worst of all, recite last year’s panto script.

ECMWF: Mon dieu, I surrender

*The ECMWF runs off, stage left.*

LION: That was a bit harsh.

DOROTHY: Well, it serves her right for earning so much money.

*They carry on walking to the left. Grieg ‘Morning’ again. Suddenly, Dorothy grabs the Siliconman.*

DOROTHY: Look at that through the trees. That’s potentially Vorti City.

SILICONMAN: It looks like a bit of a dump.

LION: Well you’ve obviously never been to Bracknell.

DOROTHY: Never mind – let’s go

*They march off to the left then off stage with ‘We’re off to see the Wizard’ once again playing in the background.*

CURTAIN

## ACT III Scene I

*The main characters come down the right aisle of the theatre, and meet Barrie at the entrance to the stage (right). Toto has changed into a football.*

SILICONMAN: Here we are - Vorti City  
DOROTHY: My, Toto, you've changed into a football!  
SCARECROW: How do we get in, then?  
LION: Let's try knocking on the door

*They knock on an imaginary door and Barrie answers.*

BARRIE: Hello, who are you?  
SILICONMAN: We've come to see the Wizard  
BARRIE: I am Barrie, the door-keeper, and he who would enter the Vorti City, must answer me these questions three ...

*Spotlight on Dorothy and her friends. Barrie speaks in a 'Monty-python's Holy Grail' bridge-keeper's voice.*

BARRIE: No. 1: **What** will the temperature be at 12z in Berlin this Sunday?  
DOROTHY: (*aside*) What is this, the current weather game? Anyway, it's an easy question. I am well-versed in synoptic meteorology after all. (*to Barrie*) 10.3 degrees.  
BARRIE: OK... No. 2: **What** does PROMISE stand for?  
SILICONMAN: Predictability and variability of monsoons and the agricultural and hydrological impacts of climate change.  
BARRIE: How can it possibly stand for that? I wouldn't stand for it if I were you!  
DOROTHY: Anyway, no. 3: **What** is your favourite football team?  
DOROTHY: Oh I don't know....(*in the style of 'Who wants to be a millionaire?'*) Can I ask the audience? (*then to the audience*) What's *your* favourite football team?

*Audience response*

DOROTHY: (*Any answer from those contributed by the audience (but clearly not Aston Villa)....*)  
BARRIE: That's the wrong answer. I'm sorry, you can't come in to my *Villa*.  
DOROTHY: Oh *Arsenal*!!  
LION: (*realisation dawns...*) Hang on, you can't keep us out with that blatant piece of Monty Python plagiarism!  
BARRIE: Well, it's a game of two halves – I suppose I'll give you another chance to get in to my *Crystal Palace*. But watch out or you'll be thrown to the *Wolves*.  
SCARECROW: That really *Spurs* us on. The ref hasn't blown the final whistle yet!  
BARRIE: You lot think you're right royal. Well, I'll tell you what, your *Madjeski*, you don't know sweet FA.

*On comes a referee, stage left in black, blowing his whistle. He pulls out a red card, holding it up firmly.*

REF: That's pun too far. Off!  
BARRIE: Albion my way then.

*Barrie leaves the stage, right aisle*

*Ref leaves the stage, left aisle*

*Dorothy, Scarecrow, Siliconman and Lion move towards the centre.*

*Rosemarie is sat behind a desk on the left of the stage, and there are people playing conkers and/or croquet in the background. In the middle of the stage our heroes encounter a random citizen (entered stage left) carrying a polystyrene cup of wine...*

LION: There's so many people, what's going on?  
CITIZEN: There's been a computer failure, so we can't do any work .  
SILICONMAN: So what are you doing?  
CITIZEN: Celebrating in the *Normal Way*.  
LION: Is that wine you're drinking? Can I have some?  
CITIZEN: Sure...

*The lion swigs from the polystyrene cup and then spits the wine out in disgust.*

LION: Ugh. That's terrible wine. And it's not even in a proper glass. We must see the wizard as soon as possible. Which way is it?  
CITIZEN: That way (*points*). Turn left at the photocopier.

*Dorothy and friends move towards the left of the stage where Rosemarie is sat behind a desk.*

SILICONMAN: Are you the wizard?  
ROSEMARIE: No, I'm Mary Rose. I'm here to make sure that the newcomers feel welcome. Would you like a cup of tea?  
DOROTHY: Oh no, we mustn't stay, we have to see the wizard – the wonderful wizard of UM.  
ROSEMARIE: It's just through there. Don't forget to put in for shoe-leather on your travel expenses form.

*Dorothy and friends leave the stage (left aisle) as the lights go down.*

## Scene II

*The lights come up to reveal the projector screen, switched on but blank. To the left of it (and towards the back of the stage) is a curtain, held up by two stagehands. Dorothy and her companions enter from the right aisle.*

SILICONMAN: Is one of you the wizard?  
STAGEHAND: Shhh, no, we're stagehands. We're not in the play!  
PROJECTOR: I AM THE WIZARD. (*only the Lion notices the projector*)  
LION: (*reading aloud...*) I am the wizard.  
SCARECROW: (*who thinks the Lion is the wizard*) What, *you're* the wizard??!!!!  
WIZARD: NO.....I AM THE WIZARD.

*This is said in a loud, deep, booming voice from offstage, as well as appearing on the projector. From here onwards everything the wizard says both appears on the projector and is spoken in this somewhat distorted voice*

DOROTHY: Please Mr. Wizard, can you help us? I want to go home!  
SCARECROW: And I need a brain  
SILICONMAN: And I *really* need a coffee break  
LION: And I need a pint of courage  
WIZARD: I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU WHAT YOU EEK.  
LION: eek?!  
WIZARD: SORRY SEEK. THAT WAS A TYPO. POWER DIMISHING. BUGS ALL OVER UM. ECMWF AT LARGE. GET DEBUGGER (*pronounced 'zee bugger'*) AND I WILL HELP.  
DOROTHY: So, if we're going to get to the christmas party before the booze runs out, we're going to have to defeat the ECMWF in classic panto style.  
SCARECROW: But how do we find the ECMWF again?  
WIZARD: LOOK FOR EXTREME WEATHER.  
SILICONMAN: And how do we distinguish extremes due to anthropogenic climate change from systematic model errors?  
DOROTHY: We really must work this out in case the BBC phones up.

*Enter Ken from right (in yellow waterproofs).*

KEN: Well it's all right, Dorothy, I have records for this area going back to 1921. Just compare it with that.  
SCARECROW: There (*pointing to the right*) - off stage, an anomalous snowstorm!  
SILICONMAN: Quick, let's run after it!

*They run round the theatre to chase music (forgotten music from last year). Eventually lights dim and the music fades to 'forest at night' sounds (owls etc.?). The stage is set up as for the UM control room (and ECMWF hideout) of earlier. The debugger, a bucket and a crate of beer are stashed somewhere on the stage.*

*The stagehands become a 'wardrobe' at the stage entrance (left in from of lecturn). Dorothy and friends stop in the aisle left just before they reach this.*

SILICONMAN: We seem to have lost it.  
SCARECROW: Where are we?  
LION: If the scenery was better, I'd say we were in a dark forest.

*Siliconman notices the wardrobe and points...*

SILICONMAN: What's that?  
LION: It's a wardrobe, can't you tell?  
DOROTHY: Are you a wardrobe?  
WARDROBE: Yes, but I'm not a talking wardrobe.  
DOROTHY: I'm so cold, let's look inside and see if there's a fashionable fur coat. (*she 'bobs' her hair girlishly*)

*The stagehands each step aside a bit, and our heroes walk between them into the UM control room.*

LION: This wardrobe has no back!  
SILICONMAN: Where are we?  
LION: All these controls!  
SILICONMAN: And here's a mug and a coffee machine, (*looks on back*) and it's been safety tested!  
DOROTHY: But that mug's got somebody else's name on it. Look it say's Ned's mug.  
SILICONMAN: Oh I don't care, I need coffee. I'm off to find a plug socket. (*he leaves, stage right, with mug and coffeemaker in hands*)  
SCARECROW: Diffusion..... convection.... advection..... Big Edward control????!!  
DOROTHY: Don't worry, that's just a *large eddy* simulation. We must be in the UM control room!  
LION: (*sees debugger – a large box with 'debugger' on it*) There's the debugger!!!!

*Enter stage right ECMWF, Calamity James, Paul Valdudes, George Craig and Dave Framemaker.*

ECMWF: Hold it right there you Bolsheviks....you cannot have debugger! *Madrid*-ed sidekick Calamity James will *Berne* it before you can get your hands on it!  
DOROTHY: That's not very *Nice* .  
SCARECROW: Most un-*Seville*.  
ECMWF: Yes, but I have nothing *Toulouse* now. Your *Rome*-ing days are over! UMbugs, Get them!

*Calamity James, Valdudes, Framemaker and George attack Dorothy & friends but just as our heroes look like they are losing the battle, the control room starts losing power, and the baddies begin to fade away. A siren sounds 'POWER FAILING', or something similar, and lights flash. Valdudes, Framemaker and George freeze until the end of the scene*

ECMWF: Zut Alores! Wat iz 'appening. The power: it is failing. Calamity James, do something!

*Calamity James presses buttons on the console, becoming frustrated and violent. Meanwhile the lion makes a daring play for the debugger.*

ECMWF: Calamity James, destroy the debugger!

*Calamity James gets out a box of matches theatrically.*

SCARECROW: Look, there's a crate of beer. Quick Dorothy, pour it on the fire.

*Dorothy attempts to pick up the beer but is beaten to it by a suddenly ferocious lion.*

DOROTHY: We need that beer to save the debugger, and free the inhabitants of UM land from the oppressive tyranny under which they live.

LION: Stop being so over dramatic! Here use this bucket of water.

*Dorothy grabs the bucket (filled with sparkly confetti or similar?) and throws the contents over Calamity James and ECMWF.*

ECMWF: Oh no, I can't cope with moist dynamics.

*Theatrical death of ECMWF.*

CALAMITY JAMES: Aaah.....the water has short-circuited all my technology!

*Theatrical death of Calamity James.*

*Siliconman returns (right) with a steaming mug of coffee.*

SCARECROW: Where have you been?

SILICONMAN: *(sighs)* Why do people always ask me questions when I'm on my coffee break?

LION: *(cracking open a beer)* We were nearly captured by the evil UMbugs but the computer system went down just in time.

SILICONMAN: Yeah, sorry about that. It was the only plug socket I could find for the coffee machine.

DOROTHY: But what will happen now the UM control centre isn't working?

SILICONMAN: Ok. I'll reboot it ..... AFTER I'VE FINISHED MY COFFEE BREAK!

*Lights down as scene ends.*

### Scene III

NARRATOR: And so, having defeated the evil ECMWF, our heroes return triumphant to Vorti City to claim their reward from the wizard of UM.... *(perhaps we could have this line in verse as in Act 1?)*

*Lights up on the wizard's chamber, with projector screen, stagehands and curtain as before. Wizard is behind curtain. Enter Dorothy and friends down right aisle*

SILICONMAN: Hey scarecrow, it's a new scene. I wonder what Toto has turned into this time?

*The scarecrow rummages through his straw stuffing, and produces a frilly pink cuddly toy.*

SCARECROW: Hmm a frilly pink toto. I feel a strange sense of deja vu.

LION: *(to Dorothy)* You'd better keep Toto on a lead from now on. His parameterisation is so unstable. Who knows what he'll do?

*The scarecrow hands Dorothy a fluffy pink toy on a stick.*

SILICONMAN: Hail all mighty wizard!

*A bucket of hail (polystyrene packing bits?) is thrown onto the stage.*

PROJECTOR:           Oops sorry. Slight mistake. Caroline Layton.  
                          *(supposed to be an email - no voice with this line.)*  
WIZARD:             SO YOU HAVE RETURNED. HAVE YOU RECLAIMED MY DEBUGGER?  
LION:                 *(Grabs the debugger from Dorothy and walks up to curtain)* We have it here, oh powerful  
                          one.  
SCARECROW:         *And* we have defeated the evil ECMWF.  
SILICONMAN:         So where are our rewards?  
WIZARD:             HAND OVER THE DEBUGGER FIRST.  
DOROTHY:            How can we be sure you'll give us what you promised?  
WIZARD:             INSOLENT FOOLS. HAND OVER THE DEBUGGER.  
DOROTHY:            Hey, we're no fools, we're academics. We work long hours for peanuts...  
PROJECTOR:           ;-)

*Toto possessed by some unknown force, yet restrained by the wooden stick, leaps for the curtain and tears it down, revealing the wizard, who is dressed as the Head of Department. The wizard now speaks in a 'normal' voice, and his words no longer appear on the projector screen.*

WIZARD:             *(Harold Bishop - style)* Argh!  
LION:                 You're no Wizard. You're a fake.  
WIZARD:             No. I'm something far more important. I'm Head of Department.  
SCARECROW:         *(sleuthfully, deductively)* I wondered why some of the emails were signed 'Caroline  
                          Layton'. Now it all makes sense...  
DOROTHY:            Oh drat that means you can't give us what we want. You'd need everything triple signed and  
                          passed though senate just to get new office curtains.  
WIZARD:             I cannot give you what you desire....  
DOROTHY:            Just as I thought! You're a ....  
WIZARD:             *(interrupting)* ...because you already have it.  
SCARECROW:         I don't understand.  
WIZARD:             Well Siliconman, while you were in the UM Control room you found a coffee machine and  
                          left your friends for a while to make a mug of coffee.  
SILICONMAN:         Aah, Ned's cafe. *(i.e. 'Nescafe', with appropriate shake-those-beans wrist action!)*  
WIZARD:             And by the way, you left your lunchbox there. *(presents blue Thomas the Tank Engine  
                          lunchbox to Siliconman)*  
SILICONMAN:         Thanks, but what about my friend the lion?  
WIZARD:             Well lion, we all saw your speed and agility when a crate of Courage beer was found in the  
                          UM control room.  
LION:                 Yeah, it felt great, *(feigning innocence)* my first drink since the UGAMP conference dinner.  
SCARECROW:         And of course, *(produces large envelope and pencil)* I already have a brain as I can simply  
                          take the *(gesticulates and reads line off back of envelope)* conjugate transpose of the identity  
                          matrix multiplied by the matrix of cofactors, a, to transform 'ia' into 'ai' and hence *Brian* into  
                          *brain*.  
WIZARD:             *(confused)* Er, Yes. So that's all sorted then. We can all party happily ever after. Let's go.  
DOROTHY:            Hang on, what about getting me back to Earley?  
WIZARD:             Why?.... don't you want to stay for the party?  
DOROTHY:            No, to Earley Gate. I want to go home.  
WIZARD:             I too am from Earley and have been working on a way to get back for some time. I have a  
                          spell in the form of a song which I think covers it....

*Led by the wizard, every one on stage breaks into song (and dance!).*



*To the tune of the Timewarp:*

It's astounding,  
vorticity growing,  
Spinning,  
Round and round.  
In a PV dimension,  
beyond comprehension.  
Tornadoes,  
Take us home.

**Chorus**

It's just a front to the left,  
A hurricane to the right.  
Put your hands in the air,  
and let it rain down your sides.  
It's the conveyor belt,  
that really ties you in knots.  
Back to the field sight again.  
Back to the field sight again.

*There is much twirling and spinning. The characters leave the stage (right aisle) one by one as the song ends, each spinning Dorothy around as they go. The wizard leaves last.*

DOROTHY: My what a lot of twirling eddies! He must be Eddie Wizzard

*Dorothy is dizzy and tired from so much twirling, and collapses into a chair where she falls asleep. Lights dim. A couple of extra chairs are brought on to the stage, and random people sit in them.*

**Scene IV**

*Lights up on what is supposed to be GU01 during Current Weather. Dorothy wakes up slowly...(speaker on stage left)*

DOROTHY: Whoa... Current Weather.....Was it all a dream?

SPEAKER: *(Mumble, mumble, mumble....)* Tornado... *(mumble, cough, sip of water)* ..fewer bugs in the new UM... *(murmur...)* wet bulb potential temperature in the mesoscale model ...

DOROTHY: I wish *this* was the dream!

*Dorothy looks down and realises that she is still wearing the Solar Flares.*

DOROTHY: But I've still got my solar flares! At least THEY might help to make seminars more interesting.....

*Second 'summary of plot' version of the Timewarp song with entire cast on stage:*

The plot went slowly,  
With Toto and Dorothy  
Transported  
To a land afar.  
There she met a scarecrow,  
And friends a-plenty  
Wandering  
In need of help.

*Chorus (as before)*

When they met the wizard,  
He would grant their wishes,  
For foiling,  
The baddies plans.  
So in the control room,

The baddies were beaten.  
Moist processes,  
Saved the day.

*Chorus (as before)*

So now it's all over.  
We'd like to thank you for coming.  
And we're hoping,  
That you'll stay.  
'Cos the parties now starting,  
With lot of drinking and dancing.  
Fun times,  
If you'll join in our song...

*Chorus (as before)*

FINAL CURTAIN