

# Harry Potter and the Tri- Blizzard Tournament

(Directed by Brodie Pearson and Simon  
Thomas)

## Intro Scene – Harry’s Home

**Scene Cast list:** underlined=stage left (actors perspective), *italics* = stage right, **bold** = already on stage

[Narrator, Harry, **Mum**, **Dad**, Hogrid]

**Narrator:** Welcome to the 2012 Christmas Panto. I hope you’re sat comfortably and ready for some top draw entertainment because I can personally guarantee that this will definitely be amongst the top ten pantomimes performed by meteorologists that you’ll see this year. Well top 20 certainly. Our story starts in the home of one Harry Potter, the boy who was born with the gift of meteorology. Harry’s great powers however are lost on his parents, two people who don’t believe in climate change, the power of forecasting and the duck-billed platypus. We join them as they sit at their kitchen table tucking into some tasty food that they don’t really believe in.

*Harry’s Mum and Dad are sat at a table. Harry comes into the room(stage left). There are newspapers and various food items on the table and doors on the side of the stage*

**Harry** Hi everyone (*sits down*)

**Mum** (*with disdain*) Oh it’s you Harry...(pause)

**Harry** I’ve been checking out the Met Office’s most recent forecasts. They say there’s been a change in the position of the jet stream and therefore...

**Dad** (*Cutting him off*) What do these people know. Twenty five years ago Michael Fish couldn’t predict that hurricane so why should we believe him now.

**Harry** Dad, Michael Fish doesn't even produce forecasts anymore, apart from Netweather anyway. Anyway forecasts are much better nowadays. There are so many more observations that go into the initial conditions and they use ensembles too...

**Mum** (*Once again cutting him off*) Ensembles? So they use musicians to forecast the weather now do they. And how come you know so much about jet streams, initial conditions and the like?

**Harry** I don’t know (*gets up and walks away whilst wistful music plays*) I just have this great affinity for weather. Sometimes I feel special, sometimes I feel a freak. Is it a blessing or is it a curse?

**Dad** Well I get all of my weather forecasts from the good old Daily Express. Look at this morning’s headline (*holds up paper*) “Britain Braced for Coldest Winter for 100 Years” Oh no sorry that was yesterday’s paper. Here’s today’s (*holds up another paper*) “Britain Set for Warmest Winter for 100 years”!

**Harry** You can't believe all that rubbish can you?

**Dad** Oh I do. And don't get me started on that 'global warming' hoax. The good people at the Heartland Institute told me that only Osama Bin Laden and Charles Manson still think that rubbish is true.

**Harry** Are you this sceptical about everything?

**Dad** Yes, everything. And it isn't a bad thing to be sceptical. The world has been warming up by itself quite nicely for hundreds of years and I'm not convinced that humans can have any significant effect on the climate.

**Mum** Now Harry, have you made that tea yet?

**Harry** Well, I've boiled the kettle...

**Dad** Have you? Have you really? I've got to say that I'm sceptical. Kettles have been boiling for hundreds of years and there is no proof that you're responsible for boiling this one.

**Harry** Well I did and I bought some milk earlier.

**Dad** I've got to say...that I'm sceptical. Are you sure that you bought the milk, are you sure there isn't some natural explanation for the milk being here because I'm not convinced that humans are capable of having such a significant effect on something like milk?

*A doorbell rings*

**Harry** Oh there's someone at the door.

**Dad** I'm sceptical. Isn't this just another claim from the doorbell manufacturers trying to convince you how important they are and why you should buy new doorbell?

*The door is clumsily knocked down (stage left). Enter Robinus Hogrid camply carrying a girly umbrella.*

**Hogrid** Oh dear, I am a giddy goat!

**Dad** (*shouts, confused*) Who are you?

**Robinus Hogrid** My name is Robinus Hogrid. But you can just call me Hogrid.

*Hogrid looks down at the door*

**Mum** (*scared*) Help. He looks so evil

**Robinus Hogrid** Oh no. Not me. I'm a good guy I am... You just think I'm evil because of the beard... And because I'm usually evil in these pantos... And because I specifically wanted to be a bad guy in this panto... but not this time... Actually I am here to take Harry to university to study for a PhD.

**Harry** What do you mean? I'm already doing a PhD in Sociology!

**Robinus Hogrid** No, no. This is much better. Tell me Harry, can you forecast weather with one look out of the window?

**Harry** Sometimes yes.

**Robinus Hogrid** Were you able to speak other languages without ever having to learn them?

**Harry** Yes. Fortran, Matlab, IDL. Oh and of course Python tongue.

**Robinus Hogrid** Have you ever wondered why you have that weather symbol scarred on your forehead?

**Harry** Doesn't everybody have one of these?

**Robinus Hogrid** No... no they don't, but I have some big news for you. (*grandly*) You're a meteorologist, Harry. You have been chosen for the Reading School of Witchcraft and Meteorology.

**Dad** No, you can't take him there! I won't let it happen again!

**Harry** What does he mean by 'again'?

**RH** (*to Dad*) He will go... Just you try and stop me...

### **SONG – Fairytale of Meteorology**

**Robinus Hogrid** It's time for you two to leave

*Hogrid runs at Mum and Dad with his umbrella.*

**Dad** I'm sceptical that you can injure me with that. (*Hogrid takes a jab*)..OK! I'm going!

*Hogrid chases Mum and Dad off stage with his umbrella. One flaps arms and squawks like a bird.*

**Robinus Hogrid** Now Harry. I won't lie to you. Studying meteorology won't be easy. But no matter what happens I'll always be there to help you.

**EXUENT** *stage left*

## **ACT I - Scene 1 – Met Department**

[**Narrator**, *Veronica*, *Hermon*, Harry, *Bumblemore*, Anthony]

**Narrator:** So after last year's panto adapting a much loved children's book about a magical world that exists alongside our own we've gone in a different direction this year by adapting a series of much loved children's books about a magical world that exists alongside our own. Here we've now reached the Reading School of Witchcraft and Meteorology so the question is who are we going to meet next?

*Harry enters stage left. Veronica and Hermon from stage right all carrying wands. Hermon has poster tube size wand.*

**Veronica** Wow Hermon, you have such a big wand!

**Hermon** Yeah, I inherited it from my mum. You can have a play with it if you want...

**Veronica** Oh really! (*giggles*) Maybe later Hermon... Oh look over there. He might be another new person.

**Hermon** Hello there!

**Harry** Oh hi. Are you just starting here as well?

**V** Yes, my name is Veronica Weasley and this is Hermon E. Grainger. We've been selected to start PhD's in Weather, Climate and Wizardry here.

**Harry** Yes me too (*looks around inquisitively*)

**Hermon** What's up? Are you looking for someone?

**Harry** Yes. A fella called Robinus Hogrid. He was a very happy chappy and seemed really helpful, but now I can't find him anywhere!

**Hermon** Welcome to the club. He did the same thing with us.

**V** Hey, did he sing you that song as well?

**Harry** (*downcast*) Yeah.

*Enter Ross Bumblemore stage right*

**Ross Bumblemore** Oh, hello there. I take it you're the three new PhD students we've got starting here. Well I'm the Headmaster of the School. Bumblemore's the name. Ross Bumblemore. I guess you'll be wanting to get going with it all. Well if you grease my palm (*rubs fingers together*) we'll see what we can do...

**Harry** Err..ok and...(*is interrupted by Ross who is keeping on talking oblivious*)

**RB** Now before we start. I'm selling these RMetSoc calendars. Cheapest price anywhere in the world. But I guess that isn't important at the moment. Now as well as your research you'll be attending lectures in divination, defence against the dark arts, runes and symbols and motions.

**Hermon** Well that doesn't sound very...

**RB** Yes, myself and one of your lecturers come from the same town. Not that that is important of course. Now where was I, Oh yes I have these calendars I am selling. Come and see me in my office if you want one or speak to someone in your research group.

**V** Research Group?

**RB** Yes, this school is split into 4 research groups, each with their own character and style. There is space group (*Imperial Death March plays*), which between you and me other people think might be a bit of a bad lot. There is atmosphere group (*a gorilla plays drums like in the Dairy Milk advert*) which is the group that everyone wants to be in. Then there are...the other 2. Tropical group (*steel drums play*) and oceanography (*sound of waves and gulls*). What are those noises? Sometimes I think I'm in some sort of bizarre pantomime organised by PhD students...

**Harry** Haha, right...So I suppose we get sorted into our research group by a magical, talking, sorting hat.

**RB** A sorting hat? Where on would we get one of those from? We did use to have a sorting cat but it was crushed by that Mars Rover.

**Hermon** So you're saying that Curiosity...

**RB** ...Killed the cat, yes. It had a terrible record with those rovers, the Beagle used to chase it as well, but they programmed the speed in inches per jiffy so it couldn't keep up...(pause) So now we just assign people to groups depending on funding. It's the safest thing to do. You three are all in Atmosphere Group. I'll bill you for the bribe later (*rubs fingers together again*).

**Harry** Right so we just...*(tries to leave but Ross' continuous stream of words does not abate)*

**RB** Now what else was I talking about. Oh yes, you might see some strange sights here. Like people from a bygone age wandering the corridors and appear not to be able to see you.

**V** Oh, are they ghosts?

**RB** No no. They're Professors Emeritus. They're meant to be retired but...we just can't get rid of them.

*Anthony enters from stage left.*

**RB** Oh, hi Anthony!

*Anthony floats past, ignoring Ross.*

**Anthony:** It's the golden age of r-r-r-r-radar. We're taking it to WIVERN heights.

*Anthony leaves stage right.*

**RB** *(unphased)* Now, where was I? Have I told you about these calendars I'm selling?

**He** Yes *(seems irritated)*

**RB** OK. Well that's about it then...oh yes there is the Tri-Blizzard tournament later on this year, you might want to know about it.

**V** The what?

**RB** The Tri-Blizzard tournament. It happens here every 4 years where one member of staff from each research group gets selected to compete in a three event tournament to win glory for their group. It's pretty dangerous stuff so none of you newbies will be entered. They've been going on since ancient times...

**Harry** Right so we just...*(tries to leave but Ross' continuous stream of words does not abate)*

**RB** Yes I first watched a Tri-Blizzard tournament over 30 years ago when I was about 12. Of course 12 what, well, I'm not telling you the units there. Oh yes it was about the time I was doing some training for people in the navy...

*Lights out. Bumblemore keeps stumbling on inaudibly. Screen shows "3 hours later".*

*Lights on*

**RB** ...So that was why we started only employing people who we didn't think were going to steal the chemicals from the labs. Now, have I told you about these calendars I'm selling?

*Shows pictures from calendar with Bumblemore demonstrating various meteorological instruments in increasingly provocative poses.*

**RB** Right well enough of that, you'd better get off to your research. Veronica and Hermon, if you go to room 2Li.

**Hermon** OK, bye.

**V** Right see you later Harry.

*Veronica and Hermon Leave stage*

**RB** Now Harry. You come to us with a very high reputation so we've allocated you an extremely special research project. If you go up to Room 3L51 you'll find your supervisor John Methven. He's also the man you need to talk about regarding your funding. Ah it looks though the food is ready.

*Powerpoint shows a huge collection of food laid out*

**Harry** Oh are we going to have a great feast later?

**RB** A feast? Oh no, that's John Methven's lunch!

**Harry** Oh right. That's a lot of food.

**RB** Well you should see what he drinks with that.

*Screen changes to huge rows of pints of beer or wine glasses.*

**RB** Now run along Harry and keep a look out for the guys in the Space Group. They might not take kindly to your presence here.

*Exeunt stage right.*

## **Scene 2 – John Methven's Office**

**[Narrator, Methven, Harry, Davies, Owens]**

**Narrator:** As we leave Bumblemore to talk to himself we make the move to the office of Doctor John Methven. What does Ross mean by Harry having a special project to research? Why should he be looking out for the Space Group? And how is John Methven going to be portrayed in this panto? I think we all know the answer to at least one of those questions!

*John Methven is sat at his desk. Chris Davies is standing in the background with a lampshade on his head and Matt Owens is clumsily hidden. There is a knock on the door.*

**John Methven** Errrr..Come in.

*Harry enters stage right.*

**Harry** Hello, are you John Methven? I'm Harry Potter your new student.

**JM** Ah yes Harry. Come and sit down.

*Harry walks across stage – there's no chair. He sits on floor and notices the hidden space people.*

**Harry** Urm. Aren't there two people clumsily hidden in your office?

**JM** (*looking round*) No I don't think so.

**Harry** Yes there are just look!

**JM** No I can't see anybody.

**Harry** Yes there...oh forget it! (*sits down waits for John to say something but he seems unaware Harry is there*) Urm hello..?

**JM** Oh hello. Sorry who are you?

**Harry** Harry Potter. Your new research student.

**JM** Oh yes Harry. I'll just get you a chair (*collects a chair from offstage*). Well, welcome to Reading. You may have heard but we've got an extra special project for you?

**Harry** Yes Bumblemore said something about that. He also said that the space group might be looking out for me?

**JM** Yes that might be true. And they're a sneaky lot. They could be hidden anywhere.

**Harry** Yes (*looking back at the space people*) but I think I might have an idea where they are. So why does everyone think they are such a bad lot?

**JM** Well several years ago there was a very evil meteorologist who dabbled with the dark arts. He became very powerful but was eventually overthrown and went into hiding. Back then the Space group were his supporters and people suspect they still want him back in power.

**Harry** So what was the name of this evil meteorologist?

**JM** Oh we ever say his name anymore as people are scared of him. We tend to call him "He who must not be named" or simply "You know who".

**Harry** Right so where do I fit in?

**JM** Well, with your natural abilities, your project may eventually prove that climate change is caused by human activity, rather than the Sun which is what the space group have been claiming for years, and you'll be able to do this without ever needing to use the dark arts.

**Harry** Right! I can't wait to get started!

**JM** All in good time Harry...all in good time. (*mysterious pause*) So did you have a good journey here?

**Harry** Yes, I came here on the number  $17\frac{3}{4}$  bus. I got off at the stop called the  $3\frac{2}{3}$  Tuns.

**JM** Yes things are numbered rather strangely round here. For example your module on defence against the dark arts is called MTMG03 &  $7/12$  and lectures take place in room GU01.134.

**Harry** OK and where's my office?

**JM** That would be  $1U\sqrt{2}$

**Harry**  $1U\sqrt{2}$ ?

**JM** Yes. Some of the room numbers in this building are irrational!

**Harry** My friends were sent off to room 2Li.

**JM** 2Li? 2Li (*emphasising the i*). No never heard of it, it can't be real. You must have imagined it! It used to be even worse, when room  $2U e^x$  and  $2U de^x/dx$  were next to each other I could never tell which was which, a bit like when they built two rooms on adjacent steps and no-one could differentiate between them.

*Phone rings. JM looks confused. Harry looks at JM but nothing happens. Eventually Harry picks up the handset himself and puts it to John's ear.*

**JM** Hello... Oh yes dear I'll be leaving soon... No I won't forget the kids today... Well it wasn't my fault the other day. I'm sure when I set off at least one of them was sat back there... OK. Bye dear (*puts phone down*). That was my wife Crystal.

**Harry** Crystal 'Meth'-ven???

**JM** Yes. Now if there was nothing else...

**Harry** Well actually Bumblemore said to ask you about funding?

**JM** Oh yes I'm in charge of money aren't I. Now look away and I'll see if I can dig any out from my secret stash. Can't have anybody stealing that can we?

*Harry turns away. Nothing happens. He turns back*

**Harry** Urm the funding?

**JM** Oh yes. Look away please

*Same thing happens*

**Harry** The funding?

**JM** Oh yes. Look away.

*This time John reaches under his desk and pulls out a piggy bank*

**JM** Actually I need more light in here to see what I'm doing...

*Walks over to Chris Davies. Tries to turn the light on. Looks confused.*

**JM** I don't know what is wrong with this thing. I've got a new bulb but it just won't turn on. Switch on you!

**Chris Davies** OK, OK, I'm switched on now!

**JM** Ah good it says it's on now. But it's still too dark in here...

**H** Why don't we sort this out another time. You've got to get home.

**JM** Ah yes. Well off we go then!

*John and Harry leave to stage right. Matt comes out of hiding.*

**MO** Well that was strange...Chris!...Chris Davis?!

**CD** Who is it?

**MO** What do you mean who is it? Who do you think it is? You're not THAT much older than me. It's me, Matt Owens!

*Chris takes off the lampshade.*

**CD** Ha Ha (*sarcastically*). At least I've got the height advantage. Well it sounds like it's as we feared Matt. If this kid succeeds in his project it might be the end for us in space group and the Dark Lord will never get back into power.

**MO** So what should we do Dr. D?

**CD** Well we've got to stop him. Fortunately "He who must not be named" has a plan for this scenario. He revealed it to me in his paper "He who must not be named" (2001) and then referenced it himself in "He who must not be named" (2003), "He who must not be named" (2004) and "He who must not be named" (2008).

**MO** Right so what's his plan?

**CD** Well first thing we should do is make sure Harry is selected as the Atmosphere champion in the Tri-Blizzard tournament!

**MO** But that is far too dangerous for a PhD Student to take part in. Won't that mean he...oh I get it. Yes. Yes.

*They both break out into evil laughter. Whilst laughing, Chris points to the piggy bank and picks it up leading to more evil laughter. Exeunt stage right.*

## **Scene 3 - Lectures on Magic**

[**Narrator**, *Harry*, *Veronica*, *Hermon*, Ambaum, Talleuix, Peter Jan, *Toniazzo*, Dance, *Harrison*]

*Chairs with those stupid little tables are in corner of stage (1L43).*

**Narrator:** Having met their supervisors, it's time for the new students to attend their first lectures, and what better way to start the day than sitting down for some motions?

*Harry, Veronica and Hermon walk in from stage right and sit down starting dialogue as they sit. Veronica sits nearest the audience and fafs with the chair for a while, visual joke. He nudges it against the next person who looks back angrily.*

**Hermon:** I can't believe we found this place!

**Harry:** Yeah, the Hummus building is a maze.

**Hermon:** And this classroom is a bit Meze too. (*shouted*) VERONICA! Stop falafelling around with your chair!

**Veronica:** (*huffs!*) It's a pitta they don't just have normal chairs!

*Enter Severus Ambaum stage left to mid stage with a massive beard.*

**Ambaum:** I... am Severus Ambaum the school motion master. Before we start, there'll be no foolish wand waving or student t-tests in this class. I don't expect many of you to appreciate the subtle science and exact art of motion making. Turn to page 14 of your books.

**Veron:** Professor Ambaum... I think I have the wrong book!

**Ambaum:** What is the title Weasley?

**Veron:** Fifty shades of (*emphasise*) Grey.

**Ambaum:** Give me that (*shouted*).. ten points from atmospheres. Right, over the coming weeks you will learn to whip up a tornado, concoct a turbulent eddy and brew a Dobson circulation. (*vicously*) Harry Potter... our new celebrity! What is the analytical solution to the Navier-Stokes equation?

**Harry:** I don't know sir...

*Hermon waves hand as if trying to be noticed.*

**Ambaum:**... (*long pause*) you know this... (*more pause*) ok. Ten points from Atmospheres. Weasley! Define Entropy?

**Veron:** Erm...

*Hermon, waves hand more, getting frustrated*

**Ambaum:** Go on.... No? 10 points from Atmospheres! Hermon, stop waving your arms! Are you trying to excite Kelvin-Helmholtz waves in the room? 10 more points from Atmospheres! (*Pause*)

This class has disappointingly low group speed. (*Pause*) Hermon, what is a typical dry adiabatic lapse rate?

**Hermon:** 9.8 Kelvin per kilometre sir.

**Ambaum:** Correct. Two points to Atmospheres. I'd advise you to pay attention in your future classes, something you learn might come in.. useful.. I must now disperse faster than a Rossby Wave. (*Walks off slowly towards stage left.*)

**Hermon:** Shouldn't you be going west Sir?

**Ambaum:** Don't you correct me! (*Leaves by the stage right*)

**Veron:** Well...that was a dynamic lecture. I wonder what's next.

**Hermon:** Well the timetable says oceans so I'm guessing...

**Veron:** Oh yes, very good.

*Enter Remi from stage right.*

**Remi** Hello class, I'm here to teach you about the Oceans. (*pause*) For this first lesson I'm going to teach you about the most important part of the ocean, and I feel the only way to convey its importance is through song!

**SONG – Thermohaline (*Sweet Caroline*)**

*Remi leaves stage right.*

**Hermon** That was a bit of a soppy song.

**Harry** I didn't 'sea' (*emphasise*) the point in it personally.

*Enter Peter Jan stage right.*

**Peter:** Hello, I'm Peter Jan van Leeuwen, and it's lovely to meet you all! This lecture series is a joint course in Divination: the art of long term weather prediction, and Herbology, a study of uses for herbal medicine.

**Hermon:** What does divination have to do with herbology?

**Peter:** Aha! I predicted ,10 years ago, that someone might ask that question or a question somewhat like it. I'll come back to that later, but let's get started with this lesson!

**Veron:** *(to Herm and Harry)* Well, this is worse than motions.

**Hermon:** I could think of better things we could be doing right now Veronica.

**Veron:** *(to Harry)* Yeah, I wouldn't mind doing some Hermonology *(emphasis on 'Hermon')*

*Thomas Toniazzo enters stage left angrily.*

**Thomas:** What is this nonsense...I'm trying to work in my office, and you're here making a bigger racket than the department fire alarms!

**Peter:** Quiet in class! This isn't nonsense Doctor Tonniazo, it's an official school lecture!

**Thomas:** *(scoffs)* Well, I'll be having words with Bumblemore about this.

**Harry:** *(whispers)* He'll be there for a while.

**Peter:** Hey Thomas, can't we just put all this behind us? Come on, let's shake.

**Thomas:** *(Looks at Peters hand)* I think I'd rather not

**Peter** Thomas! Expecto Lobsterus! *(Peter-Jan points his wand at Thomas. Thomas is turned into a lobster and leaves to stage right).* Now try using the soap dispensers!

**Harry:** Well...he was a bit crabby.

**Peter:** Yesh. Now it's time for seasonal forecasting, take out your tea pots...Hermon, what do you see?

**Hermon:** A decade of cooling sir.

**Peter:** Yesh! Potter?

**Harry:** Irreversible climate change sir.

**Peter:** Yesh! You Weasely?

**Veron:** I can't see past 21st December 2012 sir.

**Peter:** Yesh, just as the great Mayan seers predicted! Well done class. Oh my, I didn't predict the tea reading would take that long! I'd better leave you at the mercy of the Arithmancer extraordinaire Professor Dance.

*Peter leaves stage.*

**Veron:** Well, that was confusing.

**Hermon:** You know what Veronica, for once, I'd agree with you.

*Sarah Dance enters stage right.*

**Sarah:** In this lesson you will learn about how to use symbols to simplify equations and allow easier manipulation of formulae. So for example with ideal gas laws, rather than having to write out "temperature", "pressure" etc. each time we simply use letters. For temperature here we are going to just use the letter L. (*here and every other time the lecturer defines a symbol or equation it comes up on the screen behind large enough for the audience to be clear what it is*)

**Veronica:** L? Why not use T?

**Sarah:** Because otherwise it might get too confusing

**Hermon:** Professor Dance, do you use T for time instead?

**Sarah:** No. For time I am going to use R. Therefore, depending on your time step we might have R for (*said to sound like 'alf a*) second, 'alf a minute or 'alf an hour. Now we don't always use Latin letters, for example for potential temperature we use the Greek letter theta.

**Harry:** That sounds familiar.

**Sarah:** Similarly for volume we use this Norse rune, for density the Mandarin symbol for goat and for number of moles an exclamation mark. For the molar mass we're going to use a smiley face and for the universal and specific gas constants these squiggles I have just made up. Finally for pressure we use this photo of David Bowie from the 1972 Ziggy Stardust tour. All clear?

**R/Ha/He:** No.

**Sarah:** Good. So if I show you one form of the ideal gas equation "Bowie Rune = Exclamation Mark Squiggle L", can you tell me how to represent a Chinese goat in terms of pressure... (*Opening bars from "Under Pressure" play*) pressure (*repeated enough times until*).... Squiggle and L go under pressure. Any questions

**Ver/Ha/He:** Yes.

**Sarah:** Good. Well in that case I'll see you next week!

*Sarah leaves stage right. Pause for a few seconds.*

*Giles enters stage left. Sneaks up behind H,R and H with briefcase (DARC logo). 'It's behind you' sign held up. H, H and R look behind themselves.*

**Giles:** (*shouted*) BOO! Oh no, you spoiled it guys! Ah well...

**Ha,Ver and He:** (*fake scream!*)

*Defeated looking Giles walks over to desk and opens case, with 'DARC' logo facing out. Throws something (teddy?) at Hermon and Veronica.*

**Giles:** Aha! Got you that time...Anyway, I'm Giles Harrison, and welcome one and all to Defence against the DARC arts...

**Harry:** Sir, haven't you spelt dark wrong on your briefcase?

**Giles:** No, of course not! This is defence against the D - A - R - C... the Data Assimilation Research Centre arts. What did you think it was?

**Harry:** Oh, I don't know (*sarcastically*).....I thought by dark you meant evil.

**Giles:** Oh but it is, because we must fear what we do not understand. Every step the cost function is minimized a kitten dies!

**Veronica:** Awwww (*sobs*)

**Giles:** Now, in order to unfear yourself, you must understand the enemy. The first act of a data assimilator is to draw you in with an aesthetically pleasing diagram of a Lorentz attractor. Once they have gained your trust they will attempt to merge you with observations in horrific ways! Then they will use the unforgivable methods: Particle filtering, least squares and 3Dvar.

**Veronica:** I don't want to be mashed with observations!

**Hermon:** How can we possibly defend ourselves?

**Giles:** I have some counter-assimilation kits to help you in your hour of need. The DARC arts are powerful and mysterious, but with these items you may just be able to save yourselves. Good luck - you'd better make your way to the Great Hall for the selection!

**H, H and V:** Yes sir!

**Giles:** (*check his watch and exclaims*) My, look at the time, I need to go practice swashbuckling with my Carnegie curve!

*Exit Giles stage left.*

**Hermon:** I wonder who will be chosen from the Atmosphere Group for the Tri-Blizzard tournament?

**Veronica:** I'm rooting for that intrepid John Methven (42), he's my hero!

**Hermon:** I think it'll be Janet. They'd all finish Barlow her.

*Exeunt stage left.*

## Scene 4 - The Champions

[**Narrator**, **Bumblemore**, *Hermon*, Innis, Toniazzo, Kleggaman, Woolnough, Allison, Tailleux, Till, *Owens*, *Davies*, *Harrison*, *Bellachiu*, *Dacre*, *Barlow*, *ACP*, *Methven*, *Harry*]

*The Great Hall. Bumblemore starts alone on stage, Harry, Hermon and house teams start off stage.*

**Narrator:** The three young PhDs have gained a sound knowledge of the mysteries of Meteorology. So, we now go to the Great Hall, where Bumblemore is about to announce the champions for the Tri-Blizzard tournament.

**Bumblemore:** Welcome one and all to the selection of the champions - or, as I like to call it, 'championisation'! We have four nominees from each of the houses, but only one will be chosen. As is tradition we have chosen a mug from the coffee room and placed an enchantment upon it, so it may choose the greatest champion from each house. Only those who have survived a trial by viva can submit their names to the mug. You - PhD student (*beckons Hermon from off-stage*) - try to touch the mug.

*Hermon approaches from stage right...BEEP BEEP....Hermon takes out her phone and checks her email. A message appears on the PowerPoint – this will be the email from Ellie. Hermon looks upset and runs off stage right.*

**Bumblemore:** Yes, none of you PhD students could ever be chosen as a champion! Now, we shall begin the selection!

*Exit Bumblemore stage right. Enter Nick Kleggaman, Steve Woolnough, Thomas Toniazzo, Peter Innis from stage left - all wearing flower necklaces.*

**Narrator:** Here come the Tropical group. (*slowly - as they walk on in order*) Steve Woolnough, Nick Kleggaman, Pete Inness and Thomas Tonniazo.

**Steve:** *(shouts)* YOU SHOULD PICK ME AS THE CHAMPION, BECAUSE OF THE IMMENSE POWER OF MY VOICE.

**Nick:** Steve, Steve, calm down now. Go back to playing croquet. I, Nick Kleggaman, will win this tournament, and when I do I promise I will bring in research grants and I will reduce tuition fees! What do you think Pete?

**Pete:** Oh, I believe in you Nick. However, I have family connections in my sister, Jessica Innis, who won Olympic gold. Also, Thomas has been turned into a lobster...

**Thomas:** woop woop woop woop woop *(lobster walk)*.

*Tropical group puts names into mug, then leave stage right.*

**Narrator:** And now the deepest, coolest, most saline group. Used to working with a lot of pressure, and essential for distributing the heat round the department, it's the Oceans group - Remi Tallieux, Till Kubert, Leslie Allison and Stephen Belcher!

*Enter Remi, Till, Leslie from stage left.*

**Remi:** I, Remi Tallieux, am surely le champion, behold my pram and beard *(Ambaum appears and gives him a beard)*.

**Till:** Nein Remi, du Kartoffelkopf. Ich heisse Till und ich bin der champion. Wo ist mein handy und wo ist Stephen Belcher? *(pause)* Leslie, do you know where Stephen is?

**Leslie:** I have no idea, but Stephens always late so don't fret, we'll put his name in and hope he gets here in time.

*The three oceanographers wander over to cup, Remi knocks cup over, gets stern email from Ellie. Place names in cup. Oceans group exit stage left.*

**Narrator:** The third group to submit their names are renowned for their egos. As they claimed in a recent paper they are the hottest, most energetic research group and are more out of this world than Felix Baumgartner. This group has a star-studded line up, and could knock you into orbit... here's Chris Davis, Matt Owens, Christine BellaChiu and Giles Harrison.

*All 4 space group enter from stage right.*

**Chris:** All physicists worth their salt should know how to put up a shed, don't you think Matt!

**Matt:** Yes Chris, but they should also wear trousers the right length.

**Chris:** I'm only emulating the great physicists of our time.

**Matt:** Hi Giles, *(pause)* Christine BellaChiu why are you here?

**Christine:** Oh Matt, you forget that I used to work for NASA. Plus my group have been sent to Lyle. The darc lord has spoken, according to he who must not be named, Bellachiu and the Maniac 2007b I shall be the Space Group Champion, hahaha.

**Chris:** Oh come on Bellachiu, your satellites are pointing in the wrong direction, he who must not be named and Davies 2008 declares that I am to be champion.

**Giles:** Actually it'll be me, as stated by he who must not be named and Harrison 2009a.

**Matt:** Well he who must not be named and Owens 2010 says that it'll be me.

**Christine** Your arguments are all optically thin...You're all clearly away with the clouds.

*All 4 characters place their names in the mug. They walk towards stage left.*

**Chris:** Oh wait, we almost forgot the Master's orders!

**Matt:** Shh, quietly!

**Chris** It's ok, it's not as if those hundreds of people are going to notice *(points at audience)*.

*Chris goes back and puts another name into the mug. They all exit stage left.*

**Chris:** That'll show Harry who's boss!

**Narrator:** Finally we have the most venerable of the houses, the honourable Atmosphere group - ACP, Janet McGonnobarlow, Helen Dacre and John Methven.

*Enter Helen Dacre, Janet Barlow, John Methven and ACP from stage right.*

**ACP:** My work rises high above all yours - especially yours Janet, fumbling around in the boundary layer - it is clear I should be the champion.

**Janet:** You'd better watch it ACP, or I'll redesign your house so it redistributes heat poorly, then one day you might get trapped in a hot pocket and fry! I should be our champion, after all, I am Janet McGonnobarlow, head of atmosphere house, and the TSBE centre.

**Helen:** I don't think so, you're far too easily distracted by suave comedians. I'll be champion I think, I'm the only one with professional sporting pedigree.

**John:** Excuse me Helen, how many official media sources have called you intrepid?

**Helen:** Well...

**John:** How many?

*Silence.*

**Helen:** None...

**John:** If you say so...(goes to put name in mug) Oops I spelt my name wrong.

*John scribbles on his bit of paper and places it in the mug.*

*All exit stage left. Enter Bumblemore from stage right.*

**Bumblemore:** Now it's time to see who the mug has chosen as our champions.

*Picks name out of mug.*

**Bumblemore:** For Tropical group, the champion will be...Nick Kleggaman!

*Nick runs on from stage right.*

**Nick:** Oh thank you, I promise I won't let you down!

**Someone off stage:** Yay! More research money!

**Nick:** Yeah about that. I've looked at it further since the selections and I don't think we can afford it. I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry.

*Offstage boo.*

**Nick** I made a promise before the selection, before the selection. It was a promise I made with the best of intentions. The best of intentions

*Nick stands to one side.*

**Bumblemore:** For Oceans group, the champion will be...Stephen Belcher! *(pause)*Stephen?

**Someone off stage:** He's still on the train from Exeter!

**Bumblemore:** Oh...(takes another name). In that case the champion will be...Leslie Allison!

*Enter Lesley from stage left, shyly waving.*

**Bumblemore:** Oh, I see you're doing the ocean wave! How krilling! And now for the Space group's champion...Matt Owens!

*Leslie stands to one side. Enter Matt from stage left.*

**Matt:** I'm going to win this one for Wales, guys!

**Bumblemore:** And finally the Atmospheres. Hang on...this is rather strange. Harry Potter!

*Atmospheres run on angrily from stage left.*

**Helen:** What?! How can a PhD student be the champion! He didn't even put his name in!

*All talk at once, telling Bumblemore off.*

**Bumblemore:** I'm sorry, but the mug never lies. Harry Potter is the Atmosphere group champion. Come forth, Harry.

*Enter Harry, reluctantly, from stage right.*

**Bumblemore:** Harry, did you put your name in this cup?

**Harry:** No!

**Bumblemore:** How did you get past the devilishly complex email security system?

**Harry:** I didn't!

**Bumblemore:** Well, this is most troubling, but we must accept the supreme power of the mug, you will have to compete in the Tri-Blizzard tournament. *(pause)* Now that our champions have been selected, they had better get training for the grand opening ceremony...but not before they sing the traditional 'song of the Tri-Blizzard champions'.

### **SONG – We are the champions**

**Narrator:** The mystical sorting mug has for the first time produced a PhD student as a champion. Young Harry Potter will be thrown into the brutal contest of the Tri-Blizzard tournament. Will Harry be able to get up to scratch in time? Will they ever find out what is in their DARC arts defence kit? Who will receive Maarten's beard next? Will Kleggaman keep his promises? Can, in yet another flashback, James Sonde save the day? Why is it called a pantomime if there's no miming? What am I even doing here? I'm sure we'll all find out after the interval. Enjoy.

*Exuent stage left. END OF ACT.*

## **ACT II - Scene 5 – At the Met Department International Arena**

[**Narrator**, Bumblemore, Dirk, Kleggaman, Innis, Allison, Belcher, Owens, Davies, Harry, Barlow, Ambaum, McCartney, Shonk]

*Podium on stage right, otherwise empty*

**Narrator:** Hello and welcome to our second act. It is almost time for the incredible opening ceremony of Reading 2012 Tri-Blizzard tournament. After initial teething problems with the contractors, Stephen G4S, that's Gilch 4 Safety, we're almost ready to go. This story is all about the athletes, and they have worked ever so hard to get here. Let's see their preparation...

### **Training video montage**

*Final part. Music stops. Running half marathon style, to chariots of fire played by the band. Mark F. is on stage with his keytar. After the band finish he repeats the notes and gets made to stop by Bumblemore. (or could get attacked by the beast of the panto - not Tom in a tiger costume)*

*Bumblemore enters stage left, walks across to stand at the podium*

**Bumblemore:** Welcome to the Reading 2012 Tri-Blizzard Tournament, these truly are the isles of wand-er. The Clarice Chalice has been passed over to us from our friends in Nanjing, China 4 years ago. Really nice friendly people, although wouldn't want to be caught out in the Nanjing Sea in a rubber dinghy at this time of year, gosh it's scary out there... oh did I talk about that last year?... blah blah blah...

**Random voice:** Get on with it!!!

**Bumblemore:** Oh right...well, first we need to bring on Dirk (*Dirk comes on stage left*), then we'll countdown to the Opening Ceremony using Sarah Dance's specially designed number system...(ancient number system?)

**Everyone:** 10,9...

(Images on screen behind in no particular order)

Agriculture sandwich

Duck

Maarten Ambaum's book

Cup of tea

Cloud

Cows

Bike  
Sumo wrestler with sun on his pants  
Michael Fish  
Lorenz attractor (or Edward Lorenz and a farm tractor)

**Bumblemore** (*pointing at Dirk*) You're fired!

**Dirk:** But I just started...

**Random voice:** Do what the man says!!!

*Dirk leaves the stage (to stage left or his seat), looking dejected.*

**Bumblemore** So we've fired the Cannon. (*pause for punchline to hit*) Now, please give a warm welcome to our fine champions!

**Bumblemore** First, some say he has more teleconnections than all others put together, we have Nick Kleggaman representing the Tropical Group!

*Tropical group (Nick and Pete) enter stage right with a flag bearing a picture of a blasphemous pineapple on it. They're wearing hawaiian shirts, flower necklaces and are drinking cocktails. The music playing is "Bob Marley - We're Jammin'". Pete is the flag bearer. They trundle across stage and NC comes to the foreground while Pete goes off stage right.*

**Nick** Thank you, thank you, and sorry.

**Bumblemore** And now, to get the crowd really Ekman pumping, floating in for the Oceans Group, it's the first Ocean grouper to own property above sea-level, Lesley Allison!

*Next Leslie arrives stage left.*

**Bumblemore** Oh wait, where's Stephen Belcher? He's meant to be carrying your flag!

*Belcher comes running on stage left with a skull and crossbones (and a duck) flag. The music playing is "In the Navy". They're both wearing sailor hats.*

**Leslie** Hey Stephen, you managed to make it from the Met office then.

**Belcher** Yeah, with the new station being built they've only got one platform in use...I had to cycle from Exeter. Anyway at least we're all here now...we'll be the best group, you'll SEA.

**Bumblemore** Things are getting spacey now. He won the award for the best young evil scientist - It's Matt Owens for the Space Group!

*Chris and Matt enter stage right. Chris is carrying the flag. Their flag is a picture of the Sun with Brian Cox's face on it. The backing music is the star wars theme.*

*Darth Vader follows them on stage - no-one acknowledges him as being anything out of the ordinary.*

**MO** We're the group of stellar proportions!

**Bumblemore** And last but certainly not least, our representative for the Atmospheres Group...some say that in his normal life he calls himself Daniel Radcliffe and that his mother ran in the London marathon. Some say he plants a lot of flowers. All I know is that he's the first PhD to be a Met Champion...that's a lie, I know everything.. It's Harry Potter!

*Finally, the atmospheres team (Harry and Janet) come in stage left to rapturous applause. Janet is holding the flag. The flag is a picture of a cumulus cloud. The music is "Everywhere you go always take the weather with you". Harry looks very nervous.*

**Harry:** Thank you guys. I'm going to give this my best.

**Bumblemore:** And now our teams have arrived, the clarice chalice comes to the end of it's 80 day journey around the campus.

**Nick:** No thanks to it being lost in the Humms building...

**Bumblemore:** Out of turn, Kleggaman...

**Nick:** (*Groveling*) I'm sorry, I'm sorry, didn't mean to offend...

*Ambaum runs in stage left with the Clarice Chalice as if it's the Olympic Flame.*

**Maarten:** I bring this chalice from the tower of darkness to offer to the challengers, sir.

**Bumblemore:** Thank you Maarten.

*Ambaum leaves stage left.*

**Bumblemore:** Now, the champions will drink from the chalice.

*Champions take a sip and look revolted.*

**Lesley:** Urgh, viva wine!

**Harry:** I don't understand why we keep drinking this stuff.

**BM:** To finish the night, with the world's eyes on Reading, we've brought together the best musical talent that Reading has to offer. Bring on everyone's favourite Beatle (*Awkward looks around the people on stage*) Sir Paul McCartney!

*Sir Paul McCartney comes on stage right (awkward looks) and starts to sing Hey Jude badly...*

**PM:** Hey Jude, Hey Jude....

**BM:** Oh god, that's awful... get off! Get off!

*Champions push PM off stage left.*

**BM:** And straight on to our star attraction, the official opening of the games, he knows every note of Now That's What I Call Music, but not necessarily in the right order. He's irresistible, he's... DJ SHONK!

*Shonk enters stage right to Gangnam (Shonk-man) style. He is wearing sunglasses and looks quite awkward. The leaders dance around on stage while it plays. They are joined by Darth Vader and a horse.*

**Shonk:** For more of this Shonk-tastic music, come along to the ceremony after-party.

*Shonk cuts a ribbon to cheers from backstage crowd.*

**Shonk:** I pronounced these games...open.

*Cheers from audience. Shonk leaves stage right.*

**Bumblemore:** So... the games are now officially open..the first event will be the Croquetstick Dressage beginning tomorrow morning. Champions. You are prepared. Do us proud.

*Lights go down. Some sort of exit music.*

## **Scene 6 – On the Croquet Lawn/Makeshift Dressage Arena**

[**Narrator, Commentator, Owens, Bellachiu, Davies, Kleggaman, Lesley, Harry, Owens, Dobby**]

*Some jumps are scattered around. Commentator is sitting at back stage left.*

**Narrator:** The Tri-Blizzard tournament is about to get under way. The Space Group have arrived early at the Croquet lawn to discuss their dastardly plans for Harry during the events.

*Space Group enter stage right. They reveal they have a bear trap, some ducks, and a mysterious black bag (this is the cow costume).*

**CD** Here Matt, take these items. They'll be all you need to stop Harry. We're off to get ready...

*They give Matt Owens the bear trap and the ducks and then disappear off stage right.*

**MO** A bear trap, some ducks...(looks into the bag) and this?! Right...funding must have been low this year.

*Matt Leaves stage right.*

**Commentator:** Are we ready? I said are we ready?! No I'm serious...I'm not convinced. Our first event is the e-pony-mous croquet-stick dressage. This is the 'mane' event and who couldn't like such an exciting sport? Unfortunately funding cuts have meant we couldn't upkeep our brooms this year so the damage from last years brawl is still apparent. Right... let's get on with the action... first out are Kleggaman and Lesley, Kleggaman being the favourite for this match, having won their seven previous matches on the trot.

*NK comes on stage right and LA comes on stage left straddling their croquet mallets. They strut around mundanely for a few years (not really but it goes on for an uncomfortably long time).*

**Commentator:** And here they are, just getting started. Wow, this is some scintillating stuff. (*Getting exciting*) They're really getting into this sport..... It's a little un-'stable' out there.

*Lesley staggers to the side a little but gets back to the slow trundling around soon enough.*

**Commentator:** Oh dear, Lesley just got hit by a turbulent eddy and it knocked her off balance somewhat... but she's back on track now, that'll quieten those 'neigh'-sayers.

*Nick spins around on his croquet-stick.*

**Commentator:** Nick Kleggaman looks like he's reached the low-level jet and done a flip on his stick. That'll really shake his confidence, but not 'furlong'...

*Nick and Leslie knock into each other and Lesley falls off. Nick stops.*

**Nick:** Sorry Leslie, Sorry!

**Commentator:** Oh no they've collided. What's that...Nick's apologising? He needs to carry on with the tournament and accept his mistakes and false-promises but Nick 'canter'-pologise enough.

*Nick starts off again and runs in small circles and commentator gets really excited.*

**Commentator:** Wow, this is amazing stuff by Nick and the crowd are reacting, shouting themselves 'hoarse'!

*NK and LA trundle off stage right. Owens sneaks onstage right with the bear trap and places it mid stage.*

**MO:** There's no way Harry will be able to avoid this trap.

**Commentator:** Well that was looking like a night-'mare' for Kleggaman, but he went full circle at the end. That will really 'stirrup' the emotions. Ok I whinney. Now it's time for Potter and Owens. This could be the big one.

*HP enters stage left, MO enters stage right and both begin to trundle. MO is wearing a Wales shirt and casual clothing. MO begins to try to nudge HP towards the trap.*

**Commentator:** Potter is fashioning the brooming marvelous cumulonimbus 3000 and is looking very calm and collected. Owens is all too casual and I'm not too sure about that shirt. Harry is certainly sweeping up the competition.

*MO and HP complete the course. Lesley and Kleggaman enter stage right.*

**Commentator:** The judges have just revealed, the winner of the first challenge after a brilliant physical performance is...(pause) Team Tropical (Scores are shown).. Congratulations Nick Kleggaman!

*Audience encouraged to cheer. All leave stage right and MO is alone on stage grumbling to himself in a welsh accent.*

**MO:** Why didn't this work?

*Looks at label.*

**MO:** Ohh made in Reading! Right, we'll get him in the next challenge.

*Lights down. Owens leaves stage right*

*Lights come back on. There is some cardboard across the front of stage (on the side) to make it look a bit like a lake. It's unconvincing. The backing is some trees along the edge of the campus lake. Lesley and Nick are on the 'shore'. Commentator is watching.*

**Commentator:** So we're joining the teams for the next challenge... swimming across the Whiteknights Lake! Lesley and Nick have already crossed and are about to find out how they did.

**LA:** The Langmuir turbulence was really on my side today.

**NC:** Not as quick as me! I harnessed the power of African Easterly Waves!.....Sorry.

**Commentator:** Now after the first swims, Nick is storming into the lead again. It's time to see if Matt has the flare to catch him!

**MO:** *(enters stage right, limbers up, then looks as if he's about to jump in lake)* Woah look at the Sun...there's a massive sunspot!

*Other characters look up and get blinded by the sunlight. MO scurries around the lake and pretends he's finished in record time.*

**MO:** Phwoar, that water was colder than the solar surface relative to the corona. I'm certainly the star of this event, I felt like a cosmic ray through the heliosphere.

*MO leaves grinning to himself at his excellent space-related puns (and his performance).*

**Commentator:** Was it me or did Matt dry off exceedingly quickly? Well, now it's time for Harry Potter.

*HP enters stage right in comedy goggles and shower cap. The space guys are waiting on the other end of the lake with toy ducks.*

**Harry** *(to no-one specifically)* Erm...are you sure we're allowed to do this? We're explicitly forbidden from swimming in the lake.

*Powerpoint shows 'no swimming in lake' sign.*

**Harry** Not to mention there's a terrible smell when you walk past the bridge.

**Voice offstage:** Come on Harry, no time for swanning around!

*As HP starts the swim he is attacked by the space guys who throw ducks and struggles against them. Quack noises are played by the narrator.*

**Harry:** Where did those ducks come from?

**Commentator:** Ok...the judges have decided, and I've just had a gander at the results.. they've given the win to Team Space. Tropical and Space, you will go into the final challenge with one win each, while atmospheres and Oceans have to battle it back from no wins. However, the Tri-Blizzard title is still very much up for grabs, and what a challenge it's going to be! The local beastmaster, Robinus Hogrid has provided the tournament with a most fearsome beast, the

Behemoth of Britain, the Brute of Berkshire, the Dragon of the Department. Each of the competitors must pass this monstrosity safely and as quickly as possible in order to win...

*Lights down and water is removed from the stage. Actors leave stage right. When lights come back up again, Daisy is led onto stage left by Hogrid.*

**Hogrid:** There you go Daisy! You look a little different to last time I saw you...Oh well...byeeee!

*Hogrid waves campily at the audience and Daisy waits near upstage.*

**Commentator:** Nick is to go first.

*Nick enters stage right. Daisy moves towards midstage.*

**Nick:** Wow this beast is even more of an opponent than that Scottish guy who was running for labour.

*NK edges towards Daisy.*

**Nick:** I'll use my special move: the Madden-Klingaman oscillation to confuse the beast.

*NK zigzags and makes it past Daisy.*

**Nick:** Yes! I am a-moo-sing! (*turns to audience*) I'm really sorry.

*Nick traipses off stage left. On comes Lesley stage right.*

**Commentator:** Now here comes Leslie. She needs a good performance in this challenge.

**LA:** I'll send that beast off to a watery grave!

*There's a slight scuffle as Lesley manoeuvres herself past Daisy.*

**LA:** That was swell!

*Lesley walks off stage left. Matt enters stage right.*

**MO:** I've seen scarier things than this monstrosity in the valleys!

*Matt walks past the beast very casually. Daisy appears to move to the side and Matt punches the air and heads off stage.*

**MO:** The Sun is certainly shining on me today!

*Matt leaves stage left. Harry enters stage right. He looks nervous.*

**Commentator:** There's a tense atmosphere around the place and now we're all willing on Potter. Let's see how he does.

**HP:** Nice cow, good cow. I hope I don't make a mis-steak on the last challenge. I wish Hogrid was here to help me now. He said that he'd always be around but I never seem to see him

*Hogrid walks onto stage left.*

**Harry:** Ah Hogrid, just in time. I need your help with this beast

**Hogrid:** Sorry Harry I'm busy but if you speak to my PA and try and sort an appointment and I'll see you then.

*Hogrid starts to walk off stage left.*

**Harry:** But you said you'd always help me

**Hogrid:** Speak to my PA

**Harry:** *(plaintively as Hogrid leaves to stage left)* So much for being there to help...

*Daisy blocks every attempt Harry makes to go by.*

**Harry:** *(to Daisy)* What's your beef?

*Tim Woolings and Chris Davis jump out of the cow costume much to Harry's surprise. Harry jumps back in shock.*

**Harry:** Woah, who are you? *(looks at Chris)* Weren't you the guy in Methven's office with the lampshade on your head?

**CD** Quite fetching wasn't it. I'm Chris Davis and this is Time Woolings. I'm not really sure why he's here...

**Tim** Yep, He Who Must Not Be Named asked me and of course I said yes. He said he wanted someone good at blocking who would agree to anything.

**Harry** So why is he after me?

**Chris** He just wants a chat...come on lets go.

*Time and Chris grab Harry and start to drag him off stage right.*

**Harry:** Help! Help! I'm being coronal mass ejected!

*Dobbie comes on stage left and looks a little confused at Tim and Chris dragging Harry away.*

**Dobbie Thompson** Dobbie Thompson is looking for some anti-update serum. Do you have any for Dobbie?

**Chris** Sorry Dobbie, I wish I could help.

**Tim** Yep...err sorry Dobbie I think the PhDs might have some.

**Chris** Don't tell them you saw us with Harry though...

**Dobbie** Chris can trust Dobbie. Where are you taking Harry Potter?

**Chris** The Lord wants a chat with him in GU10. He will be VERY angry if Dobbie tells anyone.

**Dobbie:** Dobbie won't tell. Dobbie is very good at keeping secrets.

*Dobbie leaves stage left.*

**HP** Wait a minute, wasn't the cow costume a bit of an elaborate way to capture me? I've been sat down in the coffee room all day.

**CD** Well that would be boring wouldn't it?!

*End of scene, Harry, Chris and Tim leave stage right. Lights go down.*

## **Scene 7 – PhD office; GU10**

[**Narrator, Veronica, Hermon, Dobby, Harry, Davies, Woolings, Lockwood, Lone model, CMIP5**]

**Narrator:** A short while later in the PhD offices...

*Backdrop shows interior of a PhD office. Veronica and Hermon are sitting either side of a desk. Veronica has her feet up on the desk and Hermon is working hard.*

**Veronica** God I'm bored

**Hermon** Maybe you could actually do some work...

**Veronica** I'm working! My model's running...

*A model (guy in drag wearing a sash that says 'Miss UM' on it) runs on stage right, poses and runs off stage left.*

**Veronica** How about a game of Meteorologist Chess?

**Hermon** Really? You know what a bad loser you are...

**Veronica** I'm not a bad loser!

**Hermon** You really are.

**Veronica** Whatever. Come on, let's play!

**Hermon** Alright, fine.

*Hermon gets out a chess board and puts it on the desk. An above-view of a chess board appears on the backdrop with each of the pieces replaced by a member of staff's face (Postdocs for the Pawns, Brian Hoskins for the King, Julia Slings for the queen, etc.)*

**Veronica** Right...Jon Robson to D4.

*They start to play. Play 3 or 4 moves each.*

**Hermon** *(makes a move)* Checkmate!

*Veronica examines the board for a while. Pauses then knocks all the pieces flying in anger Hermon looks longingly at Veronica. Hermon picks up one of the knights from the chess set.*

**Hermon** You know Veronica...you could be my queen...

**Veronica** Is that the piece with the horse?

**Hermon** *(shakes head and looks upset/resigned)* Oh Veronica...

### **SONG – Something Stupid**

*At end of song (after applause) Dobby Thompson walks on stage left carrying a massive bottle of Pepsi.*

**Hermon** *(spotting Dobby)* Oh, hi Dobby Thompson.

**Dobby** Has anyone got a vial of anti-update serum?

**Veronica** Err...why?

**Dobby** Because IT have just uninstalled python and Dobby's got a snake-charming lesson to teach in 10 minutes!

**Veronica** Oh right...

**Dobby** Ah, you're playing Meteorologist Chess. Dobby used to play that all the time when he was doing his PhD. Dobby misses those days. Oh yes Dobby was in this very office...has he ever told you about that?

**Veronica** Yes, Dobby. You come in here every day and tell us that.

**Dobby** ...Of course that was before Dobby had the little Dobbies. Have you ever met them?

**Veronica + Hermon** Yes...

**Dobby** Dobby doesn't have really much time for fun any more, what with having to constantly check that the automatic recording instruments match up with the manual instruments, playing cricket, telling everybody about playing cricket and coding up online cricket games. Has Dobby ever told you about his online cricket game?

**Veronica** Yes, Dobby. Every day

**Dobby** Still, Dobby does enjoy a good game of Meteorologist Chess. Dobby hears that Harry Potter is quite good at it. Still, Dobby could beat him. It's a shame that he's been kidnapped really...

**Hermon** Wait, what was that?

**Dobby** Uh oh. Dobby should not have said that. Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby! (*picks up the chess board, scattering the pieces, and starts bashing it against his head*)

**Hermon** (*grabbing Dobby's arm*) Dobby stop!

**Veronica** Dobby, who's kidnapped Harry?

**Dobby** Dobby can't possibly say. He Who Must Not Be Named would be so mad!

**Hermon** He Who Must Be Named!

**Dobby** Ohhh! Bad Dobby! BAD DOBBY! (*bashes his head more with the chess board*) At least Dobby didn't say that they'd taken him to GU10. (*realising what he's done he begins bashing his head again*) BAD DOBBY! BAD DOBBY! (*he staggers slightly*) Ooo...Dobby needs to sit down

*Hermon lets Dobby have his seat*

**Hermon** Veronica, we have to save Harry!

**Veronica** But how can we defeat He Who Must Not Be Named? He's the most powerful master of the DARC arts there's ever been.

**Dobby** (*clearly quite concussed*) These PhD offices sure swirly...

**Hermon** Veronica, I've got a plan. We'll need our DARC arts defence kits and the CMIP5!

**Veronica** What?!

**Hermon** I'll explain on the way. Dobby, thanks for all your help.

*Veronica and Hermon exit stage left. Dobby, realising that he's helped them more hits himself again with the chess board, so hard his head goes right through. He collapses onto the floor.*

*Lights down. Dobby exits stage right.*

*Lights up. Backdrop shows GU10. No-one is on stage. Harry is then dragged on stage from stage right by Tim and Chris and he is put on a chair.*

**Tim** Where is he? He told me he'd be here waiting for us.

**Chris** Oh he's always late. Probably been summoned into yet another meeting.

**Tim** Oh wait, I think I hear him coming.

*Imperial death march is played and Lockwood arrives.*

**Mike** (*hissing it like Voldemort in the films*) Harry Potter. (*to Tim and Chris*) Cheers guys, see you for lunch. (*Minions leave.*)

**Tim** Yep, yep...(*Chris drags him off*) Yes sir....

**Mike** One second, I must finish this paper... (*goes to laptop*) "So, in conclusion, we observe that, in agreement with He Who Must Not Be Named (2005a, b), He Who Must Not Be Named and Davis (2006) and He Who Must Not Be Named et al. (2007), the Sun is the major driver of the observed increase in global mean temperatures." There. (*closes laptop*)  
Mwhahahahahahaha!! I would have got it done quicker had I not had that 2 hour conversation with Matt in the corridor this morning...

**Harry** What's going on?

**Mike** (to Harry) Do you know who I am?

**Harry** You're the one they call He Who Must Not Be Named. I saw you on that Global Weirding program...

**Mike:** Oh yeah (*looks pleasantly surprised*). What did you think?

**Harry** Well I don't think that the Sun influences our climate quite that much...

**Mike** What?! (*looks angry*), you can't say that to me...I am Lord Lockwood. Master of the DARC arts.

**Harry** Master of the DARC arts? I would've thought that would've been Peter Jan...

**Mike** That would've made more sense, wouldn't it. But it's too obvious! Mwhahaha!

**Harry** OK, whatever. So what do you want with me?

**Mike** ... "So, in conclusion, we observe that, in agreement with He Who Must Not Be Named (2005a, b), He Who Must Not Be Named and Davis (2006) and He Who Must Not Be Named et al. (2007), the Sun is the major driver of the observed increase in global mean temperatures." There. (*closes laptop*) Mwhahahahahahaha!! I would have got it done quicker had I not had that 2 hour conversation with Matt in the corridor this morning...

*Minions come on stage left dragging Harry. They place him on a chair.*

**Mike** (*hissing it like Voldemort in the films*) Harry Potter. (*to his minions*) Cheers guys, see you for lunch. (*Minions leave.*)

**Tim** Yep, yep...(Chris drags him off stage left) Yes sir....

**Mike** (to Harry) Do you know who I am?

**Harry** You're the one they call He Who Must Not Be Named. I saw you on that Global Weirding program...

**Mike:** Oh yeah (*looks pleasantly surprised*). What did you think?

**Harry** Well I disagree with the Sun influencing our climate that much...

**Mike** What?! (*looks angry*), you can't say that to me...I am Lord Lockwood. Master of the DARC arts.

**Harry** Master of the DARC arts? I would've thought that would've been Peter Jan...

**Mike** That would've made more sense, wouldn't it. But it's too obvious! Mwahaha!

**Harry** OK, whatever. So what do you want with me?

**Mike** Let me tell you a story Harry. I have always sought to show that the sun controls everything about our weather and climate. For years I published papers proving this to be the case. Of course, it wasn't true, but I used data assimilation so no one could understand my methods. But then, two meteorologists came along and started trying to prove that it was greenhouse gas emissions and not the sun which causes global warming. Eventually they came up with evidence that no one could deny. I could not let this information enter the scientific literature. So I got myself on the review team for their paper and then...I tore it apart! My review was devastating, and the authors could not live with the shame of it. They turned their back on science altogether. No one dared to question my theories again after that – they even stopped saying my name, for fear that it would doom their papers.

**Harry** But I still don't see what this has to do with me?

**Mike** Well you see Harry, those two meteorologists, they were your parents.

**Harry** NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! (*Harry falls to knees in front of the table*).

**Mike** Yes! And as their son, you had the potential to finish what they started. But now that I have you here I can finish running my DARC simulations. Then I will be the most powerful person in the universe...(to himself with increasing malice) I'm brilliant...I'm amazing...I'm unstoppable...I'm Lo-o-o-o-o-ckwood...mwahaha.

### **SINGLE CHORUS OF SONG – I'm Lockwood (I feel good)**

*Mike gets back to the job in hand. He pulls out three boxes, labelled as '3D-Var', 'Least-squares Method' and 'Particle Filter', and puts them on a table.*

*There's a knock and Matt comes on stage left.*

**MO** So Mike, Giles was wondering why you didn't go to the space group meeting.

**Mike** Urgh I'll be right there...

**MO** Don't worry, it's over now. Also, there's 2 PhD students hovering around outside your office...maybe we should hide Harry....

**Mike** Right ok then, put this on (*puts lampshade on Harry's head*). There. They'll never find him now.

**MO** Right, good work. If that trick worked on Methven, it'll work on anyone. See you later Mike!

*Matt leave stage left*

**Mike** *(To Harry)* And to keep you occupied, here's a draft copy of my latest paper. Don't worry, with all of the Darc arts in there - you'll not understand a word but there's some pretty pictures of the Sun.

*There's a knock at the door.*

**Mike** Come in!

*Veronica and Hermon enter stage left.*

**Mike** Ah, PhDs – what are you doing around here?

**Hermon** Excuse me sir, we're having some trouble with the CMIP5 models – they don't seem to be running properly.

**Mike** Well bring them in and I'll have a look at them.

*A group of models (all guys in drag, wearing swimsuits and sashes with the model names on) come on stage left, all walking funny and bumping into each other.*

**Mike** *(looking at the models)* Ah yes, I see what you mean. Perhaps their solar cycle isn't set up correctly. I'll take a good look at them.

*Mike leads the models off stage right, eyeing them up as they leave. Once he's gone Hermon starts examining the data assimilation system.*

**Hermon** Right Veronica, you try and find Harry and I'll Try to put an end to these dastardly experiments.

*Veronica looks around the stage but can't find Harry*

**Hermon** Right, put these extra squares in here *(gesturing to the Least Squares Method box)*...

*Empties the squares into the Least Squares Method box.*

**Hermon** ...take one of the D's out of here *(gesturing to the 3D-Var box)*...

*Takes a giant letter D out of the 3D-Var box.*

**Hermon** ...and I'll put the dust in here (*brushes the contents of the dustpan into the Particle Filter box*). Right, let's get out of here!

**Veronica** Ah there you are Harry (*takes off lampshade*)

**Harry** Wow. This thing is actually a great disguise after all

*Mike comes back on stage right.*

**Mike** I think I've figured out what was wrong with the models. For some reason they're all wearing swimsuits ...Hey! Oh, so your all in it together are you. Well no matter, you're too late to stop me anyway. All I have to do is run my DARC program.

*At this point the DA system starts smoking (if possible – smoke machine?)*

**Mike** Oh no, there are too many squares in my least-squares. And not enough D's in my 3Dvar. And my particle filter has become clogged up with dust. My model is ruined! Still, my results will all stand up to scrutiny I'm sure.

**Harry** I don't think so Mike. Now that the Darc arts are no longer obscuring your work I can read this paper properly and can see for sure that you've overestimated the Sun's impact on climate change by several orders of magnitude. In fact in several of these equations you seem to have multiplied by 1000 instead of dividing by 1000. I'm going to take this straight to Bumblemore and see to it that you get what's coming to you. You may have prevented my parents from defeating you but I've got the proof here in my hands that will finish off your career for ever.

**Mike** NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

*Mike falls to his knees and the lights dim. The lights then go down.*

## **Scene 8 - Would I be Lyle-ing if I said it wasn't a happy ending?**

[**Narrator, Harry, Veronica, Hermon, Lockwood, Bumblemore, Keith, Ellie, (Lesley), (Kleggaman), (Methven), Gilch**]

**Narrator:** With the Data Assimilation system destroyed Lord Lockwood (or The Meteorologist Formerly Known As He Who Must Not Be Named, as he now likes to be called) was left powerless. The DARC project was shut down due to lack of funding and more importantly lack of comprehension. Lord Lockwood was brought to face trial for his crimes. Would I be lyle-ing if I said it wasn't a happy ending?!

*Scene opens in a court room. Ross is on the judge's bench wearing a wig, Mike is in the dock, Harry, Veronica and Hermon are in the witness box.*

**Harry** So, in conclusion Professor, we believe the evidence against Lord Lockwood is undeniable!

**Bumblemore** Excellent, excellent...

*Ross reveals he's holding a small hand mirror, admiring his wig.*

**Bumblemore** Corr Blimey, my hair hasn't looked this good in years!

**Hermon** Professor, were you listening to any of that?

**Bumblemore** Hmm? Oh yes, right. Lord Lockwood, how do you plead? Like this (*puts his hands together in a pleading way and makes a silly face*). Haha! No, but seriously, are you guilty?

**Mike** Yes, I'm guilty!

**Bumblemore** (*looking at himself in the mirror again*) Right, then you're free to go.

**Hermon** Professor!

**Bumblemore** Hmm? Oh right. Well in that case I have no choice but to banish you to the one place no meteorologist wants to go. A place so remote, so utterly desolate, that you'll never see another WCD again!

**Mike** No!

**Bumblemore** Order! Order! Order me a pizza, I'm hungry. Haha! Ahem. Yes a black hole, where hopes and careers fade into darkness. You will be taken through the Forbidden Forest, across the Black Lake, past the garden of wizards and on to the Tower of Despair. Your escorts will be terrifying De-Mentors.

**Veronica** Woah, aren't they those creatures that eat your soul?

**Bumblemore** What? No, I think you're thinking of a book or something... De-Mentors will keep Lockwood in the Tower while they teach him the truth about climate change and will make you change your ways...They do look the type to eat your soul though...or your cod haha. Ah here they are now. Hello Keith and Ellie! How are you both?

*Harry, Veronica and Hermon all gasp loudly as Keith and Ellie come on stage left.*

**Ellie** I have to say I've been better. It's a blooming long way over here and I've just discovered that someone has taken my mug. You haven't seen it have you?

**Bumblemore** (*hides mug under desk*) erm...no...

*Ellie looks disgruntled.*

**Keith** Is this the prisoner?

**Bumblemore** Yes that's him. He done it guvna, I saw him! Haha!

*Keith and Ellie walk up to Mike and each grab one of his arms ready to lead him off.*

**Keith** Your day's of Coronal Miss Education are over sunshine!

*Keith and Ellie lead Mike off stage left.*

**Bumblemore** Right, time for a celebration I think! Gather everyone together in the David Grimes Laboratory for free wine and nibbles.

*There is a race car zooming sound.*

**Bumblemore** Sounds like John Methven's there already! Well, off you go.

*Harry, Veronica and Hermon exit stage left. Ross picks up the hand mirror and begins admiring himself again. He flicks his head (like in the L'Oreal adverts) and the wig falls off. He looks forlorn.*

*Lights down. Clear stage.*

*Lights up. Backdrop shows 1L61 with tables cleared away. Champions, Veronica, Hermon and John stood around in a semi-circle at the back of the stage chatting with Ross in the middle. John Methven has a plate of food which he is working his way through.*

**Bumblemore** Right settle down you lot.

*Everyone goes quiet apart from Nick who 'finishes his sentence'.*

**Nick** ...and it as at that point I realised that she was actually a man...

*Awkward pause and everyone looks at Nick bemused.*

**Bumblemore** Right, it's time to announce the winners of this year's Tri-Blizzard tournament! Matt Owens has been disqualified so that leaves three competitors. In third place, the bronze medal goes to Leslie Allison...

*Polite round of applause from the spectators.*

**Leslie** Yay!

**Bumblemore** Yes, well don't get too excited. It's now Departmental Policy that at least 30% of prizes must be won by women.

*John Methven does his standard loud, singular laugh.*

**Nick** (to audience) Sorry!

**Bumblemore** Anyway. In second place: Harry Potter.

*Polite round of applause from the spectators.*

**Harry** Well, I guess it beats being in Azkaban...

**Bumblemore** Quite. And finally, the first prize goes too...

*Excessively long pause like in all reality TV shows with heart beat in the background.*

**Spectator** Get on with it! There's only one person left anyway!

**Bumblemore** Barack Obama! Oh wait...wrong competition...the ACTUAL winner is Nick Kleggaman!

*Cheering from the spectators.*

**Nick** Yeah!! (to Harry and Leslie) In your face! IN YOUR FACE!!

*Nick walks up to Ross to collect his prize. Suddenly there is the 'record stopping sound' as Stephen Gill rushes on stage left. Everyone goes quiet.*

**Stephen Gill** Hold it right there!

**Hermon** Oh look (to Harry and Veronica), it's Stephen Gilch!

**Bumblemore** What seems to be the problem Stephen?

**Stephen Gill** We have evidence to suggest that Nick Kleggaman has been leading the most sophisticated doping scheme known to man.

*Everyone gasps.*

**Bumblemore** Nick is this true? What do you have to say for yourself?

**Nick** I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

*Stephen leads Nick off stage right. Everyone looks shocked. As he does he turns to the audience.*

**Stephen Gill** Don't do drugs, kids!

**Ross** Well, that was unexpected! I guess that means that by default the Gold Medal will go to...me! Haha, only joking. No the winner of this year's Tri-Blizzard tournament is Harry Potter!

*Huge cheers from the spectators. Harry is awarded the Gold Medal.*

## **Final Scene – Met Coffee Room**

[Narrator, Veronica, Hermon, Harry, Barlow, Hogrid, Methven, Mike]

*Lights come up. HP, V and H and Janet are on stage. ACP and Helen also are watching onstage. To one side of the stage there are 2 tables with viva cups on. HP is wearing a suit/smart clothing.*

**Narrator** Three years, 2 months and 50 thousand mugs of coffee later, Harry has finally completed his viva and is now celebrating with awful wine and cheap juice.

**Veronica** Congratulations Harry!

**Hermon** Yeah, well done Harry...Only 6 months after me!

**Harry** Well it wasn't exactly an easy project and with the major social events needing running and getting a second supervisor halfway through didn't make it easy to finish on time!

**Janet** Ok, ok, settle down. I'd like to congratulate Harry on his fantastic work on his very difficult project and for finishing in time for the New Year. Now please welcome in his primary supervisor – John Methven. I'm off to have a wee sip of this wine...

*John Methven comes on stage left.*

**John** Hi there. So I'd like to offer my congratulations to my PhD student....(*starts to shake Veronica's hand*)

**Janet** That's not him John – that's Veronica. She's a girl as you can tell from her very feminine features

**John** Oh...congratulations...(Shakes Hermon's hand)

**Janet** That's not him either. This is your student...(points to Harry)

**John** Oh yes, (*to Harry*) I recognise you now...congratulations...err...

**Janet** That'll be Harry, John!

**John** Ah yes...congratulations Harry John....

**Janet** No he's Harry John – Harry.

**John** Oh ok, Harry John Harry...

**Janet** No! Just Harry!

**John** Oh yes that's right...err...what about him? (*the group all shake their heads in disbelief. John is oblivious*).

**Hogrid** Come on John, I heard there's some food in the other room...

*Hogrid leads John offstage stage left. There's a pause while things get back on track*

**Janet** Right...so I'd better say a word and then pass on to Harry's second supervisor. Harry not only won the tri-blizzard tournament, he has managed to make the best model of climate change and global warming ever seen encompassing man-made, natural and solar effects. Well done Harry, you've done great.

**Harry** Thanks Janet.

*Mike enters stage left threateningly. A pause while the audience contemplate what's going to happen.*

**Janet** Oh hello, here he is Harry!

**Mike** (*to Janet*) Sorry I'm late. (*To Harry*) Very well done Harry. Ever since those de-mentors convinced me to stop moving to the dark side and to embrace climate change, I've known that your project is of universal importance. Together we've shown we can rule the world mwahaha..

**Janet** Mike!

**Mike** Sorry, some habits are hard to shake!

**Janet** Right so that pretty much sums things up. Have a magical Christmas and a great new year!

**Harry** Thanks Janet, got a new year's resolution?

**Janet** Yeah half a kilometre.

**Veronica** Can we go to the three buns now?

**Hermon** I prefer 2 buns. (*rawrrrr noise and hand*)

**Harry** That's ok, we can go there instead. Let's go guys.

*All start to leave. John comes on stage left with a plate of food.*

**John** Wait guys! I've bought the free food along

*John begins 'free food' and everyone comes on stage for the final song.*

**FINAL SONG –Free Food (*Hey Jude*)**