

## Scene 1.

Narrator 1: Welcome to the Christmas show of fun, full of meteorological madness, musical mysticism, and horrendous humour. You won't know WEATHER to laugh or cry. Yes I'm afraid we didn't have new ideas at all for this years play so we decided to do last years play again, and just give it another title, and if you'll read your tickets again you'll notice that no refunds are given under any circumstances!

Narrator 2: That's where you're wrong Tompkins. There's been a management takeover, we've decided to have a play this year that actually includes jokes! You're no longer needed... It's time... for you to go...

Narrator 1: you mean... I can't join in... (Ah from audience=AH CARD)

narrator 2: Nope! Your pathetic humour is out of date.. not the kind of thing to made modern meteorological audiences mad with mirth!

narrator 1: Not even a small part? I'll make the coffee if you like!

Narrator 2: No.. You're reign of poor humour is finished.... begone... so we can start...

(Narrator 1 shuffles off stage... args from audience...)

Narrator: Cinderella is a PhD student in the meteorology department just a few years from now. Blessed with all the skills needed to go far in Meteorology (Ability to sprint across terminal rooms in 6 nano-seconds to bag the last remaining free terminal, ability to sleep with eyes fully open during lunch-time seminars, and perhaps even knowing a little bit about weather) she has already completed a shiny new theory all about clouds and is looking forward to presenting her discoveries at the AMS 568th conference on "tea drinking" with a short session on "Just what are those white puffy things in the sky?". For those of you here less familiar with meteorology AMS of course stands for "Are Meteorologists Sad?" formally known as the AMSOW "Are Meteorologists sad or what?". Working conditions in the department have deteriorated though as it turned out that the new HoD Ralan Torp (?) was in fact planted in the department by the death star and started a tyrannical reign of terror allowing supervisors to do horrible things to their PhD students..like expecting them to work more than 7 hours a week, and worse to turn up sometimes in the morning! I mean.. AM!!! It would have been ok if Ken spiers (looks to the sky - AMEN from everyone) had succeeded in his attempt to regain control of the department, but he was unfortunately beaten off by the Head of Departments elite squad of Ninja secretaries. Anyway.. here she comes now... the most fabulous of forecasters.... Ciiiiiiinderella. (CHEER CARD) (nothing happens) I said oh look here she comes now... Cinderella...

Cinderella: (FRom of stage) No I'm not doing it - Have you seen that barrel of beer they've got in the other room? You do the stupid play, I'm off to get...

(gets pushed onto the stage embarrassed look) ----- Tum tum de tum. Here I am in for a day of work, oooh I can't wait... I had lots of amazing thoughts about clouds last night... i think I shall work the whole day continuously and not even stop for coffee with the others at 10 or 10.30 or 11 or 2 or 3 or 4 or 4.30. Tum de tum. Wait! was that a noise I heard behind me? No It was nothing.

Audience: (CARD prompt) Oh yes it was!

Cinderella: Oh no it wasn't

Audience: Oh yes it was

Narrator: For those of you already considering leaving I would just like to inform you that the all doors and windows are now securely locked and escape is impossible.

3 Supervisors: (Lock up C (!) and Grab papers)

Craigabel Ha! It was us... your evil supervisors (each introduces themselves) Craigabel, Marshella and Belchina! (Evil laugh!) But after the 1% pay offer last April you can simply call us lightning.

Cinders Why's that then.

Craigabel: Because you never know when we will strike!

Belchina We just came to collect these from you and to inform you that you won't be going on holiday, I mean to the conference.

Cinders: This must be a WIND up (GROAN CARD) How can it be? There is money in my grant for the tickets, and my overheads are ready!

Marshella: That's where you're wrong afraid. We spent your grant on our plane tickets.

Belchina: And I now have something to present! "Evil laugh" (Boo Hiss Card)

Cinderalla: But I'm locked up - How can I do all those important student thingies, like those important meteorology related meetings down the three tuns. Tomorrow I have to take minutes for the "we love Anthea Turner" society in order to get our beer grant from the union.

marshella: Ha, not now you're not. Instead you shall remain chained to desk while we are away, preparing the second paper for the next AMS conference. You can go too if you like...

Cinders: But that one's in Reading!

Craigabel: Yes convenience isn't it! And don't go thinking about escaping. We've sabotaged your email facility, the ninja secretaries are guarding this office, and from your safety lecture you will already know that desk is far to heavy to lift, even in the region of your underpants, which according to government regulation P43482193482 section 2 can be

used to carry 25kg... But only if they are coloured red of course.

Narrator: We would just like to remind members of the audience at this point that if they are considering checking at the moment to see if they are wearing their red for danger underpants that cameras ARE indeed trained on them at this very moment, and will be used for blackmail purposes at a later date,... one that will probably coincide with my Viva.

Belchina: So we go! And just remember you horrible lot out there watching and nervously swarming like little prospective postgraduates waiting to be interviewed by Ian James... We are bad... Don't cross us.

Cinders: Sorry I just can't believe you are bad. I always defended you when the other students insulted you viscosly at coffee times.

Marshella: (insistantly) We are indeed bad.

Cinders: oh no you're not

All three: Oh yes we are!

Narrator: Warning! Bad link-in to song coming.

Cinders: Well then, you'll just have to sing me a song to prove how bad you are.

3 SUPERVISORS SONG: We are bad bal bla bla (EXIT)

Cinders Boo hoo... What am I going to do? If only Ken Spiers (looks skywards AMEN) had succeeded in his attempt to gain control of the dept. I can't just sit and work continuously, I would ruin my reputation as a student. I can't email anyone to rescue me, what shall I do. Oh boo hoo. Hmm I know... I could cheer myself up by surfing the net for a while.

Narrator: If the audience could now imagine the passage of approximately 7.34 minutes of time while Cinderella logs on and gets NETSCAPE to run.

Cinderella: Oh this is no good at all. All I have found so far is a page on (ideas please?). No wait what this....(reads out loud.) " your virtual reality godmother can grant you one wish and solve all your problems... Just click here to remove all your life's woes.." Well what kind of fool do they think we are... well lets give it a try.

Page character: (this character represents an animation on the net. American accent desirable if possible!!!) Welcome to the virtual reality godmother page. Your virtual reality godmother will appear at a click of button and grant you one wish, as long as it's not too difficult. Please note that people who try and be really cocky by wishing for another 1000 wishes will get turned into a frog or something equally horrible, lecturer for example, or even worse... meteorology lecturer. (then speaking much much faster in a "credit example" type voice!) Major credit card required, time charged out at 25 dollars per second, no refunds no guarantees, Have a nice day!

Cinderella: well here goes then. (Bang or perhaps a whoopee cushion kind of noise and Godmother appears)

Godmother: (annoyed) Yes, what is it, I warn you I'm feeling a little FROSTY at the moment (Groan Card)?, there I was...with this chunky gorgeous man... all excited... just about to get my first ever whopper,... it really is amazing what they sell in Burger King these days you know, and anyway suddenly I'm summoned away here! HmMMM... what do you want then?

Cinderella: Are you the VRgodmother then?

GodM: (sarcastic) No... Bob Monkhouse! What do you think I am standing here holding this wand? Do you think I'm about to give a lecture in the shed or something!!! Holding this wand and wearing this dress I can only be your VR godmother or Keith Shine, and as I've got no beard....

Cinders: Can I make a wish then?

GodM: Yes go on... And make it BREEZY (Groan Card)

Cinders: I wish.... I wish... I wish I could go to the conference in Hawai and present my results... Nothing happened...

GodM: Yes well... What do you think this is... This isn't the BBC you know, with Jimmy Saville, Bid budgets and special effects. First of all we need to get rid of these: (breaks chains)

Audience: (Hurrah Card)

GodM and If you want to go you will need these of course. (produces plane tickets)

Audience: (Hurrah!)

GodM: And you will need a cunning disguise... A beard (produces false beard...) dark glasses (etc)... (Cinders puts them on) HmMMM There's something missing... Yes I know... (pillow gets thrown on from side) Belly!!! Yes now you will fit in with anyone there...Enjoy!

Cinders: But what about my overheads, they were stolen by the evil Belchina.

GodM: No problem! (produces overheads...) When he arrives there and opens his briefcase he will be confronted with the deadly overheads from the Brian Hoskins talk in 1937 entitled "PV on a pair of Y-Fronts - why it's best not to...". But... Don't forget now... You must leave by the first coffee break or your disguise will dematerialise and reveal you to be the stunning PhD student you really are! Now where was that Whopper... Oh Brian... I'm coming darling!!! (Exits)

Cinders: (shouts after her) Why thank you VR Godmother. Don't worry Ken (looks skywards - AMEN) Now I *shall* go to the ball, er wall, er conference.