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Reading Department of Meteorology
Christmas Pantomime
2005

Charlie and the Climate Factory

Scene 1: *SHRUB's conference room.*

(Lights up on an empty stage. The podium, stage right, is illuminated. The Presidential Seal is on the backdrop. Enter ROSEMARIE from stage left. ROSEMARIE is carrying SHRUB, a medium-sized shrub in a pot. She places it on the lectern and assumes a bodyguard position to one side. From time to time throughout the scene, she waters SHRUB's pot with a small watering can.)

VOICE-OVER: And now, an address from the President – George W Shrub.

SHRUB: *(Clears his throat.)* Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of the United States Of Ambaumica, mete-oral-ologists of the world. Thank you for coming today. It's great to see such a good turn out for my inaugural speech. I didn't realise there was such a huge following to my Government's work on... pirates and climate change. They tried to get Brian Hoskins involved, but he said it was too unscientific and fundamentally flawed. So instead, people, we acknowledge the sponsorship of the Three Tuns and the After Dark. This all stems from an interesting and little known fact about the strong negative correlation between pirates and climate that has recently come to light...

(PLANT emerges from stage right with a piece of paper, which he places in front of SHRUB. He takes up a similar bodyguard position to the other side. There is some consternation.)

SHRUB: Oh. ...I beg your pardon, I think this is the after dinner speech for the Ambaumican Mete-oral-ological Society... I must have spent too much time in an isobar! *(He laughs to himself and expects a response from ROSEMARIE and PLANT, but gets none.)* Uh, Agent Plant, can I have a word?

(PLANT leans in SHRUB's direction. SHRUB whispers in a mumbling manner in his ear.)

PLANT: *(Aloud)* No, Mr President, it is not possible for you to take a transpiration break.

SHRUB: OK, OK – I'll just tie a knot in my roots. A few months ago I attended the V8 conference.

(ROSEMARIE whispers in SHRUB's ear.)

SHRUB: ...G8 conference. Here I met up with many world leaders and discussed the whole topic of weather and climate change. Did you know that 95% of all our imported weather comes from over the oceans? *(Dramatic pause.)* We in the United States of Ambaumica have long been investigating climate science. But, like me, I believe the problem is more simple. Climate is indeed correlated with pirates. Since these fine sailors have stopped sailing the oceans, global temperatures have shot through the roof. So, members of Congress, ladies and gentlemen and mete-oral-ologists, for a simple man there is a simple, two-part solution. I'm suggesting tax breaks for all pirates, encouraging our youth to enter this fine profession. I also suggest that we bring down climate change

from within! *(Another dramatic pause.)* My country's mete-oral-ologists have heard of a place, a headquarters, from which all the world's weather is run. They say it is simply referred to as the Climate Factory, run by a one Keithy Konka. Measures will be taken to ensure he does not interfere with our plans. Thank you all very much for listening. *(Aside to ROSEMARIE)* To make sure these fine young pirates are never without work, we are gonna infiltrate this Konka guy's Climate Factory so that it doesn't interfere with my plans. But this mission is top secret. Top secret, do you hear? Rosemarie, Plant, we need a spy. A secret agent to go undercover on a secret mission that no one must know about.

ROSEMARIE: Mr Shrub, the mike's still on.

SHRUB: *(After an awkward pause)* Oh, shoot.

(SAPPOGRUBER enters from the back of the auditorium, down the right aisle. He is slightly drunk.)

SAPPOGRUBER: Hello, meteos! I'm just off to the Tuns. Anyone want to come along? ...Oh, it's panto time again, is it? Count me in! Ooh, it's behind you!

SHRUB: Perfect! A volunteer.

(SAPPOGRUBER reaches the stage and looks confused. On the backdrop, SAPPOGRUBER's credentials appear in a Top-Trumps style.)

SHRUB: Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to infiltrate the Climate Factory and shut it down for good. This message will self destruct in five seconds. Five, four, three, two, one...

(Explosion sound effect and blackout.)

SHRUB: *(From the darkness)* Now, watch this drive.

(There is the sound of a golf shot being taken. ROSEMARIE, PLANT and SAPPOGRUBER leave up the left aisle during the blackout, taking the plant pot with them.)

Scene 2: *NERC headquarters.*

VOICE-OVER: *(From the darkness)* Swindon, Wiltshire, England. Site of the all-powerful nerve centre of NERC funding. Provider of happiness and breaker of hearts.

(Lights up. CHARLIE enters the stage from the right aisle. The backdrop has clouds and rays of light, like in Monty Python and the Holy Grail.)

VOICE-OVER: A young meteorologist seeks guidance and money, and has come to speak to the mighty oracle of funding.

(CHARLIE wanders around for a few seconds, not quite sure what to say or do.)

CHARLIE: Um... excuse me? Dr Thorpe? Hello, Dr Thorpe?

THORPE: *(Booming loud voice; CHARLIE jumps.)* It's Professor Thorpe, you heathen! I didn't spend seven years in Reading to be referred as just plain Doctor!

CHARLIE: Sorry, um...Professor Thorpe... excuse me, uh, can I have a word?

THORPE: You've already had over twenty words! That'll cost you six pounds fifty-two already! ...Excluding tax, you student.

CHARLIE: *(Taken aback)* Well... I really want to try and get a bit of funding. If it's not too much trouble, I really want to extend my research work on disproving the link between pirates and climate change...

THORPE: And what makes you so special, student?

CHARLIE: Well, my name's Charlie and I'm from Reading.

THORPE: Oh, not another one from Reading. You are disturbing my lunch break. Don't you know I'm too important to be spoken to now? I thought I had left you all behind when I took up a job here in mighty Swindon. I don't want to have any more to do with sorting out funding for this and backing for that. I came up here to do bury myself in bureaucracy and paper work. I thought the worst I'd have to do was sign a few forms.

CHARLIE: Well, this is cutting edge stuff, and you guys at NERC require dozens of forms. But it will be worth it...

(A long pause while THORPE considers. He makes some thoughtful noises. There is the sound of a typewriter and a till closing.)

CHARLIE: *(Losing his cool)* Come on, please, I'm in my fifth year! *(A violin starts playing.)* I'm desperate; I've been sleeping under my office desk for a month now, living off the chocolate in the coffee room fridge. I even had to resort to eating one of Neil's mouse mats the other day, after I searched all the computer rooms in the department for sausage, mash and gravy.

(THORPE's picture pops up out of the clouds on the backdrop. The violin stops abruptly.)

THORPE: *(As Dr Evil)* How 'bout no! I need all the funding for my new NERC-funded laser! Run along, my hapless subject.

(CHARLIE looks upset and exits stage right.)

THORPE: *(Not to anyone in particular)* Anyway, Number Two, what am I doing later? Oh, yes – important meetings, lots of important meetings. Taking over the world, that sort of thing...

(Thunder and lightning as THORPE disappears into the clouds, cackling evilly. Blackout.)

Scene 3: *A PhD office.*

(During the blackout, a table and two chairs are put on stage right, with the collapsible scissors. Lights up stage right only; stage left remains dark. The backdrop shows a typical PhD office. CHARLIE is sitting at the table, with his head in his hands.)

VOICE-OVER: So, Charlie returns to his department, naturally devastated at his rejection by the powers that be. His future career is in tatters, as he's failed to secure funding. In his depressed state of mind, even simple objects such as scissors work against him.

(CHARLIE picks up the pair of scissors and they fall apart. He chucks half the scissors on the floor, falls forward on the desk and starts wailing theatrically. WOOLNOUGH enters from the right aisle. He crosses the stage and sits down next to CHARLIE and puts his arm around him.)

WOOLNOUGH: Oh, there, there, I'm sure it'll be OK. *(He picks up the remains of the scissors.)* I'm sure the department can afford a new pair of scissors.

CHARLIE: *(Still wailing)* No, no, not the scissors, Woolnough! The mean nasty NERC. *(He grabs the remains of the scissors from WOOLNOUGH.)* That's right – the Nasty Evil Research Council! *(He hits the desk with the remains of the scissors for every word.)*

(On the final strike, he throws the broken scissors away. WOOLNOUGH ducks.)

CHARLIE: I've got no funding, no future goals. I'm third from bottom in the Weather Game, and my conker has split in two! Could it be any worse?

WOOLNOUGH: So, you're looking for a new challenge in the Met department? Hmm...

(WOOLNOUGH struggles to think of a new challenge, then comes up with an idea.)

WOOLNOUGH: Don't you remember Robin Gloopgan's glory in the Golden Flush competition? ...

(In the darkness, another table is brought onto stage left, along with the playing cards and the Golden Flush trophy. GLOOPGAN and CHALLINOR bring the chairs onto stage and sit either side of the table, each holding a hand of cards. A large ace of spades is hidden behind the table. Lights go out on CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH on stage right. Lights up on stage left to reveal GLOOPGAN and CHALLINOR playing for the Golden Flush. The backdrop shows the inside of a darkened cellar.)

WOOLNOUGH: *(From the darkness)* Very close night. Challinor was ahead, cruising at the top of the statistics, leading the graphs as always, securing his wild

position as a poker king. But Gloopgan and his tiny, tiny evil beard, were not going to be beaten this time. In fact, his beard was also an ardent poker player itself, often partaking in matches against its host. They say sometimes it would win and wipe the smile off Gloopgan's face, before reattaching itself, all ready for work the next morning. Against the combined might of one man and his beard, Challinor didn't stand a chance. And no one had reckoned on the evil cunning of his other partner in crime: Ellie Highwood, princess of particles, and damsel of dust.

CHALLINOR: *(Confidently)* This is the last hand. If you don't beat me this time, I will be the champion, and the Golden Flush will be mine.

GLOOPGAN: Chill out. I'm as cool as a korma – your taunting won't break me. Anyway, I'm in no curry to win. You haven't reckoned on my secret weapon, have you?

CHALLINOR: What's that? *(Sarcastically)* A chicken jalfrezi that can play Texas Hold-'Em?

GLOOPGAN: Lecturers have a few cards up their sleeves than that. Why do you think we have such long staff meetings and so many training sessions?

(HIGHWOOD enters stage left with a large can of aerosol. It has 'sulphurous deposits' written on it.)

HIGHWOOD: I do aerosols. I'm going to radiatively force his hand.

(HIGHWOOD sprays some of her aerosol in CHALLINOR's face. CHALLINOR coughs, splutters and rubs his eyes. While this is happening, HIGHWOOD produces the large ace of spades from behind the table and hands it to GLOOPGAN. She leaves up the right aisle, laughing loudly.)

CHALLINOR: *(Recovering)* I call. Read them and weep. *(Lays down his cards confidently.)*

GLOOPGAN: Good thing I had my Tikka-bix this morning. I think you'll find that's a winning hand. *(He plays his cards on the table, along with the large ace of spades.)* And the Golden Flush is mine.

(GLOOPGAN picks up the Golden Flush and holds it above his head, while stroking his beard.)

CHALLINOR: Well, blow me down with a mild zephyr! Five aces?

(Lights down on stage left. GLOOPGAN and CHALLINOR leave the stage up the right aisle in the darkness, taking the cards and the Golden Flush with them. Only the table remains stage left. Lights up again on stage right, where CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH are sitting as they were before. The backdrop shows the PhD office again.)

WOOLNOUGH: So Gloopgan and his evil Highwood won the Golden Flush, and a ticket to Keithy Konka's Climate Factory.

CHARLIE: *(Still snivelling slightly)* It was a close match, but it didn't require much skill. It wasn't as good as the classic Golden Cue tournament final. You

remember – when Maarten PV and Brian Hoskins exterminated Neil ‘Extra Tropical Cyclone’ Ellis and Dale Cunningham?

(Lights down on stage right. In the darkness on stage left, PV and ELLIS enter the stage from the side, carrying pool cues. They stand around the table, which represents the pool table. Lights up on stage left. The backdrop shows a picture of a pool hall. ELLIS takes a few shots on the pool table. Sounds of pool balls being potted are heard.)

CHARLIE: *(From the darkness)* It was an equally close night in Riley’s pool hall. Through countless hours of practice and drinking, Neil was on the verge of defeating 8-ball underdog Maarten PV. It seemed as if his potential vorticity was getting him in a spin.

CUNNINGHAM: Come on. You can’t let these academics win everything. They’ll be winning all my lucky charms off me next. IT is central to the department; we don’t want them getting too cocky.

HOSKINS: *(Turning to CUNNINGHAM)* Talk to the hand, mate, ‘cause it@met ain’t listening. *(To ELLIS)* Another pint, Neil?

(ELLIS nods at HOSKINS.)

CUNNINGHAM: But that’ll be your twelfth pint, Neil...

ELLIS: *(Slightly slurring)* Don’t worry, I can handle it. Why do you think I’ve been doing extensive training at Sappo club on a Friday night? My all-conquering cue will make mincemeat out of you. *(He waves his cue in PV’s direction.)*

PV: Call that a cue? This is a cue!

(PV brandishes his cue. He then unrolls it to reveal it is actually a piece of paper with a large letter ‘Q’ written on it. He waves it in ELLIS’s face.)

ELLIS: That’s easy. It’s still in the bag. Your algebraic manipulation is no match for my programming skills. *(He unrolls his own cue to reveal a large ‘C++’.)* What are you gonna do now?

(Dances around him with the large ‘C++’. PV takes the paper with the giant ‘Q’ and places it over ELLIS’s head, trapping his arms against his body.)

PV: If you e-mail it@met about that one, mate, you’ll surely be held in a queue. *(He laughs at his own joke.)*

ELLIS: *(In a slightly robotic voice)* Help! I need to reboot... System crashing! Control-Z! Control-Z, abort, left right shift-F7! Malfunctioning now! Send error report immediately...

HOSKINS: I’ve had enough of this. I know how we’ll sort him out. A gentleman’s game never fails...

(HOSKINS takes the massive cricket bat from just off the side of the stage. He smacks ELLIS in the head; ELLIS falls unconscious. PV takes ELLIS’s cue, rolls it back up and plays a single shot on the pool table, potting the black, with the pool ball sound effect again. CUNNINGHAM is not bothered about ELLIS’s

defeat. He puts on headphones and wanders off up the right aisle, listening to drum and bass. PV picks up the Golden Cue from off the side of the stage, and holds it aloft proudly. Lights out on stage left. The remaining pool players all leave up the right aisle in the darkness. The table is removed from stage. Lights up again on stage right, as before. The backdrop shows the PhD office.)

WOOLNOUGH: Well, do you remember the time that Stringer thought he would walk off with the Golden Shuttlecock?

CHARLIE: Oh yes. Janet Milli-Barlow won the toss. That was a pretty entertaining match.

WOOLNOUGH: Well, of course she won the toss. Who else can toss the caber?

CHARLIE: Well, the winner of the toss was always going to win. They were allowed to choose the location of the match.

(Lights out again on CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH, stage right. MILLI-BARLOW, BELCHER and STRINGER enter the stage from the right aisle, and place the giant Lego bricks on the floor. MILLI-BARLOW and STRINGER are holding their badminton racquets. Lights up on stage left. The backdrop shows the inside of a wind tunnel.)

STRINGER: I can't believe you chose the wind tunnel to play badminton. It must be against the rules somewhere in here. *(He pulls a rule book out of his pocket.)*

MILLI-BARLOW: It's too late now – and I have the up-wind advantage. How hard can it be? Come on, show some commitment. Imagine it's circuit-training.

(MILLI-BARLOW signals BELCHER to move the giant Lego bricks. He places them around STRINGER.)

MILLI-BARLOW: Now, Belcher, I think it's time to... push the button.

(BELCHER reaches off stage and presses a button, then wanders off stage up the right aisle. The sound of increasing wind is heard.)

STRINGER: This is grossly unfair. I thought wind speed was supposed to decrease with height in the boundary layer. I'm sure this is unrealistic...

(Sound of wind increases further.)

STRINGER: *(Shouting over the sound)* I should have had a haircut sometime this century! My beard's been growing almost as long as it took me to do my PhD!

(They start playing a ridiculously fast game of badminton, diving all over the stage.)

CHARLIE: *(From the darkness)* Janet sprung around like a Scottish kelpie. As she fully understood the laws governing the flow around her, she could use them to her advantage.

(MILLI-BARLOW wins the game of badminton and starts cheering. The wind dies down. Lights out on stage left. MILLI-BARLOW and STRINGER exit up the

right aisle in the darkness. Lights up once more on stage right. The backdrop shows the PhD office.)

CHARLIE: Janet won the Golden Shuttlecock, thanks to her detailed knowledge of the boundary layer.

WOOLNOUGH: But that new competition... the Golden Compass, awarded to the department's top orienteerer. It was a really good idea until semi-professionals like Pete Inness were allowed to enter.

CHARLIE: Yes. Paired with Julia Slingo, we knew he would walk away with that one.

WOOLNOUGH: Run away, you mean... *(They both laugh.)* But he did have some help, as we all know.

(Lights down on stage right. In the darkness, INNESS and SLINGO enter the stage down the right aisle. Lights up on stage left. The backdrop shows a daytime picture of Bracknell Forest.)

SLINGO: So, we need to win this, you know. I mean, the future pride of CGAM depends on it. How many coffee times have you expounded your compass skills?

INNESS: I use my compass skills every day, thank you. How else do you think I find my way here from Sonning Common?

SLINGO: Well, I've got it all planned. *(She produces a piece of paper.)* See this? All my networking has paid off. They thought I was promoting my papers. But no. I've met the father of the daughter who once sold a budgerigar to the best friend of the grandson who, back when the world was new, planted the orienteering posts in Bracknell Forest... In short, I have the definitive map.

(Lights fade to darkness; INNESS exits quickly up the right aisle. The backdrop changes to a picture of Bracknell Forest at night. Hooting owls and baying wolves are heard. An orienteering post is placed at the back of centre stage. Lights up to a low level. SLINGO waits at the centre of the stage. INNESS enters back down the right aisle; SLINGO whispers in his ear and points him in the direction of the post. He walks over to it, notes down the letters on it and leaves up the left aisle. Then PV and ELLIS enter the stage down the right aisle. SLINGO directs them up the left aisle. They thank her quietly and exit up the right aisle. GLOOPGAN and HIGHWOOD follow soon after down the right aisle, and SLINGO directs them back up the right aisle. After they have left, she rubs her hands together gleefully. Lights out on stage left. SLINGO exits stage left in the darkness, taking the orienteering post with her. Lights back up on WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE, stage right. The backdrop once again becomes the PhD office.)

WOOLNOUGH: Inness, of course, with the superior knowledge, won the Golden Compass easily.

CHARLIE: So, all of the Golden Prizes have gone now. There's no more achievements left in the department to be made...

WOOLNOUGH: There's still the Golden Mallet competition – that hasn't been played yet. And you're in the final with me. We've got a great chance after all... you are

with me. (*WOOLNOUGH stands up proudly and starts getting smug.*) After all, I am the best croquet player in the department. I am ranked 117th in the country. (*He turns round to show the audience the back of his shirt, which reads 'World Ranked #117'.*) I do play matches all over this fine land and win. And we're only up against Warwick Norton and that Osborne guy. True, Osborne got lucky last year. But they don't have my credentials. And Warwick has never won a croquet match that actually counts.

CHARLIE: Quit the boasting, Woolnough. You're meant to be the good guy. Good guys are always supposed to be modest and virtuous and not talk themselves up. (*CHARLIE stands up and starts posing.*) Then again, I am pretty good at croquet myself...

VOICE-OVER: (*Interrupting them*) Enough of that! Let's cut to the chase.

(*Blackout.*)

Scene 4: *The croquet lawn.*

(*In the darkness, the remaining table is removed, and four chairs are lined up across the stage. Lights up. A picture of the croquet lawn area appears on the backdrop. CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH are wandering around the stage, looking for evidence of a croquet set. OSBORNE and NORTON rush down the right aisle and join them.*)

VOICE-OVER: So, Woolnough and Charlie rush out to the grass filled with enthusiasm. Their mallets held aloft, they are eagerly expecting the fluttering flags, the glimmering hoops, the shiny pegs.

OSBORNE: Oi! Where's the croquet match? We were expecting a nice conventional game of lawn croquet.

(*ROSEMARIE enters from the right side of stage, carrying four balls of wool and crochet hooks.*)

ROSEMARIE: Sorry, guys, there's been a change of rules this year. The university was worried about the health and safety issues associated with speeding balls and flying mallets and we decided it would be much safer for everyone's health if we had a nice... amicable... crochet match.

WOOLNOUGH: (*As John McInroe*) Aww, you cannot be serious!

NORTON: You think you can't crochet. You think it's a girls' sport. I, on the other hand, can turn my hand to anything.

(*ROSEMARIE ushers the CHARLIE, WOOLNOUGH, OSBORNE and NORTON into seats and hands them each a ball of wool and a crochet hook.*)

VOICE-OVER: All the competitors are cajoled into their seats with their balls of wool, and quaint little crochet hooks. The rules are simple: it's the first to six. In front of them is a long washing line for them to peg out on. Osborne takes an early

lead, making a subtle adjustment from crop sowing. We always knew that Osborne had a feminine side.

(ROSEMARIE steps back and watches from stage right as they start crocheting in a comic style, accompanied by some cheesy music. As time goes on OSBORNE slows. NORTON is tying himself up in knots. WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE are doing well. NORTON eventually gets annoyed with himself. He gets up, picks up two bins from off the left of stage, and places them over WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE's heads. WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE continue crocheting, regardless.)

CHARLIE: *(From inside the bin)* We've been trashed.

WOOLNOUGH: *(From inside the bin)* Don't worry, Charlie. Crochet is a marathon, not a sprint.

(ROSEMARIE dashes across the stage and waves her finger at NORTON, who stares at her, attempting to feign innocence.)

ROSEMARIE: That's not appropriate behaviour, now is it? Crochet is a friendly sport for gentlemen. Both of you are hereby disqualified.

(NORTON and OSBORNE leave up the right aisle in tears, NORTON still tied up in wool. ROSEMARIE picks up the Golden Mallet, which is concealed at the front of the stage. She congratulates WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE.)

VOICE-OVER: Norton is devastated at losing his first ever competition, and Osborne is distraught and failed at something he thought he had talent at. A great performance by Woolnough and Charlie.

ROSEMARIE: You have won the Golden Mallet. How many years is that now, Woolnough?

(ROSEMARIE presents CHARLIE with the Golden Mallet, then exits off stage right. The Golden Mallet has a large tag on it.)

CHARLIE: *(reading off the tag)* Congratulations on winning the fifth and final Golden Prize. You are therefore welcome to attend Keithy Konka's Climate Factory, in honour of its fortieth anniversary... tomorrow.

WOOLNOUGH: Tomorrow?

CHARLIE: Tomorrow! *(Reading on)* And it says, bring a friend.

(They glance lovingly into each other's eyes, put their arms around each other and leave the stage. Blackout.)

Scene 5: *Outside the gates of KONKA's Climate Factory.*

(Lights up. CHARLIE, WOOLNOUGH, GLOOPGAN, HIGHWOOD, PV, ELLIS, MILLI-BARLOW, BELCHER, INNESS and SLINGO – the GUESTS – are

waiting on the back left of the stage, eagerly awaiting their tour of KONKA's Climate Factory. The Golden Prizes are being brandished proudly by their respective winners. There is a large gate on the backdrop.)

VOICE-OVER: On a cold and frosty morning – you know, the ones when the undergraduates don't get of bed all day – the winners of the Golden Prizes gather outside Konka's factory in eager anticipation. He's making them wait a little longer...

(The GUESTS shuffle around impatiently. They talk amongst themselves, hypothesising about KONKA.)

CHARLIE: I heard he has a magic sixth finger that controls the weather.

MILLI-BARLOW: My mate told me he's seven feet tall.

PV: Some say he's made of pure vorticity...

(KONKA enters down the left aisle. He walks in an eccentric manner and does a crazy walk for the audience's amusement.)

GLOOPGAN: *(Becoming more and more agitated)* How much longer is he going to make us wait? I could have done a viva in this time!

(There is the sound of a clock striking noon. KONKA reaches the stage and stops his crazy motions. He speaks to no one in particular, having not noticed the GUESTS behind him.)

KONKA: *(Loud and proud)* Welcome to the Climate Factory! This is the five-star, world-renowned, centre of all... *(he begins to lose steam as he realises there's no one around)* things... weather... Where is everybody?

(ROSEMARIE and PLANT enter the stage from the right.)

ROSEMARIE: Who are you talking to?

KONKA: *(Checking his watch)* But it's midday; that's when I start the tour.

ROSEMARIE: *(Gesturing towards the GUESTS)* Well, maybe it would help if you met our guests first.

(KONKA looks around for the GUESTS but doesn't spot them, even though a few of them are waving at him.)

HOSKINS: Oi! Over here, Konka!

(KONKA spins round and sees them in a group in the corner and recognises them with a smile. SLINGO shoves INNESS in KONKA's direction. INNESS holds up the Golden Compass, clearly very proud of his achievement.)

INNESS: I'm Pete Inness, and I'm the winner of the famed Golden Compass!

(KONKA takes the compass from INNESS and inspects it carefully. He looks quite intrigued.)

KONKA: Oh yes, right.

MILLI-BARLOW: Golden Compass? Pah! He took us the long way round!

(At this, KONKA's face falls and he looks disgusted. He throws the Golden Compass over his shoulder. INNESS looks aghast, and walks to the back right of stage. MILLI-BARLOW steps up to KONKA.)

MILLI-BARLOW: Milli-Barlow's the name, and badders is the game!

(MILLI-BARLOW proudly displays the Golden Shuttlecock. She breathes on it and polishes it on her clothing in an exaggerated manner. She hands the shuttlecock over to KONKA. MILLI-BARLOW joins INNESS on the back right of stage. GLOOPGAN steps up to the front.)

GLOOPGAN: *(In a very deliberate style)* Badminton is the poor man's tennis. I, however, am not a poor man. Yes, that's right, everyone – poker night at my house on Tuesday, and bring your NERC grants with you. I am, of course, Robin Gloopgan, the winner of the Golden Flush.

(GLOOPGAN reveals the Golden Flush. He hands it over to KONKA, who throws away the Golden Shuttlecock and now looks very impressed with GLOOPGAN. GLOOPGAN go to the back right of stage as PV steps up to the front.)

PV: You know, life's not all about the money. Forget about financial worries that can leave you in gloom and doom...

(KONKA looks confused, inspects the Golden Flush once more, and eventually throws it away.)

PV: After all, I could never have won all those pool games without some algebraic manipulation. *(Winks at HOSKINS, who winks back.)*

(PV brandishes the Golden Cue, makes an exaggerated shooting motion with it and hands it over to KONKA. PV joins INNESS, MILLI-BARLOW and GLOOPGAN at the back right of the stage. CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH are still lingering towards the back, trying to look inconspicuous. KONKA doesn't notice them for a moment, then steps towards them to welcome them.)

KONKA: Oh, and who are you?

CHARLIE: *(Miserably)* Oh, I'm nobody. My name's Charlie Bucket but my friends call me 'Tipping'.

(The GUESTS all giggle.)

KONKA: *(Excited)* Ah! You're the one who won the Golden Mallet! Croquet... sport of kings, that! *(He throws the Golden Cue away.)*

(Upon hearing croquet so highly praised, WOOLNOUGH begins showing off again, flexing his muscles and jumping up and down. Once more, WOOLNOUGH points to the back of his shirt.)

CHARLIE: Well, it turned out to be crochet actually, not croquet. He actually knitted the shirt himself.

KONKA: Oh yes, I see. (*CHARLIE hands KONKA the Golden Mallet; KONKA admires it.*) You know, I used to play a bit of croquet when I was younger. I even got into the world rankings, you know. I wasn't very good in the end, though. I only made it up to number 116.

(KONKA glances at WOOLNOUGH's shirt. WOOLNOUGH suddenly stops showing off and looks deflated.)

KONKA: Welcome to the factory, ladies and gentlemen! It's out of hours, so I'll have to let you in using my swipe card.

(KONKA goes to the extreme right of stage, pulls a swipe card out of his pocket and swipes it through an imaginary reader.)

KONKA: Hurry along now, we only have ten seconds before the alarm sounds!

(A countdown appears on the backdrop. KONKA dashes off the right of stage, and all the GUESTS rush after him. ROSEMARIE and PLANT usher the last guests through. They then cross the stage and lead SAPPOGRUBER out from off stage left. He is painted blue.)

SAPPOGRUBER: (*Loudly*) All right, meteos?

(ROSEMARIE and PLANT shush him, then lead him across the stage. They exit the stage just as the countdown reaches zero. There is a loud sound of magnetic bolts clicking shut. Blackout.)

Scene 6: *The foyer of the Climate Factory.*

(Lights up on an empty stage. The backdrop shows an ornate, grand foyer to the Climate Factory. The GUESTS bustle onto stage from the right, led by KONKA, and wait on the right of stage. ROSEMARIE and PLANT come to the front of the GUESTS; SAPPOGRUBER hides behind them.)

KONKA: Right, we're all inside now, and we all made it in ten seconds! Well done, guys. (*He performs a head-count, but gets confused because people are moving.*) Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon... (*Gives up and says to ROSEMARIE*) Rosemarie, go and check everyone's in.

(KONKA turns to face the GUESTS. ROSEMARIE starts counting heads while KONKA continues.)

KONKA: Rosemarie and Plant are my Health and Safety team here at the factory. They really are wonderful employees, aren't they? I just don't know where I'd be without them. They only joined me recently, after a terrible accident befell my previous Health and Safety experts. I still don't know what happened to them. I sent them to this global climate change conference sponsored by the Government of Ambaumica. All the top scientists concerned about global

warming were going to be there. I thought it was a bit strange that Ambaumica was inviting all these scientists who have warned about climate change, but hey-ho. I don't know what happened after that, but the Government of Ambaumica says that they never heard of such a conference, that my scientists never arrived, and that they definitely don't have them in some place called... *(Thinks for a minute)* ...Guan-tan-a-mo? The very next day Rosemarie and Plant turned up at the factory gates. They had perfect references and really impressive timing. Apparently they're from Ambaumica, too. It's just a coincidence, though; I don't think they've seen my missing scientists.

(KONKA turns sharply towards ROSEMARIE and PLANT. They look nervous, thinking they've been caught, but try to smile sincerely. They wave to the audience, trying to maintain their innocence.)

ROSEMARIE and PLANT: *(Simultaneously)* Hello!

ROSEMARIE: *(Audibly whispering to PLANT)* Just keep waving, Bob... smiling and waving... smiling and waving.

(KONKA seems satisfied with this display. He turns back to the GUESTS and makes a grand motion.)

KONKA: Right, let's get started on that tour!

(KONKA and the GUESTS turn to leave the stage.)

ROSEMARIE: Now wait just a second!

(They all stop and turn around to face her.)

ROSEMARIE: *(In a motherly tone)* You can't expose those fragile young minds to the ravages of a global Climate Factory! Not without some protection, anyway! *(To PLANT)* Bob, go and get the equipment!

(PLANT walks off stage right and returns with a box containing the pink things. He gives the box to ROSEMARIE, who begins to sift through it. She pulls a few random items out of the box and returns them. Eventually she finds the articles she is looking for and begins to distribute them among the group.)

ROSEMARIE: Pink marigolds for you... *(She gives PV a pair of pink rubber gloves.)* ...and protective hair for you... *(She gives MILLI-BARLOW a pink wig.)* ...Gloopgan, don't forget your eye protection... *(She gives GLOOPGAN some sparkly, pink glasses.)* ...and for you... *(She gives INNESS some pink flippers.)* ...because, you never know.

(ROSEMARIE is about to put the box away, but then she notices CHARLIE.)

ROSEMARIE: *(To CHARLIE)* Oh, I'm afraid I don't have anything left for you, my dear. Oh, no, wait... let me see... *(she rummages through the bottom of the box and finally draws out a pink ring, which she gives to CHARLIE.)* There, that will have to do.

KONKA: Finally! And now... *(grandly)* ...we begin!

(KONKA turns towards the right aisle and lifts one leg up in the air in a totally ridiculous fashion. He takes a few steps in a crazy manner. The GUESTS try to mimic his movements. Several of them stumble in the attempt. Throughout, SAPPOGRUBER is attempting to hide at behind the group of GUESTS. ROSEMARIE is counting up the members of the group again.)

ROSEMARIE: *(Loudly)* Oh, no, this won't do! This won't do at all!

(The GUESTS stop trying to mimic KONKA. KONKA freezes in mid step.)

KONKA: *(Annoyed)* What won't do, Rosemarie?

ROSEMARIE: Well there's only eleven of you on the tour! We'll need an even number for a barn dance! We need one more person.

(KONKA stands normally again and spins around, looking discouraged and dismayed. The GUESTS step aside and reveal SAPPOGRUBER, who is cowering behind them. KONKA points at him, and SAPPOGRUBER suddenly thinks he's been rumbled.)

KONKA: A-ha! You!

(KONKA grabs SAPPOGRUBER and drags him to centre stage.)

SAPPOGRUBER: *(To audience)* Oh no! I've been found out!

KONKA: Now we have an even number!

(Barn dance music is heard. The GUESTS all pair up; KONKA grabs SAPPOGRUBER as his partner. They does a quick do-si-do while the music plays. SAPPOGRUBER looks petrified. All of a sudden, KONKA stops mid-stride, and stares again, quite fiercely, at SAPPOGRUBER. The music stops discordantly.)

KONKA: Wait just a moment! *(Stops staring at SAPPOGRUBER)* We don't have any wine! What's happening here, Rosemarie? I've never known this to happen, not in all my years.

ROSEMARIE: Oh, right. We'll, uh, go and get some then.

(ROSEMARIE and PLANT exit stage right. As KONKA's attention is turned to ROSEMARIE and PLANT, SAPPOGRUBER sneaks off the stage very slowly, then dashes up the right aisle. KONKA turns back round.)

KONKA: *(Realising SAPPOGRUBER has gone)* Hmm... now where did that funny-looking man go? *(He glances around.)* I can't see him anywhere? *(To the GUESTS)* Can any of you see him? Oh well, I'm sure he'll turn up at the next department drinks.

(The barn dance music starts up again, and KONKA and the GUESTS march off up the right aisle in a silly manner. Blackout.)

Scene 7: *The Weather Room.*

(Lights up. The backdrop shows a screen and display of the Ross Reynolds machine. The lectern represents its controls. KONKA and the GUESTS march down the left aisle, back onto stage. The GUESTS gather in the back left corner.)

KONKA: *(Proudly)* Welcome to my factory, the centre of everything weather and climate-related. Some very silly people once tried to predict the weather with computer models, using some very complicated ideas that no one really understood. *(To audience)* Hoskins, McIntyre and Robinson claimed to understand them, but that was later disproved. *(To the GUESTS)* So instead, we invented a way to control the weather. This is our machine. It works in real-time, super-synchronously covering the globe. It's ridiculously environmentally friendly, and at the core is a non-linear forced system. And do you want to know what I call it? *(Dramatic pause.)* ...The Real-Time, Global Super-Synchronous Ridiculously Environmentally Friendly Non-Linear Forced System.

(The title of the machine appears, word by word, on the backdrop screen as KONKA says the name of the machine. The GUESTS turn to face the backdrop; KONKA looks at it proudly.)

KONKA: But, as in all good meteorological research, we have to come up with an acronym. Can any of you tell me what it is?

(The GUESTS look at each other and begin muttering random words, like 'raccoon' and 'potato', while they try to figure out the acronym.)

KONKA: Come on, don't tell me you can't figure it out. Here's a hint.

(KONKA clicks his fingers. The 'R' in 'real-time', the 'O' in 'globe', the 'S' in 'super', the 'S' in 'synchronous', the 'R' in 'ridiculously', the 'E' in 'environmentally', the 'Y' in 'friendly', the 'N' and the 'O' in 'non', the 'L' in 'linear', the 'D' in 'forced' and the 'S' in system are all highlighted on the backdrop. The GUESTS still can't figure it out and continue to offer random guesses.)

KONKA: Oh come on, this is something that you all did in your first year. I'm sure you remember...

(The highlighted letters, which had previously been randomly distributed, slide across the backdrop to form the words 'Ross Reynolds'.)

KONKA: It's the Ross Reynolds!

BELCHER: What the hell is a Ross Reynolds?

HIGHWOOD: Funny name for a machine...

KONKA: You people are hopeless. Anyway, there are many rooms here that control the Earth's climate. I'll take you to each one of them in turn. But I must warn you not to touch anything in the rooms. The Earth's climate is far too fragile for

you lot to be mucking about with it. We start our tour here in the Weather Room!

INNESS: So how long have you been running this factory, then, Konka?

KONKA: I started here at the Climate Factory many years ago. My only other job offer at the time was as head of a Met Department. "Head of a Met Department?!" I said. Pah! Who would want that job? Anyway, as I said, this is the Weather Room. We send our signals from the factory out across the world using this dish. Look out of the window!

(The backdrop changes to display a window, through which a picture of the Chilbolton radar dish can be seen.)

KONKA: *(Dramatically pointing at the dish)* This is... the world's largest...

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS enter slowly down the right aisle. SAPPOGRUBER is among them. He is still painted blue, not orange, and dressed like David Grimes, while the rest of the OOMPA-LOOMPAS are clearly Anthony Illingworth.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Chanting quietly)* Oompa-Loompa... Oompa-Loompa...
Oompa-Loompa...

(The GUESTS look around and at each other, trying to figure out if they heard anything.)

KONKA: *(Dramatically)* ...steerable...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Becoming louder)* Oompa-Loompa... Oompa-Loompa...
Oompa-Loompa...

(The GUESTS become increasingly distracted by the chanting.)

KONKA: *(Dramatically)* ...pointable...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Still louder)* Oompa-Loompa... Oompa-Loompa... Oompa-
Loompa...

KONKA: *(Practically shouting over the OOMPA-LOOMPAS)* ... meteorological radar!

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS take centre stage, with ILLINGWOO at the centre. The first verse of 'Oompa-Loompa Doom-pa-dee-doo' begins. The backdrop animates some of the words to the song, along with a picture of Michael Fish at the appropriate time.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Singing)*

Oompa-Loompa, Chilbolton Dish
Radar and lidar; Michael Fish
Oompa, Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
Listen to us and you will go far

Hail, raincloud, snow and the smallest of flies
Chilbolton radar rules the skies
What do you get with your D-to-the-six

A pretty puzzle we can't fix!

I don't think it's our problem...

Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
A massive error in our radar
You will live in happiness too
With the... *(Music falls silent, OOMPA-LOOMPAS speak quickly)* world's
largest steerable, pointable meteorological... *(Music resumes)* ...radar-ee-doo!

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS end up to the right of stage in a huddle. The backdrop returns to the display of the Ross Reynolds machine.)

CHARLIE: Who are these orange men?

KONKA: *(As if it was obvious)* Well, they're the Oompa-Loompas of course! And here is the chief. Illingwoo.

(ILLINGWOO steps forward to KONKA.)

ILLINGWOO: *(Babbling randomly about radar)* Radar, differential reflectivity... D to the six...

(He continues babbling and leads the rest of the OOMPA-LOOMPAS off stage left.)

MILLI-BARLOW: Oh my, don't they all look so alike!

BELCHER: I must say, I myself find it very difficult to tell them apart.

HIGHWOOD: You think it's difficult to tell them apart! Try remembering the names of undergrads!

INNESS: But where did you find such strange little men?

KONKA: I rescued them from a real wasteland...

(OOMPA-LOOMPA #1 dashes back onto stage and hands KONKA a sign that says 'Welcome to Bracknell'. KONKA looks at it, then hands it to PV, who chucks it on the floor. OOMPA-LOOMPA #1 dashes off stage left again.)

KONKA: And then I offered them a bright new way of life as post-docs. They're really so much better off now – just look at the smiles on their faces! *(KONKA looks off into the distance, thinking wistfully about the good deed he has done.)*

SLINGO: But what do they do here?

KONKA: *(Thinking deeply)* Hmm... well... I think they spend most of their days cleaning my radar, actually. *(Recovers)* But now, back to the Weather Room! As I was saying... what? Oh, yes, well, as I was going to say, this is the Weather Room, and this... *(he gestures towards the lectern)* ...is the control panel.

(The GUESTS admire it with impressed noises.)

KONKA: *(Quickly)* But we'll come back to that in a moment. I'm sure you'll all agree that it will be much more interesting if we first look at the equations that govern the problem.

(HIGHWOOD and GLOOPGAN let out a frustrated groan.)

KONKA: Let's start with the very basics. This is the climate sensitivity equation.

(KONKA makes a grand gesture towards the backdrop. The display of the Ross Reynolds machine shows the climate sensitivity equation.)

KONKA: And I'm sure you all know that, from this, it's trivial to derive the following.

(Another grand gesture towards the backdrop. The full quasi-geostrophic equation is shown in small print.)

KONKA: Well, at least that's how they used to do it. But we all know that equation is a load of rubbish, so now we use a simpler form.

(The backdrop switches to show a comical equation, filled with random terms, bizarre pictures, and head shots of a few members of staff. HIGHWOOD and GLOOPGAN appear bored.)

GLOOPGAN: This is so boring. I might as well be at a lunchtime seminar. Let's go check out that control panel.

(KONKA continues to talk randomly about the comical equation while manoeuvring the group into the back left corner of the stage. HIGHWOOD and GLOOPGAN move over to the lectern, which is positioned on stage right.)

GLOOPGAN: Well, now. This looks to be a lot more interesting.

HIGHWOOD: Oh look, a volcanic forcing lever. That reminds me of when I was working in Hawaii this summer.

(The backdrop temporarily shows HIGHWOOD sunning herself on a Hawaiian beach.)

HIGHWOOD: It was a beautiful place, but I wish they had more beaches.

GLOOPGAN: Well at the current rate of volcanic uplift, the beach length should double in the next sixteen hundred and twenty-seven point three years.

HIGHWOOD: *(Raises an eyebrow.)* I can't wait that long; I'm supposed to be back out there next summer! If only there were a way of speeding things up... *(She looks at the lever on the control panel)* I'll just crank up the volcanic forcing!

GLOOPGAN: *(Quietly)* Uh, well... I don't think that's a very good idea.

HIGHWOOD: Oh, do be quiet Robin! I know what I'm doing; I'm a Doctor!

(HIGHWOOD pushes up the lever. Nothing happens. There is a pause.)

HIGHWOOD: Hmm... maybe just a little bit more...

(HIGHWOOD pushes up the lever some more. Suddenly, all hell breaks loose. There is the sound of massive volcanic explosions. The backdrop shows movie clips of volcanic eruptions in four separate frames, each called KonkaCams. The lights flicker down and dim. The explosions and the darkness startle KONKA and the GUESTS, who suddenly turn around.)

HOSKINS: *(Loudly)* What's going on? Why did the lights go out?

MILLI-BARLOW: Why am I breathing ash?

GLOOPGAN: *(Pointedly)* Now look what you've done, Doctor Highwood!

KONKA: Everyone stay calm and everything will be fine. According to my calculations, the ash will all rain out of the atmosphere in about... *(Thinks for a few seconds)* ...three-hundred and fifty years.

HIGHWOOD: Three-hundred and fifty years?! Stupid Ross Reynolds machine! *(She kicks the lectern.)* Back when we were running HadCM3 there was always way too much rain. We would have had this fixed in no time at all!

GLOOPGAN: *(Proudly)* Well if it's rain you want, then I'm your man! I'll just increase the amount of convective clouds.

(GLOOPGAN pulls another lever on the control panel. Instantly, the sound effect of rain is heard. The lights brighten slowly, and the backdrop returns to the Ross Reynolds machine display. The GUESTS are impressed.)

WOOLNOUGH: Ooh... ah... Isn't he clever?

MILLI-BARLOW: I'm not breathing ash any more!

INNESS: *(Fuming)* You've messed up my current weather game entry now, Gloopgan!

(The rain sound continues relentlessly.)

CHARLIE: When is it going to stop raining? Why won't the clouds go away?

SLINGO: *(To INNESS, annoyed)* Inness, would you please stop peeing on my shoes?

INNESS: It's not me, Julia, it's the rain – it won't stop!

KONKA: *(Suddenly)* Silence! *(Everyone falls silent; the rain continues.)* Let's have a look at the model output you've bestowed on the world.

(KONKA waves at the backdrop. The KonkaCams re-appear, showing pictures of flooding and devastation.)

KONKA: But I'm not worried. I've got the Konka-Brella.

(He clicks his fingers. OOMPA-LOOMPA #2 enters the stage from the left wearing a poncho and carrying a large umbrella, which he hands to KONKA before leaving off the left again. Everyone huddles under it except GLOOPGAN and HIGHWOOD.)

KONKA: *(Claps his hands)* Illingwoo!

(ILLINGWOO walks over to KONKA.)

KONKA: We need to clear these clouds away. *(As Richard O'Brien in the Crystal Maze)* Illingwoo – will you start the fans, please?

(ILLINGWOO pulls a lever. This turns on the wind, with sound effects. The GUESTS, huddled under the Konka-Brella, lean away from the wind, which crosses the stage from left to right. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS are blown across the stage. On the way, they smack into GLOOPGAN and HIGHWOOD, and push them off stage right. Then, the direction of the wind changes to right to left. The GUESTS all start leaning the other way, and the OOMPA-LOOMPAS are bowled back across stage. Finally, the direction changes again. The GUESTS lean the other way, and the OOMPA-LOOMPAS cross the stage once more, leaving up the left aisle. The sound of wind and rain then dies down and the GUESTS straighten up again.)

KONKA: Ooh. Turned out nice again. *(KONKA puts the Konka-Brella down and tries a head count again.)* Alpha, beta, gamma, delta... *(Gives up again.)* Oh, well, everyone's still here. That's all that counts.

SLINGO: Hey! What about Highwood and... that guy with the evil beard... they've gone!

KONKA: Oh well, that's life. I'm sure they'll turn up somewhere. *(To ROSEMARIE, off the right of stage)* Rosemarie! Check the storm drains! The Oompa-Loompas will help you. As for us, we must move on!

(KONKA leads the remainder of the GUESTS up the right aisle. The music for the second verse of 'Oompa-Loompa Doom-pa-dee-doo' begins. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS enter down the left aisle, from the back of the room. Another animation of some of the words of the song appear on the backdrop.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Singing)*

Oompa-Loompa, Chillbolton Dish
Radar and lidar; Michael Fish
Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
Listen to us and you will go far

What do you get when volcanoes are forced
A natural disaster that's epic, of course
What do you get with the convective rain
Highwood and Gloopgan, out in shame!

I don't think it's our problem...

Oompa-Loompa, we must move on
Changing the forcing just went all wrong
Please respect health and safety law
Like the Oompa-Loompa doom-pa-dee... *(Music stops; OOMPA-LOOMPAS look confused)* ...door.

(During their song, ROSEMARIE comes on from stage right. At the end of the song, ILLINGWOO leads all the OOMPA-LOOMPAS off the stage. They all start babbling about radar and the rainfall rates that just occurred. As they leave, ROSEMARIE runs up behind them and grabs OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 and drags him back to centre stage. The music for 'Hurricane Hugo' starts up.)

ROSEMARIE: *(Singing, serenading OOMPA-LOOMPA #3)*

From the first time that I saw you, I knew that you were something hot
A ray of sunshine to light my darkest day
A west wind blowing through my hair or a rainbow over me
What you don't know is, you blow me away
But what I didn't know was that you felt the same

I can feel a warm front that's moving towards my heart
With cirrus clouds and sundogs in the sky
A twenty-two degree halo you wear above your head
Your diabatic heating takes me high
It's not your sunny side that makes me feel the way I do now
I can only think of one rational explanation
Your thunderstorms start building and your lightning strikes me down
Then I think about heterogeneous nucleation

Now you've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
You sent a storm surge through my soul
You had your eye on me right from the start
And you tore my world apart
Now when you're around I can feel the pressure rising
Temperature soars as I start to think
If only you and I could get it together
There'd be no more filthy weather

I wondered if one day you'd be my weatherman
On that day the world would be so fine
Lay here next to me, we'll be together, man
It shakes my heart to think you could be mine
Now you've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
Hurricane Hugo, Hurricane Hugo
You've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
Hurricane Hugo, Hurricane Hugo

Now you've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
You sent a storm surge through my soul
You'd set your sights on me right from the start
And you've torn my world apart
I've analysed all sorts of predictions and data
And every forecast is always the same
If only you and I could get it together
It would all be fine, whatever

Now you've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
Hurricane Hugo, Hurricane Hugo
You've hit my heart like Hurricane Hugo
Yeah, Hurricane Hugo

(ROSEMARIE turns to OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 to see if she has won his heart. OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 is unimpressed and skulks off stage left, leaving ROSEMARIE, looking awkward centre stage.)

ROSEMARIE: *(Recovering)* Anyway, forecast, not hindcast! Let's move on!

(ROSEMARIE leaves the stage to the left. Blackout; interval.)

Scene 8: *The Tropical Room and the Storm Room.*

(Lights up on an empty stage. The Madden-Julian Oscillation machine is represented by the lectern, on stage right. The backdrop shows a tropical island. OOMPA-LOOMPA #4 enters the stage from the left and waits in the centre of the stage, holding flower garlands.)

VOICE-OVER: The surviving Golden Prize winners venture deeper into Konka's Climate Factory. They've just been out to the adjoining Agric Factory coffee room to enjoy some fine hand made sandwiches, made, of course, from the finest hands.

(KONKA and the remaining GUESTS enter from stage right. As they walk onto stage, OOMPA-LOOMPA #4 hangs garlands round the GUESTS' necks.)

CHARLIE: *(To KONKA)* So, why did they create an everlasting tuna surprise jacket potato?

KONKA: They didn't mean to make it everlasting, it's just no one can ever manage to finish one. Now come along, I've got something amazing to show you.

(KONKA leads the GUESTS to the centre of the stage. OOMPA-LOOMPA #4 exits stage left.)

KONKA: This is the Tropical Room. It's here we make the weather for the tropics. For example, look over here. We have the Madden-Julian Oscillation machine.

CHARLIE: What the Jadden-Mulian Oscillation?

(KONKA is about to start explaining, but is interrupted by INNESS and SLINGO pushing to front.)

INNESS: I can explain that, it's fascinating. Well... *(Singing)*

The monsoon's connected to the rainfall
The rainfall's connected to the dry wind
The dry wind's connected to the ocean
The Ocean's connected to the ENSO
The ENSO's connected to the...

KONKA: *(Interrupting the music)* Well, you see, what happens, Charlie...

(KONKA leads the GUESTS off stage left to explain the Madden-Julian Oscillation to them. INNESS and SLINGO remain at the front of the stage. They walk up to the Madden-Julian Oscillation machine and inspect it. The display of the machine appears on the backdrop.)

INNESS: I think we understand this enough to make some improvements. Let's have a look.

(INNESS starts typing on the machine's keyboard, trying to access system. He fails.)

INNESS: Damn, we need the password!

(SAPPOGRUBER dashes across the stage from stage left and whispers in INNESS's ear, before dashing back off stage left again.)

INNESS: So the password is 'Konka'? Excellent.

(INNESS types a password. The display on the backdrop shows five asterisks as he types. SLINGO watches over his shoulder.)

SLINGO: Good work, Inness, we're in!

(The machine starts making some whirring sounds. INNESS continues examining the machine.)

INNESS: No, no, no! The phase speed of the oscillation is quite wrong. It should be 105% of the precipitation to balance the increase in the rotational frequency of the di-lithium crystals and produce a resonant signal in the underlying subspace forcefield generator...

(Everyone on stage freezes.)

VOICE-OVER: The script-writers would like to make clear at this point that they know very little about the MJO and its role in tropical meteorology. However, any similarity between this scene and an old episode of Star Trek is completely coincidental.

(They all unfreeze again.)

INNESS: ...So now, we overload the phasers and reharmonise the shields and take away the number you first thought of and we find the speed should be...
(Pause) ... forty-two!

(At this point, HARRISON enters the stage from stage left. OOMPA-LOOMPA #1 and OOMPA-LOOMPA #5 are attempting to restrain him. He manages to shake them free and charges over to INNESS and SLINGO. OOMPA-LOOMPAS #1 and #5 leave again, stage left.)

HARRISON: *(Loudly)* Forty-two? Did I hear someone say forty-two? According to my results, that's the average global number of lightning strikes per second.

INNESS: That's a very interesting result, but why should I believe you? I need to see the proof and evidence of error-bars.

HARRISON: Oh, no one ever believes me and my hair-raising experiments. But this new gadget has harnessed the power of Kinder Eggs, and boy, are we in for a surprise!

(He produces a Kinder Egg capsule from his pocket and holds it up proudly. KONKA enters the stage from the left; his attention drawn to the disagreement.)

KONKA: Not you again, Harrison, causing perturbations to our mean. I've told you about this before: this is a Climate Factory, not a Chocolate Factory. Illingwoo! Remove this crazy man and his chocolate surprises.

(ILLINGWOO enters with OOMPA-LOOMPA #2 and OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 from stage left. Together, they drag HARRISON off the stage.)

HARRISON: *(As he is being dragged)* I'll be back, Konka, once me and my Pyramid of Power unravel the secrets of climate change!

(KONKA leaves the stage again to rejoin the GUESTS. INNESS and SLINGO continue tampering with the machine. INNESS presses a button and it starts making terminal grinding noises.)

INNESS: Right, what about this bit. La Nina. Hmm... what is it that always goes together with La Nina?

SLINGO: *(Thinks for a minute)* El Frauke?

INNESS: Yes, yes, that's what I thought, but they haven't got that on here. I'll just change it...

(INNESS starts playing with the levers and dials. An alarm sounds and a recorded voice is heard: "Warning! This oscillation is reversing. Warning! This oscillation is reversing...")

SLINGO: Inness, you fool! You've sent the MJO westward! You drive me mad!

INNESS: There's no need to madden, Julia! *(He carries on pressing buttons, trying to rectify the problem.)*

SLINGO: Now you've reversed the Coriolis force and set gravity pointing upwards!

(The image on the backdrop begins to wobble. INNESS and SLINGO start swaying around. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS, except ILLINGWOO and OOMPA-LOOMPA #4, tumble onto the stage from the left and run about randomly, bouncing INNESS and SLINGO around among them. INNESS and SLINGO look scared.)

VOICE-OVER: Luckily, the piercing screams of Pete Inness were heard by the Oompa-Loompas.

(ILLINGWOO enters from the left of stage wearing a spacesuit, complete with space helmet, walking like a spaceman. OOMPA-LOOMPA #4 clings onto him, carrying a sign reading 'Gravity Independent Suit'. ILLINGWOO simply switches off the MJO machine, and backdrop returns to the tropical scene. The moving OOMPA-LOOMPAS fall to the right, pushing INNESS and SLINGO off the stage to the right. As they pick themselves up, the third verse of 'Oompa-

Loompa Doom-pa-dee-doo' starts being played. Again, animations of some of the words appear on the backdrop.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Singing)*

Oompa-Loompa, Chilbolton Dish
Radar and lidar; Michael Fish
Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
Listen to us and you will go far

Who do you blame for that bad MJO
Blame Peter Inness and his chum, Slingo
Newton would fume at the gravity flip
Changing the phase speed forced a slip

What a pair of idiots...

Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-debt
They messed around with tropical Met
They did not heed Keithy Konka
Like the Oompa-Loompa doom-pa-dee... *(Music stops; OOMPA-LOOMPAS look confused again)* ...Donka.

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS all leave off stage left. The backdrop becomes the display of some computer in the Storm Room.)

VOICE-OVER: So the two tropical meteorologists were rescued. But after their experience they were fogged and had to rest. No one could hail them. They were given cold showers, but that just gave them cold fronts and clouded their thoughts. The shear stress of it all had made them potentially unstable. Afterwards they suffered from a deep depression. Meanwhile, the others were pressing on with the tour...

(KONKA and the remaining GUESTS enter the stage from the left. They walk across the front of the stage as KONKA finishes explaining the MJO.)

KONKA: ...See, there's nothing to the MJO really. Now, on we go. We just go left at the fork in the corridor, and we come to...

(They reach the right of the stage and wait near the back. The BUTTERFLY enters the stage down the left aisle, flapping.)

KONKA: ...the Storm Room. This is where we generate storms of all kinds. Let me introduce you to Lorenz, our butterfly. Here, boy!

(The BUTTERFLY bounds up to KONKA like a friendly dog, flapping its wings excitedly. KONKA pats it on the head.)

KONKA: Good boy! *(To the GUESTS)* You've heard of the Butterfly Effect? A butterfly flapping its wings in Brazil causing a storm in Texas? Well, Lorenz here is the butterfly responsible, although he comes from Iceland, not Brazil, and the storm doesn't have to be in Texas, it could be anywhere depending on which window we have open.

PV: That isn't exactly how storms work.

HOSKINS: Do you mean to tell us that all the storms on the planet are caused by this one butterfly?

KONKA: Of course. It took Michael Fish and me years to track him down. I'd almost given up hope, then one afternoon I got a phone call from Michael saying he'd found the butterfly we were looking for selling the Big Issue outside the Met Office in Reykjavik.

PV: *(Cynically)* You're making this up.

KONKA: I can see that we shall just have to give you a demonstration, but it's time for Lorenz's lunch first.

(Enter OOMPA-LOOMPAS #5 and #1. OOMPA-LOOMPA #5 is carrying a tray containing shot-glasses of whisky. OOMPA-LOOMPA #1 crouches over, and OOMPA-LOOMPA #5 balances the tray on his back. SAPPOGRUBER creeps onto stage behind them and waits at the edge. The BUTTERFLY bounds enthusiastically towards the table. It downs one glass after another, becoming progressively less steady on his legs.)

CHARLIE: What do you feed the butterfly on?

KONKA: Nectar, of course. The finest quality thirty-year-old single malt nectar, specially imported from Scotland.

(SAPPOGRUBER sidles up to the tray and is about to try a glass.)

KONKA: *(To SAPPOGRUBER)* Hey! Put that back. You can try some later. *(To the GUESTS)* It's the unlimited supply of nectar that persuaded Lorenz to come and work for us.

PV: This is silly.

CHARLIE: Well, it makes more sense than all those stream functions and potential vorticity fields. I never understood what all that was about.

(The BUTTERFLY has finished its lunch. With a gigantic hiccup, it collapses to the floor and falls asleep. OOMPA-LOOMPA #5 takes the tray off stage, then rejoins OOMPA-LOOMPA #1 and SAPPOGRUBER on stage left.)

KONKA: Ah... I was afraid that would happen. There may be a delay in that demonstration I promised you.

PV: Well, whilst we're waiting I could explain about potential vorticity.

HOSKINS: Yes! Do!

PV: Right then.

(KONKA and the GUESTS move to stage right. OOMPA-LOOMPAS #5 and #1 and SAPPOGRUBER wait on stage left. They wave at the other OOMPA-LOOMPAS, who enter from the left and join them on stage. PV and HOSKINS stand in the centre. The BUTTERFLY remains comatose on the floor.)

PV: We start with the Navier-Stokes equations.

(The Navier-Stokes equations appear on the computer display on the backdrop.)

PV: But these are too hard to solve, so we use scale analysis to make some terms disappear. First some zonal wind terms.

HOSKINS: *(Waving his hands at the backdrop)* Scale analysis!

(Some terms fall to the bottom of the backdrop and shatter with a sound like breaking glass. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS look at each other and shrug their shoulders. One or two try waving their hands.)

CHARLIE: That's what I never liked about this stuff. You just wave your hands, say 'scale analysis', and get rid of things you don't want until you end up with the answer you were looking for. Whenever I asked for a coherent explanation, all I got back was gibberish.

PV: Well, think of it as an elephant trying to fly a kite.

HOSKINS: Or a duck trying to win the National Lottery without its shoes on.

CHARLIE: *(Resigned to incomprehension)* I see.

PV: Next, we get rid of some vertical velocity terms.

HOSKINS: *(Waving his hands again)* Scale analysis!

(More terms explode with a loud bang. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS all try waving their hands this time, and mutter some radar gibberish.)

PV: *(To CHARLIE)* Like opening a tin of beans when you know they're all sausages.

HOSKINS: Or riding a bike uphill with the brakes inside your trousers.

WOOLNOUGH: *(Suddenly enlightened)* Oh! You mean it's like that dream where you're seduced by a female hippopotamus who's also your first primary school teacher?

(Everybody stares at him blankly. There is an uncomfortable pause.)

WOOLNOUGH: ...Don't you get that dream?

PV: Moving swiftly on, we eliminate a couple of terms from the vertical momentum equation.

(HOSKINS starts to say 'scale analysis' but is interrupted by OOMPA-LOOMPAS waving their hands vigorously.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: Gale analysis!

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS dance around, waving their hands frantically. Random pieces drop out of the equations and crash to the bottom of the backdrop.)

KONKA: *(Shouting)* Now look what you've done! Don't you realise that all these Oompa-Loompas waving their hands is going to be like thousands of butterflies flapping their wings? There's going to be an incredible storm in here! Quick – let's look at the KonkaCams!

(Thunder, lightning, and the sound of wind and rain. The remnants of the equations on the backdrop are replaced by the KonkaCams, showing four pictures of storms.)

WOOLNOUGH: Oh, no – here we go again!

(KONKA and the GUESTS cling to each other. As before, everyone leans to the right. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS bowl across the stage from left to right, sweeping PV and HOSKINS off the right of the stage. Then KONKA and the GUESTS lean to the left, and all the OOMPA-LOOMPAS bundle back across the stage from right to left and leave the stage off the side. The BUTTERFLY remains on the ground. During the final sweep, a picture of Ian James dressed as Noddy appears on the backdrop for a few seconds. Then, the storm dies down and is replaced by birdsong. Slowly, KONKA and the GUESTS let go of each other and straighten up.)

KONKA: Any questions?

(Silence.)

KONKA: Good! On to the Boundary Layer Room!

(KONKA and the remaining GUESTS exit up the right aisle. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS enter the stage once more from the left, and the fourth verse of 'Oompa-Loompa Doom-pa-dee-doo' starts playing. The backdrop shows more animated words.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Singing)*

Oompa-Loompa, Chilbolton Dish
Radar and lidar; Michael Fish
Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
Listen to us and you will go far

What do you get when you mess with PV
Leaving out terms to make their life easy
The butterfly couldn't manage to jump
With nectar that rich it should dump!

Just like a cow does...

Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dime
We find it hard to make up a rhyme
Thunder, lightning; why's our skin orange
Just like the Oompa-Loompa doom-pa-dee... *(Music stops again; the OOMPA-LOOMPAS look even more confused) ...D'orange.*

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS exit off stage left. The backdrop shows the computer display again. Only the BUTTERFLY remains. It sits up, and holds its head.)

BUTTERFLY: Ow! My head... Hey! Where did everybody go?

(The BUTTERFLY exits up the right aisle. Blackout.)

Scene 9: *The Boundary Layer Room.*

(Lights up. There is a small rectangle of light on the backdrop. The CRAIG DAVID squirrel is crouching on the left of the stage, covered by a sheet.)

VOICE-OVER: By now, the four remaining prize winners are starting to feel a bit lonely. Blah, blah blah, narrator time filling stuff... Oops, I think the script-writers should have deleted that.

(KONKA and the remaining GUESTS enter down the left aisle.)

KONKA: So, you see, here is where all the boundary layer and urban weather is worked out by my expert team.

WOOLNOUGH: *(Looking around)* What expert team?

(KONKA points at the rectangle on the backdrop and looks through it. He encourages the other GUESTS to do the same. CHARLIE looks through it.)

CHARLIE: *(Surprised)* But all the meteorologists are squirrels!

KONKA: That's because meteorologists are paid peanuts. But anyway, squirrels are naturally brilliant urban survivors. Have you never seen the secret Ninja Samurai Squirrels that hide in Palmer Park?

CHARLIE: No...

KONKA: Exactly! And look at this.

(He points at the backdrop. It shows a squirrel holding a weather balloon.)

CHARLIE: And who's that?

KONKA: Oh, he's one of the original team in this part of the factory. I christened this work CSIP – the Collective Squirrel Imitation Project. That's Squirrel Morcrette. He's been running around all summer releasing radiosondes for me and he just can't seem to stop.

(The squirrel attempts to launch the weather balloon. It falls downwards. The squirrel leaves the backdrop in shame.)

CHARLIE: Are there any other cutting edge squirrel-based boundary layer meteorology projects that you have under development here?

KONKA: Well it's funny you should ask that because...

MILLI-BARLOW: *(Interrupting; moving towards CRAIG DAVID)* What's under here?

KONKA: Look out! Don't touch that, my dear girl! It's terribly dangerous. That's the result of an experiment to make an even better worker. I cross-bred an Oompa-Loompa with a radioactive squirrel and a tea-cosy. I was hoping to make the ultimate urban meteorologist. Instead I created an abominable urban music star.

(KONKA lifts the sheet. The GUESTS gasp with amazement as the CRAIG DAVID squirrel, wearing a tea-cosy, is revealed. MILLI-BARLOW steps back.)

CRAIG DAVID: Craig David!

(Quickly, KONKA covers CRAIG DAVID up again.)

MILLI-BARLOW: *(To BELCHER)* I want a Craig David squirrel! I want a squirrel to use for the Boundary Layer Group! Let's get one now!

BELCHER: I don't think our funding can stretch to that... unless we asked Alan Thorpe, of course.

(MILLI-BARLOW and BELCHER look upwards as THORPE's voice booms out.)

THORPE: Leave me alone! I've already filled in eighty-four forms today.

MILLI-BARLOW: *(In a tantrum)* I don't care! I want one! I want one! I want a trained Craig David! I want that one!

KONKA: *(Non-plussed)* Oh, dear. This could all end terribly.

(MILLI-BARLOW and BELCHER approach CRAIG DAVID. The GUESTS back away, to the right of stage. MILLI-BARLOW whips off the sheet, releasing CRAIG DAVID. He starts rapping.)

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)*

I was checking this girl next door when her parents went out
She'd phone; say, hey, boy, come on right around
So I knocked on the door, you were standing with a bottle of red wine
Ready to pour; dressed in long black satin and lace to the floor...

KONKA: Oh dear – he's unwrapped and rapping. I suggest we... *(Shouting)* run!

(KONKA, CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH exit at speed up the left aisle.)

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)* I was checking this girl next door...

MILLI-BARLOW: This is what evil must sound like...

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)* ...when her parents went out...

BELCHER: I never knew the boundary layer could be so boring...

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)* ...She'd phone; say, hey, boy...

MILLI-BARLOW: I can feel my mind going. I can feel it going Craig David!

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)* ...come on right around.

(They collapse to the floor. CRAIG DAVID looks surprised, but carries on rapping incoherently. ILLINGWOO enters the stage from the left, wearing headphones and carrying a giant nut. He leads CRAIG DAVID off stage left. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS then return from the left, and the fifth verse of 'Oompa-Loompa Doom-pa-dee-doo' starts playing. Animated words appear on the backdrop.)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: *(Singing)*

Oompa-Loompa, Chilbolton Dish
Radar and lidar; Michael Fish
Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-dah
Listen to us and you will go far

What is the saga of Barlow and Burp
The squirrel's rapping made our ears hurt
What do you get when you mess with the clone
Craig David should be left alone!

OOMPA-LOOMPA #1: We all need...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS #1 and #2: ...we all need...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS #1, #2 and #3: ...we all need...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS: ...we all need some ear muffs...

Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-donce
Look at the squirrel that Barlow wants
What will come of the ugly beast
Ask the Oompa-Loompa, doom-pa-dee-deast!

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS exit the stage to the left. Blackout.)

VOICE-OVER: Luckily, the rapping was stopped before the meteorologists totally lost their minds. The damage was only equivalent to three blows to the head – or one Met department pub crawl. The Craig David squirrel was humanely put to sleep.

CRAIG DAVID: *(From the darkness)* Can you fill me in...

(Sounds of machine gun, bombs and screams from the darkness.)

Scene 10: *The Great Glass Satellite launch room.*

(GLOOPGAN, PV, INNESS and MILLI-BARLOW – the PRISONERS – are on stage right in the Great Glass Satellite, covered with a sheet. Lights up. The backdrop shows a rocket launch pad.)

VOICE-OVER: First, Ellie Highwood and Robin Gloopgan were 'forced' out. Then Maarten PV and Brian Hoskins were scaled out, Stephen Belcher and Janet

Milli-Barlow were blown away, and then Pete Inness and Julia Slingo were flooded out.

(KONKA, CHARLIE and WOOLNOUGH enter the stage down the right aisle.)

KONKA: So, just you and me now, Charlie, my son. *(He puts an arm around CHARLIE's shoulders.)* You've beaten all the contenders now and you're the only one left. I've been searching high and low for the future of meteorology – from the stratosphere to the abyssal oceans. All uncertainties have now been quantified and the insignificants removed. From the UMIP ensemble I started from...

CHARLIE: *(Interrupting)* UMIP?

KONKA: The Upcoming Meteorologist Inter-Comparison Project – you have been the one that's displayed most skill. You've beaten Captain Climb-It, Percy Persistence and Mr Mean. Climb-It's been crying into his pillow for weeks, Percy's baying for blood. You're really lucky you've got me to protect you; Mr Mean's been getting meaner!

CHARLIE: Gosh...

KONKA: It's time I was honest with you, Charlie. There's a reason for all this madness. I need an apprentice. There's too much five-star research here for me to handle on my own. Even Hoskins had McIntyre and Robinson to help him! ...Especially when the new satellite comes on-line – I'll have all the data in the world.

CHARLIE: What new satellite? I was talking to Alan Thorpe, the head of NERC – he didn't mention it to me, and he's got all the funding in the world! Who's going to man your satellite anyway?

KONKA: Funny you should ask, Charlie. Illingwoo!

(KONKA clicks his fingers. ILLINGWOO leads the OOMPA-LOOMPAS on stage from the left. ILLINGWOO is carrying a bucket, containing all the pink things, which he hands to KONKA.)

KONKA: *(Picking items out of the bucket one by one, and returning them)* Such a shame... so much potential.

CHARLIE: *(Concerned)* So, all that's left is their safety equipment?

(KONKA gives the bucket of pink things to OOMPA-LOOMPA #2, who takes it off stage left.)

KONKA: On the contrary!

(He claps his hands again. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS go over to the Great Glass Satellite and OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 removes the sheet. The PRISONERS are inside, shouting for freedom and waving their hands around, trying to get KONKA's attention.)

KONKA: Silence!

(The PRISONERS in the satellite fall silent, but continue mouthing calls for help and waving, as if in a sound-proof room. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS remain at the back of the stage.)

CHARLIE: Why have you got a satellite, what's it for, and why are my friends in there?

KONKA: What I think you've just asked me, is to explain the brilliance of my wonderful invention. We all know that climate change exists. Well, this machine can put all that right again. This is... the Great Glass Satellite! *(Dramatic pause.)*

WOOLNOUGH: A satellite made of glass? Are you crazy?

CHARLIE: It'll never survive in space.

(Violin music starts.)

KONKA: *(Ignoring CHARLIE's concerns)* I have spent many years of my life now controlling the world's weather and climate. But now we've got to the stage where even my most complicated Ross Reynolds machine cannot reverse the effects of anthropogenic climate change. You see, Charlie... *(He puts his arm around CHARLIE again)* ...there are people out there who don't believe in climate change. People who want to ruin the earth's climate. Whole countries that don't care about the future of weather, and the survival of humanity... *(He starts snivelling.)* So I thought I'd take steps to stamp out the problem once and for all.

CHARLIE: So you're trying to solve the greenhouse effect by blasting a greenhouse into space for further analysis?

KONKA: The Great Glass Satellite. My greatest invention since the chocolate thermometer. You see, it's simple. An actual platform in space, filled with real scientists actually monitoring the weather from above. It saves a fortune in ground station costs. I could have sent some Oompa-Loompas, but I wanted something more dispensable.

(The OOMPA-LOOMPAS start nodding in agreement.)

KONKA: *(Still ignoring CHARLIE)* You see, Charlie, there is someone down there who doesn't care about the world at all. I believe he once declared war on climate change, but couldn't find it on the map. Have you ever heard of the United States of Ambaumica?

(The violin music stops abruptly.)

CHARLIE: Ambaumica?

KONKA: I'll bet right now George W Shrub is trying to sneak agents into my Climate Factory, to try and tear my factory apart from within.

SAPPOGRUBER: *(Jumping out from among the OOMPA-LOOMPAS with a gun)* Ha! Climate change is all lies.

KONKA: *(Astounded)* You're not an Oompa-Loompa!

SAPPOGRUBER: *(Steps forwards)* No, 'tis I, Sappogruber! *(To audience)* George W Shrub's most experienced undercover agent and top quality meteo – pay grade H3, in case you'd forgotten. *(To KONKA)* Of course, you wouldn't have seen through my cunning disguise. Shrub arranged Hollywood's finest make-up artists to do this face. The secret services have been following you for months, and we know you have the potential for a weapon of mass destruction with your satellite and we want it for ourselves!

(KONKA and CHARLIE move together looking scared. KONKA's arm is still around CHARLIE's shoulders; WOOLNOUGH looks left out.)

SAPPOGRUBER: Now, Konka! Do you have any last requests?

(WOOLNOUGH and CHARLIE look at each other. KONKA has a flash of inspiration.)

KONKA: Actually, it's silly but... I'd really like to go to the After Dark one last time.

(MILLI-BARLOW opens a window in the satellite and looks out.)

MILLI-BARLOW: Can we come too?

SAPPOGRUBER: Well, it's not Friday... but I guess Sappo Club could be a day early. Let's go!

(OOMPA-LOOMPA #3 lets the PRISONERS out of the satellite. They all exit the stage up the right aisle, including SAPPOGRUBER, dancing and cheering. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS remain on stage.)

GLOOPGAN: *(As he leaves the stage)* Can we go for a curry too? I really fancy a lamb badam pasander.

CHARLIE: I prefer a lamb bam-bam-badam whoa-Black-Betty pasander.

KONKA: *(Deadpan)* No... I hate curry – why do you think Birmingham got hit by two tornadoes?

(Blackout. The OOMPA-LOOMPAS leave stage left.)

Scene 11: *The After Dark Club.*

(The BOUNCER is waiting at stage right, near the left aisle. Lights up. The backdrop shows a picture of the inside of the After Dark. Stone Roses music is playing in the background. KONKA, CHARLIE, WOOLNOUGH and the PRISONERS all walk down the left aisle to the stage. The BOUNCER stops them before they enter the stage. They all look a little nervous.)

BOUNCER: Welcome to the After Dark, boys and girls.

(He lets them all past, one by one. They look relieved. WOOLNOUGH is at the back of the queue and looks shifty.)

BOUNCER: Wait a sec. *(Indicating WOOLNOUGH)* Not you. We have a dress code here – you must look slightly smart. No shorts, mate. Try the Student Union.

(WOOLNOUGH squares up to the BOUNCER, who, with a few select punches, floors him. The Stone Roses music becomes louder. The PRISONERS form a semi-circle and start dancing in a ridiculous manner. In turn, GLOOPGAN, PV, INNESS and MILLI-BARLOW take centre stage and each perform a different dance move, each one more ridiculous than the last. During this, the BOUNCER gets a call on the radio and exits stage right.)

INNESS: *(Pushing CHARLIE into centre of circle)* Hey, Charlie! Show us what you got...

(CHARLIE takes to the centre of the circle and performs some simple dance moves. Then they all step back for the dance-off between SAPPOGRUBER and KONKA. SAPPOGRUBER performs a move, challenging KONKA, who retaliates with a fiendish turn, flinging the gauntlet back to SAPPOGRUBER. The moves become more and more frantic and energetic. Finally, SAPPOGRUBER attempts to moonwalk. KONKA produces some rope and ties up SAPPOGRUBER.)

KONKA: Right, got him now! Everybody – back in the Great Glass Satellite!

(Everyone stops dancing straight away and makes disappointed noises. They turn to leave off the left of stage.)

CHARLIE: Wait Konka!

(The PRISONERS all turn to CHARLIE.)

CHARLIE: Now you've got Sappogruber, he can man the satellite and you can let my friends go!

(They all agree and start to plead to KONKA.)

KONKA: Oh, all right, I'm not all bad...

(They all exit stage left. Blackout. In the darkness, WOOLNOUGH creeps off stage left.)

Scene 12: *The Great Glass Satellite launch room.*

(SAPPOGRUBER is now the only person in the satellite. KONKA and CHARLIE are standing at the front of stage. Lights up. The same picture of a rocket launch pad is on the backdrop.)

KONKA: *(In SAPPOGRUBER's direction)* This is the last time you'll interfere in my plans, Sappogruber! You'll be blasted into space, forever to monitor climate

change from above. What will your boss George W Shrub say about that? Your time in the troposphere is limited. Once I've calibrated the launch procedure, you're out of here! *(To CHARLIE)* Watch that man while I'm gone.

(KONKA leaves the stage to the left, leaving CHARLIE to guard SAPPOGRUBER. He looks nervous.)

SAPPOGRUBER: *(From inside the satellite)* Come here, Charlie.

(CHARLIE walks tentatively over to the satellite, looking suspicious.)

SAPPOGRUBER: Set me free! Together we can rule the world! Fulfil your deterministic destiny!

CHARLIE: What are you on about?

SAPPOGRUBER: Think about it, Charlie. You and me, all the world's weather in your hands? But you don't need that meteo Konka and his Climate Factory to make a difference. You've got no funding and climate change is all lies anyway.

CHARLIE: All lies?

SAPPOGRUBER: Yes. Well, George W Shrub told me so. He also told me all about the negative correlation between global temperatures and the average number of pirates in the world. Rescue me and your journey to the dark side of the chocolate will be complete! *(Thinks for a minute)* Oops – did I just say 'chocolate'?

(WOOLNOUGH hobbles onto the stage left after having been beaten up by the BOUNCER. He is using the Golden Mallet as a walking stick and talking like Yoda.)

WOOLNOUGH: *(As Yoda)* Charlie! Rescue not the fat man. For once down the dark path you start, forever your destiny will it dominate.

CHARLIE: *(Turning to WOOLNOUGH)* Are you feeling all right?

WOOLNOUGH: *(As Yoda)* Me OK. Just small bash from bouncer on head it was. Reason why I like Yoda speak, know I not.

SAPPOGRUBER: Ignore this meteo, he's deranged. He can't even speak properly.

WOOLNOUGH: *(As Yoda)* Properly speak I can. Fat man am I not. Confused I am becoming.

(ROSEMARIE, PLANT and ILLINGWOO charge onto the stage from the left. ILLINGWOO is clearly trying to restrain ROSEMARIE and PLANT, but he cannot overpower them and is thrown to the floor.)

ROSEMARIE: Charlie, Charlie, Charlie. Remember your predicament? You've got no funding left, nowhere near finished writing up, you're in your fifth year. It's hopeless, isn't it?

PLANT: *(Quietly)* Hopeless.

ROSEMARIE: *(Smiles at CHARLIE.)* You see? You need us, Charlie. We've got all the funding you need. Forget about the people at NERC and set Sappogruber free. Everything you need is available for you in the United States of Ambaumica. You can even act to reduce global warming personally. There's one condition.

CHARLIE: What's the condition?

ROSEMARIE: All you have to do is re-word all your results and become a pirate.

(CHARLIE ponders the situation for a few seconds.)

CHARLIE: *(To the audience)* So, all the funding in the world... should I believe them?

WOOLNOUGH: *(Looks at his watch. Still talking like Yoda)* Ooh, five to twelve it is. To Weather And Climate Discussion I must promptly go, so on the floor I must not perch.

(WOOLNOUGH leaves the stage to the left.)

CHARLIE: *(To the audience)* Don't worry, guys, I have a plan. *(To ROSEMARIE)* All right, you win. I'll become a pirate.

ROSEMARIE: Wise move, Charlie.

(PLANT nods in agreement.)

CHARLIE: First, we have to release Sappogruber. Come on, give me a hand.

(CHARLIE beckons ROSEMARIE and PLANT to the door of the satellite. CHARLIE tries to open it, but it doesn't open easily. He indicates to ROSEMARIE and PLANT that he needs a hand. They pull on the door. It flies open easily, and CHARLIE shoves ROSEMARIE and PLANT into the satellite, slamming the door on them. KONKA returns from the left with the red button.)

KONKA: *(Observing what CHARLIE has done)* Bravo, Charlie! I heard the Echo of Foxtrot and Tango dancing to the tune of Romeo and Juliet. Sadly the Zulus were drunk on Whisky and spent the night in a Hotel last November.

CHARLIE: *(Staring at him)* What are you on about?

KONKA: Nothing. Illingwoo!

(ILLINGWOO gets up from the floor, looking slightly dazed.)

KONKA: Take this satellite to the launch pad!

(ILLINGWOO beckons the other OOMPA-LOOMPAS. Together, they shepherd the satellite off the right side of the stage with SAPPOGRUBER, ROSEMARIE and PLANT inside. They exit the stage with the satellite. KONKA offers the button to CHARLIE.)

KONKA: Go ahead, Charlie. Press it.

(Slowly and dramatically, CHARLIE presses the button. There is the sound of a rocket launch. KONKA and CHARLIE watch as the satellite is blasted into space. ILLINGWOO returns from the launch to stage right, carrying the bucket of pink things.)

CHARLIE: Good work.

KONKA: Well done...

ILLINGWOO: *(Interrupting)* Serves them right for snooping around and looking for pink things that didn't concern them.

(Together, they take the pink things out of the bucket and hurl them into the audience, laughing as they do. The lights fade to blackout slowly.)

Scene 13: *The final song.*

(A movie of a radiosonde launch is shown on the backdrop throughout, representing the launch of the Great Glass Satellite. All characters enter the stage. CRAIG DAVID takes centre stage.)

CRAIG DAVID: *(Rapping)*

We drew the plot on Monday
Put together scripts on Tuesday
We were rehearsing by Wednesday
And on Thursday and Friday and Saturday
And again on Monday
We built all the props on Tuesday
We did the dress rehearsal on Wednesday
And on Thursday and Friday and Saturday
We chilled, and on Sunday it was time for...
The panto we love!

(‘Panto We Love’ starts being played.)

ALL: *(Singing)*

The panto we love is a curious thing
Makes one man weep, makes another man sing
Change a song, give the lyrics a shove
More than a lecture; that's the panto we love
Konka and Charlie, Shrub's old spies
Stronger and harder than a bad girl's thighs
Make a bad joke good, hmm, make a wrong line right
Panto we love that keeps you up all night

You don't need talent, don't take shame
Don't need no childhood tales to take the blame
It's strong and it's sudden and it's cruel sometimes
But it might just save your life

That's the panto we love, that's the panto we love

First time you see it, it might make you sad
Next year you see it, it might make you mad
You'll be glad, Hoskins, when you've found
That the panto makes the storms go round

You don't need talent, don't take shame
Don't need no childhood tales to take the blame
It's strong and it's sudden and it's cruel sometimes
But it might just save your life

They say that all in Met is fair, yeah, but we don't care
But the staff know when to fear, as panto time draws near
And there's no help from above
You see the panto we love, you see the panto we love
Did you like it; hmm, hmm

(Instrumental section. Everyone dances randomly.)

Don't need money, that's a blow
Don't need no foreign wine to watch this show
Tougher than Woolnough and stronger than Neil
You won't feel nothing till you feel
You feel the panto, just see the panto we love
That's the panto, that's the panto we love
You see the panto we love
You see the panto we love
See the panto we love!

(Everyone freezes in a pose. Blackout. The end!)