

MET SLOGGERS
SEASON REVIEW
2008

Cinderella

A Pantomime in Two Parts

Director: Tyrone M. Dunbar

Producer: Kimberley E. A. Bartholomew

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

Narrator: Welcome to Forecastle Meteorology, the fairy tale home of the Meteorology Department. Or is it? Times are hard, things aren't how they used to be. It all started going wrong when Brian Hoskins was banished to the Imperial Palace. Then the global economy worsened - jobs are scarce, PhD students are rumoured to be sleeping under their desks as they can't afford rent, and it takes a whole week to save up enough money to buy a credit cunchie from the chocolate fridge. Even the milk in Ye Olde Coffee Room is skimmed. However, things are not all doom and gloom, despite Roger Brugge's best efforts to convince us otherwise. Here comes Prince Charming-Belcher with an important scroll.

[Prince Charming and Buttons ENTER. Buttons rings the bell used to summon people to lectures.]

BUTTONS: HEAR YE! HEAR YE! PRAY SILENCE FOR THE PRINCE!

[CROWD ENTERS AND GATHERS ROUND PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER. PRINCE CHARMING PUTS SCROLL UP, THIS COMES UP ON POWERPOINT AT SAME TIME]

PRINCE CHARMING: LORDS AND LADIES, I HEREBY DECLARE THAT I HAVE SECURED ENOUGH FUNDING FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT POST-DOC JOB OF THE CENTURY. THE POST-DOC WHO GETS THIS JOB WILL HAVE NO MORE WORRIES EVER AGAIN. THEY WILL GET 10 GUINEAS PER WEEK AND ALL THE TEA, COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE THEY CAN MANAGE OUT OF YE OLDE COFFEE ROOM. THE IDEAL CANDIDATE WILL BE

ENTHUSIASTIC, HAVE GOOD PEOPLE SKILLS, EXCELLENT PRESENTATION SKILLS, A WILLINGNESS TO TRAVEL TO THE ENDS OF THE KNOWN EARTH – EXETER AND NORWICH – AND MUST HAVE A PHD. ALL THE CANDIDATE HAS TO DO IS FIX THE UM.

[UGLY SISTERS (CURTY AND ROBANNA) ENTER.]

UGLY SISTERS: THAT' S EASY!

PRINCE CHARMING: OH NO IT ISN' T!
[encourages audience to say OH NO IT ISN' AFT]

AUDIENCE: OH NO IT ISN' T ETC.

PRINCE CHARMING: IF YOU THINK IT' S SO EASY, THEN APPLY FOR IT YOURSELF AND SHOW ME [WALKS OFF IN HUFF]

Narrator: Oh no, those two arrogant show offs, Curty and Robanna, they' re always up to something! I hear their fashion business went under due to the credit crunch; they invested all their money in an origami manufacturers... then it folded. If they' re not trying to finish off the PhD students with a UniHoc ball to the head, they' re trying to brainwash the undergraduates into believing there' s nothing else to meteorology except insects and radars.

[Robin ENTERS]

Narrator: And it gets even worse, their chief collaborator and evil Stepmother Ribena Hogan is approaching them.

Robin: Well my pretty little Post-Docs, what have we here?

Curty: Prince Charming Belcher has advertised the most fantastical Post-Doc job in the world. It sounds perfect for Robanna here.

Robanna: My extensive experience in radar meteorology is perfect for fixing the UM. It' s got to be easier than bodging met office radars to agree with rain guage data.

Robin/Ribena: Well of course you' d be perfect. Everyone in the radar group would be perfect, except for the PhD students that spend too much time producing the pantomime. If you got this Post-Doc job, the radar group will be one step closer to converting Prince Charming Belcher' s Field Site (sorry, Ye Olde atmospheric observatory) to one giant radar dish, one that is bigger, more steerable and more pointyable than the one at Castle Chilbolton. Muahahahaha.

[BOOS]

[Curty, Robanna and Robin sit down somewhere and drink coffee. Cinderella and Ian James ENTER. Ugly sisters try to overhear conversation]

Narrator: [as Cinders enters] Meanwhile, our heroine Cinderella has problems of her own...

Cinderella: It' s only 10 minutes until my Viva starts, I' ll NEVER pass.

Ian James: Don' t worry Cinders, you' ll do fine. I' m your Chief examiner and I love your work. It' s the best thing to come out of one of the Castle' s PhD dungeons since... well since my PhD in 1387.

Cinderella : But what about my other examiners, Curty and Keith. I hear they ask really difficult questions.

Ian James: Don' t worry about Keith. Underneath that beard he' s a big softy. And about Curty, well... Cheer up, it' ll all be over in a few hours and you' ll be able to dance the night away at Prince Charming Belcher' s Met Ball.

Cinderella: I have my ticket here in case I lose it [holds up big gilt edged ticket]. I hear it' s going to be the biggest Ball since the 40th Anniversary of the Castle, what with Janet' s grant cover all the free food, drink and the band. I can' t wait!

[Cinderella spots the post doc job on the wall]

Cinderella: What' s this? A Post-Doc job to fix the UM?

Ian James: That job is tailor made for you! You' ve managed to fix so many areas of meteorology within just one groundbreaking PhD - you would be the perfect candidate to then fix the UM!

Cinderella: All I have to do is get through this Viva and then I can apply for the job! I can' t wait!

[INDY RECEIVES TELEGRAPH VIA WEATHER BALLOON]

Cinderella: What' s that radiosonde doing here?

Ian James: Don' t be silly, that' s how telegrams arrive.

Cinderella: Telegram?

Ian James: Sorry, I mean tephigram. Same thing.

[SLIGHT PAUSE]

Cinderella: Well then - what does it say?

Ian James: WOW, I' ve just been offered a part in Hollywood as Ian - Diana James in a new movie coming out called Radars of the Lost Ark. And filming starts immediately!

Cinderella: But what about my viva?!

Ian James: Don' t worry dear, you'll be just fine. I'm off to Hollywood!

[Ian catches hat and whip, EXITS by running off stage to the theme tune of Indiana Jones.]

Robin: [to evil step sisters] Drat, Cindy would be perfect for the job, she's some competition! Aha, I have a cunning plan, more cunning than a cunning weasel graduating from the castle of cunningness. It' ll guarantee you the Post-Doc job. Leave it to me.

Cinderella: Where am I going to find someone to replace Ian - Diana James in the next 5 minutes?!?....

Robin: [to Cinderella] Don' t worry, I' ll be your chief examiner. I was supposed to chair a radiation group meeting this afternoon, but that can wait. You' ll still be able to have your Viva. [appears to be pleased]

Cinderella: Oh thankyou so much! You' ve saved my PhD and my hopes of getting my dream job. I' ll get you a copy of my thesis.

[Cinderella EXITS.]

Robin: [to audience] Little does she know, I' m not just an examiner, I' m THE EXAMINATOR! Muahaha!

[Robin strokes beard.]

Robin: [to audience] I' m going to make sure she doesn' t get in the way of Robanna getting the job and I' ll be King of the castle! Muahahahahahahaha....

[Robin EXITS to BOOS. Frenchies enter]

Neil: ...oh but please accept me into your French Group! I' ve changed my surname and everything to prove just how French I am!

Frenchie 1: [French accent] But you are not French. You are English. To join our little club you will need to prove your allegiance to France beyond all doubt. I cannot think of any way you do this...

Neil: I have it - I will reboot all of the Sunray servers to start up in French from midnight tonight! Will you let me be part of your group then?

Frenchie 2: Maybe it will work. Maybe not... (or We eould rather you got rid of your motorbike and replaced it with a baguette)

Scene II

Narrator: And so, Cinderella's Viva is about to begin, and her friendly chief examiner has done a runner. Will she be able to defend her PhD against THE EXAMINATOR and Curty and Keith so that she can get her dream job and be able go to the ball this evening?

[Curty, Robin, Keith are sitting in a meeting style layout. Robin is stroking a white pussy cat.]

Robin: [yells] ENTER!

[Cinderella ENTERS]

Robin: [deadpan, serious tone] Welcome to your Viva.... WIND - erella!

[Curty makes fart noise, Robin and Curty fall about laughing and making fart noises. Keith sits and looks confused.]

Cinderella: [flustered] Erm, thankyou.

Cinderella sits down, putting papers and ticket in front of her.

Curty: Did we say you could sit down, WIND - erella? [fart noise and more laughing. Cinderella jumps up again]

CINDERELLA: OH, NO, SORRY.

KEITH: [EMBARRASSED] DON'T WORRY DEAR, PLEASE SIT DOWN. SO, CINDERELLA, COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE US A SUMMARY OF YOUR PHD.

CINDERELLA: WELL, WHILST OUT WALKING OUT IN THE HARRIS GARDENS FOUR YEARS AGO, I CAME ACROSS THIS BUTTERFLY WITH INCREDIBLY STRANGE MARKINGS. UPON CLOSER INSPECTION, THE WINGS OF THE BUTTERFLY WERE THE EDGES OF A FRACTAL.

So, I CAUGHT THE BUTTERFLY AND STUDIED IT, AND FOUND THAT THIS VERY BUTTERFLY IS THE ONE THAT,

WHEN IT FLAPS ITS WINGS, CAN FORM HURRICANES ON THE OTHER BUTTONESE OF THE WORLD. ONE SIMPLE TWEAK OF ITS ANTENNA AND IT CAN CAUSE A DROUGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

THIS BUTTERFLY, CHAOTIC KIRSTY, IS CENTRAL TO THE CHAOS THEORY AND CAN DETERMINE THE WIND AND WEATHER ALL AROUND THE WORLD!

CURTY: DON'T BE SILLY, IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT MOTHS HAVE THE GREATEST EFFECT ON THE WEATHER. SO, EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THE ENTOMOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES ARE BETWEEN MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES THAT ALLOWS THIS BUTTERFLY TO DETERMINE THE WEATHER.

CINDERELLA: WELL, IT'S NOT ALL BUTTERFLIES THAT ARE SPECIAL, IT'S CHAOTIC KIRSTY IN PARTICULAR. IT IS THE FRACTAL NATURE OF HER WINGS WHICH ALLOW HER TO DETERMINE THE WEATHER, SOMETHING THAT NORMAL BUTTERFLIES AND MERE MOTHS DON'T HAVE.

CURTY: MERE MOTHS? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MOTHS ARE VERY IMPORTANT IN SNOW ACCUMULATIONS, POLLEN FORECASTS AND TORNADO FORMATION! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A MERE MOTH. YOU CAN'T EVEN SPELL EVIL STEPMOTHER WITHOUT MOTH.

ROBIN: [INTERRUPTING] AH, THAT'S ERR... NOT PARTICULARLY RELEVANT TO THIS VIVA.

KEITH: OK, LET'S START WITH THE VERY SIMPLE THINGS. HOW DO YOU RELATE YOUR WORK TO POTENTIAL VORTICITY?

CINDERELLA: THAT'S A VERY INTERESTING QUESTION. FROM ONE WIGGLE OF THE LEFT WING, I INSTANTANEOUSLY KNOW THE GLOBAL PV ANOMALY FIELD WHICH CAN BE INVERTED TO OBTAIN THE TEMPERATURE AND GEOPOTENTIAL PERTURBATIONS AROUND THE WORLD.

KEITH: THAT'S BRILLIANT!

CURTY + ROBIN: KEITH! [GIVES EVIL LOOK]

ROBIN: DON'T BE SO KIND - HAS YOUR BEARD TAUGHT YOU NOTHING OVER THESE YEARS?

KEITH: OH, OH YES... SORRY.

CURTY: [LOOKING AT THESIS] YOU'VE SPELT MOTH WRONG. IT DOESN'T START WITH BUTTER OR END IN FLY. AND THERE'S A GRAMMATICAL MISTAKE HERE, DON'T YOU KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR COLON?

ROBIN: [TO AUDIENCE] HMM, THIS CINDERELLA SEEMS TO KNOW TOO MUCH FOR HER OWN GOOD, AND I DON' T LIKE IT ONE LITTLE BIT. LET' S ASK HER SOME REALLY TRICKY QUESTIONS NOW AND RAIN ON HER PARADE.

[CURTY CONTINUES TO FLICK THROUGH THE THESIS.]

ROBIN: SO IF YOU PUT CHAOTIC KIRSTY IN THE DIRECT LINE OF FIRE OF A LIDAR BEAM, WHAT WOULD YOU EXPECT TO HAPPEN TO THE BACKSCATTER?

CINDERELLA: GIVEN THAT THE BUTTERFLY WOULD PROBABLY DIE, I' D SAY IT WOULD PROBABLY HAVE A HIGH EXTINCTION COEFFICIENT. BUT I WOULDN' T EVER TRY THAT EXPERIMENT.

ROBIN: SO WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF PERU?

CURTY: [INTERRUPTING] YOU' VE TYPED A DOUBLE SPACE HERE INSTEAD OF A SINGLE ONE.

CINDERELLA: IT' S LIMA, BUT THE BUTTERFLY CAN' T TELL YOU THAT. THAT' S JUST GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

ROBIN: YOU NEED A BETTER BUTTERFLY THEN! WHAT' S THE CAPITAL OF CANADA?

CINDERELLA: OTTAWA

[GOES INTO QUICK FIRE MODE]

ROBIN: FINLAND?

CINDERELLA: HELSINKI!

ROBIN: FRANCE?

CINDERELLA: PARIS!!

ROBIN: INDIA?

CINDERELLA: NEW DELHI!!!

ROBIN: AUSTRALIA?

CINDERELLA: CANBERRA!!!!

[NARRATOR STARTS TO SPEAK OVER RAPID FIRE QUESTIONS – QUESTIONS CONTINUE IN SILENCE WHILE THE NARRATOR SPEAKS]

NARRATOR: 5 HOURS OF INTENSE INTERROGATION LATER, THE VIVA CONTINUES, AND POOR CINDERS IS LOOKING WORSE FOR WEAR, PARTICULARLY AFTER ROBIN MADE HER DRAW AN 8 DIMENSIONAL DIAGRAM ON THE WHITE BOARD.

ROBIN: OK, SMARTY PANTS, SO IF THIS BUTTERFLY CAN DETERMINE THE STATE OF THE ENTIRE ATMOSPHERE, THEN WHERE'S THE ONE EQUATION TO BRING YOUR WHOLE THESIS TOGETHER?

CINDERELLA: [LOOKING WORRIED] I... I... I DON'T HAVE A SINGLE UNIFYING EQUATION BUT I DO HAVE 20 PAGES OF ALGEBRA. IT WOULD TAKE A GENIUS YEARS TO CONDENSE IT DOWN TO ONE UNIFYING EQUATION.

ROBIN: [TO THE AUDIENCE] AHA, HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SINK CINDERELLA'S HOPES AND DREAMS. [TO CINDERELLA] WELL, WITHOUT THAT EQUATION, THERE'S NOTHING TO BRING YOUR THESIS TOGETHER AND IT'S ABSOLUTELY USELESS. IF YOU CAN BRING US THAT EQUATION BY TOMORROW THEN WE WILL RECONBUTTONSER YOUR PHD.

CURTY: AND YOU NEED TO DO ALL THESE MINOR CORRECTIONS.

[CURTY STANDS UP AND MASSIVE SCROLL UNROLLS AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.]

CURTY: YOU NEED TO REPLOT ALL YOUR GRAPHS INTO LOG SPACE, YOU NEED TO AMEND THE COMMAS ON PAGE 4, 8, 15, 16, 23 AND 42... [QUICKLY SCANS THROUGH LIST] ... AND A FEW OTHER THINGS.

ROBIN: EXCELLENT WORK CURTY. AND YOU WON'T NEED THIS! [GRABS TICKET OFF TABLE IN FRONT OF CINDERS AND TEARS IT UP]

Cinderella: [defeated] You're right, I'll never get all of this done by tomorrow – there's no way I'll ever be able to apply for the Post Doc job now, let alone even go to the ball this evening.

[Cinderella CRIES and runs off stage. Examiners stand. Keith goes to leave.]

Robin: You would have let Cinderella off far too lightly, they get away with so much these days.

Keith: I thought she was a very good student. I' m off to train for a half marathon. Maybe you' d be good at that, as there' s no rest for the wicked. After that I' m playing Cricket with Brian up at the Imperial Palace, they have far nicer wickets than we have here.

[Keith EXITS.]

Robin: That' s wiped out the competition for the Post-Doc position, she' ll never get that done for tomorrow - if ever! Muahahahahahaha!

Curty: Yes, my minor corrections will take a month at least! [imitates Robin] Muahaha!

Robin: Less of the laugh, please.

Curty: Sorry.

[Curty walks off in huff]

Robin: Soon, the castle will be mine!

[Robin walks off in different direction, not in a huff. BOOS.]

Scene III

Set in the coffee room, Cinders enters stage alone.

Cinderella: (to the audience) Oh no, hundreds of corrections, I' ll never have time to apply for that postdoc position. What with having to solve the entire subject of meteorology - overnight. I better go and look for my supervisor - he should be able to help, he isn't my fairy godmother for

nothing!

Cinderella: Fairy Godmother, Fairy Godmother... (asking for help)

ROSEMARIE GODMOTHER APPEARS SUDDENLY

ROSEMARIE: I HEARD YOU YELP,
I'm here to help,
I'M THE ROSEMARIE GODMOTHER,
HERE TO FIX YOUR SPOT OF BOTHER!

CINDERELLA: YOU'RE NOT MY FAIRY GODMOTHER!

ROSEMARIE: [CAUGHT OUT OF RHYMING CHARACTER] OH, YEAH, SORRY ABOUT THAT, HE GOT CAUGHT UP DOING A, UMM, THING, EH. ANYWAY. [BACK IN CHARACTER] HOW DID THE VIVA GO, I' M SURE YOU WERE FINE, CAN WE BRING OUT THE WINE? LET ME GO AND RING THE BELL TO GET EVERYONE DOWN... (GOES TOWARDS THE BELL.)

Cinders rushes to stop Rosemarie ringing the bell, but Rosemarie manages to ring the bell a couple of times before being stopped.

Cinderella: NO, no don' t ring the bell, it was awful.

Enter Neil and a few others

Neil: mutters random Frenglish jibberish... I am here for the wine, I hope it is FRENCH! By the way, who' s viva was it? I hope they thank [HYPERLINK "mailto:IT@Met"](mailto:IT@Met) IT@Met (or French equivalent) after all, if it wasn' t for us there wouldn' t be any meteorology going on.

(Someone Else Onstage) : Congratulations on your wedding. Helene will settle right in.

Neil: Au, contraire. I' m taking her name and the beautiful French lifestyle. In fact I' m learning French - I think it should be used more often round here.

Neil and others remain in background.

Cinderella: (to rosemarie) The viva was terrible, I have got to solve the whole of meteorology by tomorrow. I' ll never have time to go to tonight' s ball now, and I was so looking forward to it. [Cinders starts to cry...]

ROSEMARIE: [BAND START TO PLAY DURING SPEECH] THERE THERE, I' M SURE IT WASN' T THAT BAD - I' M THE ROSEMARIE GODMOTHER, WE' LL THINK OF SOMETHING. SO, YOU HAVE TO SOLVE THE WHOLE OF METEOROLOGY... TONIGHT... WHAT WE NEED IS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT METEOROLOGY FROM THE SMALL SCALE CHAOTIC PERTURBATIONS TO LARGE SCALE DYNAMICS OF WAVE TRAINS... AND, OF COURSE, AN IMPECCABLE DRESS SENSE. (BAND PAUSES) GO AND FIND MAARTEN AMBAUM.

[AMBAUM RUSHES OUT OF THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY, WITH LUGGAGE, AND BURSTS INTO SONG^À EVERYONE DANCING IN BACKGROUND]

SONG: THE AMBAUM SONG

[THROUGHOUT THE SONG, CINDERS FOLLOWS AMBAUM AROUND THE STAGE, TRYING TO INTERJECT AND ASK FOR HELP, BUT AMBAUM IS TOO ENGROSSED IN THE SONG]

[AT THE END OF THE SONG AMBAUM RUSHES OFF EXCLAIMING THAT HE HAS GOT TO ATTEND AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE^À ON THE LATEST FASHIONS OF RUPERT THE BEAR.]

AMBAUM: I' VE GOT TO ATTEND AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE ON THE LASTEST FASHIONS OF RUPERT THE BEAR!

[EXIT AMBAUM]

CINDERELLA: [UPSET] NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? OH NO, AND NOW EVERYONE IS HERE, THEY CAN' T SEE ME LIKE THIS...

CINDERS RUNS OFF TO THE NEAREST OFFICE SHE CAN FIND^À LEAVING BEHIND CURTY, ROBANNA AND ROBIN.

ROBIN: PHEW, I' M GLAD WE GAVE HER SO MANY CORRECTIONS. NOW SHE' LL NEVER COMPLETE HER PHD. AND WE ALL KNOW THAT WITHOUT A PHD YOU CAN' T GET A POSTDOC.

CURTY: WE WOULDN' T WANT A PESKY PHD STUDENT TAKING OUR JOB.

CURTY, ROBIN, ROBANNA: [EVIL LAUGHTER/CACKLING...]

ROBIN, CURTY AND ROBANNA GATHER ROUND AN EVAPORATION TANK/RAIN GAUGE/RADAR (?) (SOMETHING CAULDRON LIKE)

Robin, Curty and Robanna: hubble bubble, toil and trouble
Lidar burn and radar

bubble,

ROBIN: HALF A CLOUD, RAIN THAT FELL,
departmental seminar

bell,

ROBANNA: 9AM LECTURE, SOME FORTRAN,
timetravelling

super-van,

CURTY: ATMOSPHERIC OBSERVATORY,
Stop Cinders getting her

PhD.

ROBIN: CINDERELLA IS TOO PROUD
This PhD is not allowed,

CURTY: IT AIN'T NO MOTH, THIS BUTTERFLY,
I'd like to see that

Cinders cry,

ROBANNA: SHE DID GOOD, WE ALL AGREE,
but that postdoc is all

for me.

ROBIN, CURTY AND ROBANNA: HUBBLE BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE
lidar burn and radar

bubble!

[SOME MAD CACKLING]

SCENE IV

CINDERS IS ALONE IN THE OFFICE OF DOOM.

CINDERELLA: [SITTING DOWN TO START CORRECTIONS] OH, WHAT CAN I DO NOW? I' LL NEVER HAVE TIME TO FINISH ALL OF THESE CORRECTIONS AND SOLVE ALL OF METEOROLOGY TONIGHT, ON MY OWN. MAYBE I' LL TRY THE FAIRY GODMOTHER AGAIN, SEE IF I GET THE RIGHT ONE THIS TIME.

CINDERELLA: FAIRY GODMOTHER, FAIRY GODMOTHER... [ASKING FOR HELP - REPEATED CHANT - NEEDS SOMETHING BETTER...]

Enter Dale, F' ing and Blinding, clutching a pint of Guinness.

Dale: I heard you yelp,
I'm here to help,
I'm Dale, your Sweary Godmother,
Here to fix your spot of bother!

Cinderella: Oh no, where' s the fairy godmother when I need them? Ah well, maybe you can help me. The evil step sisters have told me that I need to solve all of meteorology before tomorrow. But they have also given me all of these corrections. I can' t possibly do all of this on my own. Dale, Can you help me?

Dale: Never fear, Cinders dear, my friends are here... [points to Sunrays, which come to life]

[SUNRAYS ARE HALF LEPRECHAUN, COMING TO LIFE SINGING A LEPRECHAUN CHANT]

SONG: THE SUNRAY SONG.

[EXIT SUNRAYS. CINDERS, DALE STILL ON STAGE.]

CINDERELLA: OH THANK YOU SWEARY GODMOTHER, THAT'S ALL THE CORRECTIONS SORTED OUT!

DALE: GOODBYE THEN CINDERS, I MUST DEPART, I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK,
For now I'm off, down the pub, to find myself a ... drink.

[DALE EXITS]

CINDERELLA: NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK OF AN EQUATION THAT TIES TOGETHER ALL OF METEOROLOGY!
[STARTS CRYING]

[enter Rosemarie]

Rosemarie: Oh, don't cry dear, what's the matter?

Cinderella: I'm never going to finish my PhD in time to get the postdoc job,
RoseMarie Godmother! I just can't do it!

Rosemarie: [gesturing to audience to join in] Oh yes you can!

Cinderella: Oh no I can' t

Rosemarie & Audience: Oh yes you can!! etc...

Cinderella: Oh well, if you all think I can do it, then maybe I should apply.
When' s the deadline?

Rosemarie: Erm, actually it was today. But Prince Charming Belcher will be
at the ball tonight. I' m sure if you were there you can speak to him and
charm your way into the job. You are, after all, the perfect candidate.

Cinderella: I can' t possibly go to the ball AND solve the whole of
meteorology tonight. Plus, I don' t even have a ticket.

Rosemarie: Don' t worry, I have my ways - you shall go to the ball this evening
my dear.

INTERVAL

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

Narrator: Welcome back everyone. Things are looking up for our hero...
[looks confusedly at Adrian] ...ine? as her Rosemarie godmother is logging on to ebay at this very moment, looking for overpriced black market ball tickets. And her corrections are safely in the hands of the magical , oh so reliable sunray servers. But, totally uncharacteristically for a woman, she's still not happy...

Cinderella: I've got nothing to wear! And how am I gonna get to the ball?! And I've broken a nail! How am I ever going to convince Prince Charming Belcher to give me that job?

Cinderella: I need my real fairy Godmother now. FAIRY GODMOTHER!

[Grimes comes running from the back of the theatre]

Grimes: I'll be with you in a minute, I just need to warm down. (Does revealing stretches. Cinders tries not to vomit.)

Cinderella: David Grimes, you're not my godmother!

Grimes: Oh yes I am !

Cinderella: Oh no you're not! (audience etc.)

Cinderella: Look you're not my Fairy godmother!

Grimes: Fairy Godmother?! No of course not, didn't you call for you Hairy godmother? Look I'm a busy man, I'm off to Timbuktu tomorrow to do a rain-dance validation study. Do you want something or not?

Cinderella: Oh, well, as you're here..... Look you probably can't help me with this, but I really need to get to the ball tonight in style to impress Prince Charming Belcher. I need a dress, and I need some wheels.

Grimes: You're right, that 's not quite my area of expertise. But don't worry; As I always say, when in doubt, delegate! I'll summon you up some experts.

[Grimes pulls out his magic rain-gauge and waves it in the air. The Crops group appear: Tom Osbourne]

Grimes: Is that it?! Just you Osbourne? I was trying to summon the whole crops group!

Osbourne: I am the entire crops group! The rest had to flee the country after Prince Charles firebombed the GM crops in the agriculture department basement!

Grimes: You'll have to do then. This young lady needs some transport sharpish. Can you sort her out?

Osbourne: Hmm, transport eh? I might have just the thing. I managed to salvage this GM conker from the agriculture department's charred ruins. We were trying to develop an unbeatable doped-up conker for the conker competition. Look it's got a label on it. [Reads aloud]. Conkerus Giganticus Coachus. Let's see what's so special about it then.

[OSBOURNE PLANTS CONKER AND SPRAYS BABY BIO ON IT. CONKER TURNS INTO COACH...ERM, SOMEHOW]

CINDERELLA: WOW, LOOK, IT TURNED INTO A GIGANTIC COACH! WHAT A SURPRISE!

GRIMES: THANKS TOM, SORRY ABOUT THE REST OF YOUR GROUP.

OSBOURNE: OK, WELL I GUESS I'D BETTER FLEE THE COUNTRY TOO THEN, NOW I'VE RELEASED THIS BABY INTO THE WILD.

[OSBOURNE FLEES TO BACK OF THEATRE]

GRIMES: SO WHAT'S NEXT THEN?

CINDERELLA: NICE COACH, BUT THE HORSE POWER'S A BIT LOW. CAN WE PIMP IT UP A BIT?

GRIMES: YES, I KNOW JUST THE GROUP FOR THIS ONE. I WAS WONDERING WHAT I COULD USE THIS LOT FOR.

[GRIMES WAVES HIS MAGIC GAUGE, STRAT GROUP (CHARLTON-PEREZ AND LESLEY GRAY) APPEAR]

CINDERELLA: ANDY CHARLTON-PEREZ AND LESLEY GRAY? I WONDER HOW THE STRATOSPHERE COULD POSSIBLY BE RELEVANT TO MY PREDICAMENT? OR INDEED ANY PREDICAMENT AT ALL?

ACP: HOW DARE YOU SUMMON THE MIGHTY STRAT GROUP!

LG: HAVE YOU CALLED US HERE TO UTILISE OUR INCREDIBLY USEFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE?

GRIMES: NOPE! I JUST COULDN'T THINK OF ANY OTHER USE FOR YOU, SO I'M GOING TO TURN YOU INTO HORSES!

[GRIMES WAVES MAGIC GAUGE. ACP AND LG TURN INTO HORSES (COCONUTS?)]

GRIMES: OK EQUINE PROBLEM SOLVED. WHAT ELSE DO WE NEED?

CINDERELLA: WELL, I CAN'T ACTUALLY DRIVE AT THE MOMENT. I HAD A SMALL, UM INCIDENT WITH THE POLICE. I WAS STORM CHASING IN MY MINI DOWN THE M4 WHEN I GOT PULLED OVER.

APPARENTLY HAVING A 10M MAST STRAPPED TO THE TOP OF YOUR CAR IS "ILLEGAL" [MAKES

QUOTATION HAND GESTURE] OR SOMETHING. ANYWAY.... WE'LL NEED A DRIVER.

GRIMES: HMM, WHO ROUND HERE'S GOT EXPERIENCE OF DRIVING A LARGE UNWIELDY VEHICLE?

[BUTTONS WONDERS ON TO STAGE CLUTCHING THE 'WHAT VAN 2008' HANDBOOK , MUTTERING, AND WEARING A COAT WITH RIDICULOUSLY BIG BUTTONS ATTACHED. ALSO WEARING SPARKLY OR LEATHER TROUSERS.]

GRIMES: AH, BUTTONS. [LOOKS AT HIM STRANGELY]. NICE BUTTONS! WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

BUTTONS: IT'S THIS NEW VAN, I THINK IT'S BROKEN! IT DOES 0-30 IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES, THERE ARE NO BITS FALLING OFF, AND IT HARDLY RATTLES AT ALL! UNBELIEVABLE! I HAVEN'T BEEN DRIVING IT JUST IN CASE, BUT THAT MEANS WE'VE RUN OUT OF CHOCOLATE, , , AGAIN.... PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO GIVE ME NASTY LOOKS IN THE COFFEE ROOM - PARTICULARLY ALL THE GERIATRIC 4TH YEAR PHD GIRLS WHO'VE MOVED DOWNSTAIRS JUST TO BE NEAR THE CHOCOLATE FRIDGE!

GRIMES: YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS! I'VE GOT TO FIND A QUALIFIED DRIVER PRONTO, BUT I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHERE TO FIND ONE!

[CINDERS HAS AN IDEA AND STARTS POINTING BETWEEN BUTTONS AND THE COACH. GRIMES AND BUTTONS IGNORE HER.]

BUTTONS: OH WELL, GOOD LUCK DAVID.

GRIMES: AND YOU BUTTONS.

[BUTTONS STARTS TO LEAVE. CINDERS IS JUMPING AROUND WITH FRUSTRATION]

CINDERELLA: BUTTONS, BUTTONS WAIT! WHY DON'T YOU BORROW OUR COACH? IF YOU DRIVE ME TO THE BALL TONIGHT, WE CAN PICK UP SOME CHOCOLATE ON THE WAY.

GRIMES & BUTTONS: OH YEAH....GOOD IDEA.

BUTTONS: OK I'LL PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT. LUCKY FOR YOU I'VE GOT MY RIDING TROUSERS ON (RUBS LEGS OR SLAPS THIGH)!

[BUTTONS EXITS]

CINDERELLA: GREAT, SO WE'VE GOT THE COACH, WE'VE GOT A DRIVER, WE'VE GOT THE HORSES, ALL

I NEED NOW IS A SUPER-SPARKLY DRESS.

GRIMES: SUPER-SPARKLY YOU SAY? WHEN IT COMES TO HIGH-ALBEDO FASHION, THERE'S ONLY ONE GROUP TO CALL.

[GRIMES WAVES MAGIC GAUGE: ELLIE, STEVE (COSTUME IS QUAGMIRE MASK?) APPEAR]

STEVE: GIGGITY GIGGITY GOO! [OGLING CINDERS] (QUICK SONG?)

Ellie: Steve, down! (slaps him round back of head)

Cinderella: (To audience) Ah, Ellie and Steve, this must be the radiation group. I need a super-sparkly-ultra-high albedo dress for the ball tonight!

Steve: Allllllllllllright!

Ellie: Steve, behave! (slaps him down). Sorry Cinders, just ignore him. He's a little overexcited as he's just submitted his thesis corrections for the 17th time. Anyway, about your dress, I don't have anything that sparkly at the moment, but our satellite observations have picked up something incredibly reflective in the area of the department recently. i wonder what it could be?

[Janet walks in, almost entirely covered in gold bling. She staggers under the weight of it all. Janet has really crap urban dialect]

Cinders, Grimes, Ellie, Steve: Aaargh, my eyes! (Shield eyes from Janet's incredible reflectiveness)

Cinderella: What is that thing? Soooo shiny!

Ellie [peering through her fingers]: Janet, is that you?

JANET: WHADDUP DAWG?

CINDERELLA: PARDON?

STEVE: GIGGITY

JANET: I'M JUST JANET FROM THE BLOCK. (QUICK SONG?)

ELLIE: JANET, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE YOU COVERED IN ALL THAT...IS THAT GOLD?!

JANET: THAT'S RIGHT IT'S GOLD! ME 'N THE URBAN METEOROLOGY (MAKES URBAN HAND GESTURE) MASSIF CAME INTO SOME MOOLAH FROM THE N TO THE E TO THE R TO THE C (MAKES HIP HOP HAND SIGN WITH EVERY LETTER). WE'RE SPOSED TO SPEND IT ON SOME KIND OF URBAN OBSERVATORY, INNIT, BUT WITH THE CREDIT CRUNCH AND ALL, I THOUGHT I'D INVEST IN THE GOLD STANDARD AND BLING MYSELF UP TO THE MAX. WORD.

STEVE: GIGGITY.

ELLIE: [SLAPS STEVE] WELL I'M GLAD TO SEE MONEY HASN'T CHANGED YOU ANYWAY JANET!

JANET: WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN WI' YOU GUYS ANYWAY.

CINDERELLA: WELL, I REALLY NEED A SUPER-SPANGLY DRESS TO WEAR TO THE BALL TONIGHT, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT AT ALL?

ELLIE: COME ON JANET YOU DON'T REALLY NEED ALL THAT GOLD DO YOU? LOOK YOU CAN BARELY STAND!

JANET: YO' TRIPPIN' FOOL! THERE AIN'T NO WAY YO' GETTING' YO' HANDS ON MY BULLION. [STEVE: GIGGITY! JANET STAGGERS AND ALMOST FALLS]. OH OK THEN, YOU CAN HAVE A COUPLE OF INGOTS, INNIT.

ELLIE: GREAT, I'LL GET THIS DOWN TO THE TECHNICIANS IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS TO KNOCK YOU UP A DRESS CINDERS. COME ON JANET....

[JANET AND ELLIE EXIT STAGE. SOUND OF BLACKSMITH'S HAMMERS AS TECHNICIANS MAKE DRESS]

CINDERELLA: WOW, I GUESS THAT'S EVERYTHING THEN. THANKS SO MUCH, I GUESS YOU REALLY ARE MY HAIRY GODMOTHER.

GRIMES: ALL IN A DAYS WORK. GOOD LUCK WITH IMPRESSING THAT PRINCE OF YOURS!

[GRIMES EXITS IN FLASH OF HAIR. BLACKSMITH NOISES STOP. ELLIE COMES BACK WITH GOLDEN DRESS]

CINDERELLA: I'D BETTER TRY THIS ON THEN. [LOOKS AROUND DESPAIRINGLY] OH! I'VE ONLY GOT HALF AN HOUR TO GET READY AND I STILL HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF AN EQUATION TO TIE TOGETHER THE WHOLE OF METEOROLOGY! I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT AT THE BALL!

[CINDERS STARTS TO EXIT, STEVE STARTS TO FOLLOW HER]

STEVE: GIG...GIG...GIG...GIGGITY!

ELLIE: OI, NOT YOU STEVE! COME BACK HERE.

[ELLIE CHASES STEVE OFF STAGE THE OTHER WAY WHILE STEVE CONTINUES TO GIGGITY]

Scene II

NARRATOR: WHILE CINDERS IS GETTING READY, THE ANNUAL PRE-BALL TOURNAMENT IS GETTING UNDER WAY. TRADITIONAL MEDIEVAL GAMES INCLUDE CROQUET JOUSTING, DEATH CONKERS, AND THE NAAN TREK EATING CHALLENGE. LET THE GAMES COMMENCE!

[VARIOUS PEOPLE ARE MILLING AROUND WATCHING THE CENTRE STAGE...INCLUDING JANET, WHO LOOK MORE BLINGED THAN EVER, ROSEMARIE GODMOTHER, CHRISTINE, NEIL WEARING A TSHIRT WITH A FRENCH FLAG ON IT AND GARLIC/ONION STRINGS AROUND HIS NECK, PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER]

PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER: WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, LET'S MOVE ON TO OUR FIRST EVENT... CROQUET JOUSTING! ROLL UP DUNCAN 'AEROSOL BOY' ACKERLY VERSES IGOR 'THE MIGHTY RUSSIAN' PTASHNIK [HE SAYS IT SEVERAL TIMES TRYING TO GET THE RIGHT PRONUNCIATION, EVENTUALLY GIVES UP!]

[Duncan and Igor enter stage from back, holding their croquet mallets, they position themselves at opposite Buttonses of the stage. They get on the stage they both get out their mallets ceremoniously - Igor brings out a normal sized mallet with russian painting - Duncan brings out a large 6ft mallet]

Duncan: You call that a croquet mallet, this is a croquet mallet! [starts swinging mallet around viciously]

IGOR: SHOUTS RUSSIAN OBSCENITIES TRANSLATING TO SOMETHING LIKE 'DAMN IT'

PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER: MALLETS READY....3...2... [IS INTERRUPTED BY MOBILE PHONE RINGING - ANNOYING NOKIA RING TONE - LIKE IN TRIGGER HAPPY TV]

Duncan: HELLO? I'M PLAYING A GAME OF CROQUET....IGOR PTASHNIK...YEAH....YEAH I'M GONNA THRASH HIM....THE JOB...NEW ZEALAND...YEAH...I'VE GOT IT...EXCELLENT, I'LL BE THERE RIGHT AWAY!! [shouting very loudly, in normal voice...] Sorry kids, got to dash, I'm off to New Zealand tonight.....bye!

[Duncan exits on a large inflatable kangaroo which has suddenly appeared from off stage... Igor is infuriated and starts shouting things in Russian.]

Igor: Damn you Duncan! I didn't practice 18 hours a day for the past 6 months to have the victory snatched from me like this!

[exit Igor: sulking with mallet between his legs]

Neil: I 'ave told you that we shood ave dun French cricket instead [Crap french accent]

PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER: ERM, WELL....I THINK WE'LL LEAVE THEM TO IT, [LAUGHS NERVOUSLY]. RIGHT...LOOKS LIKE WE SHOULD MOVE ONTO OUR NEXT GAME. NEXT WE HAVE UGLY SISTERS CURTY & ROBANNA BATTILING IT OUT FOR A PLACE IN THE FINAL OF DEATH CONKERS! TAKE THE STAGE CURTY AND ROBANNA.

[MUCH CHEERING BY SPECTATORS & AUDIENCE]

[CURTY AND ROBANNA ENTER FROM THE BACK - CURTY CARRYING A NORMAL SIZED CONKER, ROB A LARGE FOOTBALL SIZED ONE! THEY PARADE DOWN OPPOSITE AISLES SHOWING OFF THEIR CONKERS, SPOTLIGHTS FOLLOWING THEM. UPON REACHING THE STAGE THEY TAKE THE BATTLE STANCE]

PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER: CONKERS READY??? 3...2... [GETS INTERRUPTED]

Robanna: You call that a conker?? Haha! This is a conker... [Shows him his conker]

CURTY: WELL...THIS ISN'T MY ACTUAL CONKER, JUST A MERE DECOY! THIS MY ACTUAL CONKER...HAHA [AN EVEN LARGER CONKER GETS THROWN FROM SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE/OFFSTAGE]

Robanna: Hang on, you cheat, that's not allowed [A chase ensues... Robanna chases Curty around the stage, up the aisle and out the back of the theatre]

Robanna: Get back here now you cheat....

[They continue to enter and re-enter the scene...interrupting other competitors, there is much muttering and excitement from the spectators]

Prince Charming Belcher: Ah....such a loss, oh well nevermind....Next up is the Naan Trek eating challenge...Jon 'Korma lover' Shonk & Robin 'The Evil Beard' Hogan are battling it out to win the 'Naan Trek Ring Stinger Award' (see <http://naantrek.net/>). They will shortly be consuming the hottest curry known to man out of a radar dish in the shortest time possible - the record previously held at 30 seconds by Robin himself. Now give us a cheer for Shonk and Robin...

[Cheering by spectators and audience. Enter Jon and Robin, playing to the crowd - Robin slightly more excited about things than Jon, who looks nervous, especially when he sees the beer. They take their places by a large radar dish full of curry, beside it are two very large spoons and two large cans of beer]

Jon: What's this, beer? I specifically requested a nice refreshing pint of pink lambrini, or at least some WKD!

Prince Charming Belcher: Contender Ready!? [Jon cheers!] Gladiator Ready?! [Robin cheers!] 3...2...1...<blows whistle>

[ENTER UGLY SISTERS FROM BACK OF THEATRE, STILL CHASING EACH OTHER AND WIELDING THEIR CONKERS, THEY RUN PAST THE CONTEST, KNOCKING OUT ROBIN IN THE PROCESS, AND THEN RUN OFF UP THE OTHER AISLE AND OUT THE BACK AGAIN. JON STOPS SUDDENLY, IS OVERCOME BY THE HEAT. PICKS UP PINT OF BEER BUT LOOKS AT IT DISGUSTEDLY AND PUTS IT DOWN AGAIN. HE RUNS AROUND THE THEATRE]

JON: GIVE ME WATER, GIVE ME WATER!!! AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

PRINCE CHARMING BELCHER: HANG ON, I'LL TRIP THE FIRE ALARM AND THAT WILL ACTIVATE OUR SOPHISTICATED SPRINKLER SYSTEM! [PULLS FIRE ALARM LEVER]

[Christine brings on bucket of water and throws it over Jon. Steaming sound is heard, collapses in a heap]

Prince Charming Belcher: Cheers Christine.

Christine: Oh dear, the poor thing. I'll take him back to the office for some cooling off.

Steve: [From backstage] Giggity!!!

[Jon is taken off stage by Rosemary and Christine. Robin suddenly wakes up and continues his curry eating...]

Prince Charming Belcher: I think thats enough now Robin, you've definitely won that one, maybe not beating your record though.

[Robin jumps up and own with excitement]

Prince Charming Belcher: Now here 's Janet to present the prizes, and we have erm...one winner...ROBIN HOGAN...

Janet: Yo Hogan my homie, here 's the Naan Trek Ring Stinger Award innit. Hurts on the way in, hurts on the way out!

Prince Charming Belcher: That brings our pre-party games to a close....let the party begin!!!

Scene III

Narrator: It' s eleven o' clock and the Met department ball is well underway. DJ Shonk' s loading up the cheesy tunes, Steve' s leading the conga-line and trying to persuade Robin and Giles to do a three-pint challenge. The party is in full swing! But where is our Cinders? It' s rush-hour in Reading, and it' s taken Cinderella hours to get from one

Buttonse of campus to the other. If only there was a cross-campus superhighway! [Audience: Boo?] They had to halt construction on it when Jonathan 'Swampy' Gregory tied himself to a tree. Oh, look, here is Cinders now.

[Scene opens with Cinderella arriving outside the ball in the carriage. She gets out, the carriage drives off.]

Cinderella: Finally I' ve got to the ball! But I still need to work out that equation. I wonder who could help me? My fairy godmother must be able to help with this one!

[She closes her eyes, and wishes hard. Behind her, onstage, Daisy appears. Will need something on screen saying 'dairy Godmother' so audience knows who she is. Daisy needs some kind of fairy costume.]

Cinderella: [Opens eyes] Where is she then? Fairy godmother, where are you, I need some help. [To audience] Have you seen her?

Audience: She' s behind you!

Cinderella: [Turns round, sees Daisy, turns back] Her? That' s Daisy the cow! She' s not my fairy godmother!

Audience: Oh yes she is!

Cinderella: Oh no she' s not.

Audience: Oh yes she is.

[Daisy nods and Cinders sees the tag on her collar]

Cinderella: Oh, pull the udder one! You're really milking it now! Are you saying you're my dairy Godmother? But of course [to Daisy], cow's can forecast the weather, perhaps you can help me with my equation.

Daisy: (quizzically) Moo?

Cinderella: (to Daisy) I found this butterfly in the Harris gardens, which is responsible for determining all the world's weather, but I need an equation to prove it.

Daisy: [Understandingly and nodding head] Moo.

[Daisy moo's in Cinderella's ear, Cinderella writes it down on a piece of paper - we don't see it at this point]

Cinderella: That's it, we've nearly worked it out. Daisy you're a genius! [Daisy whispers in Cinder's ear] What's that? You need a scarf? Whatever for? [More whispering] Oh! Because you're Fresian [Drums Badum Tish!] I don't have a scarf, but maybe I can get you a Jersey! [Badum tish!].

[CINDERS AND DAISY EXIT]

[IN THE PARTY NOW. BUTTONS ON STAGE. CURTY, ROBANNA AND ROBIN (AND OTHER SPARE CHARACTERS, INCLUDING DUNCAN) CONGA ONTO THE STAGE, HOLDING DRINKS AS WELL. THE OTHER CHARACTERS (WHOEVER'S AROUND?!) CONGA OFF, CURTY ROBANNA AND ROBIN MUST STAY ON STAGE. CONGA MUSIC: AMARILLO.]

[FANFARE TO GET ATTENTION]

BUTTONS: INTRODUCING OUR BENEFACTOR FOR THIS EVENING: J-ZEE 'BLING-BLING' BARLOW

[JANET ENTERS ALL BLINGED-UP - LOOKING AND TALKING LIKE SNOOP DOGG IN THE STARSKY AND HUTCH FILM.]

JANET: I LAY IT ALL OUT FOR Y' ALL TO PLAY IT OUT! YOU DIG?

BUTTONS: [CONFUSED] OK THEN... INTRODUCING HIS HIGHNESS, THE CHARMING PRINCE BELCHER

[CHARMING ENTERS]

CHARMING: WELCOME ALL, TO THE 120TH METEOROLOGY DEPARTMENT BALL. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK JANET FOR HER GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO THIS PARTY.

JANET: SHIZZLE M' DIZZLE.

CHARMING: (LOOKS CONFUSED, THEN GETS BACK TO WHAT HE SHOULD BE SAYING) THANKS TO JANET'S GENEROSITY, WE HAVE HERE TONIGHT, ONE OF THE FINEST HEAVY MET-AL BANDS IN THE WORLD. I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE: LED ZEPPELIN!

[EVERYONE CLAPS AND CHEERS. BOB PLANT WALKS IN. CHEERS DIE AWAY, EVERYONE LOOKS CONFUSED.]

BOB: [MUMBLES INAUDIABLY (LIKE ROWLEY BIRKIN QC FROM THE FAST SHOW), BUT YOU HEAR THE FOLLOWING WORDS THROUGHOUT THE MUMBLE] STOCHASTIC CONVECTION, SELECTION OF CHEESES, MATLAB, WHOLE LOTTA LOVE

CHARMING: BOB, IS THAT YOU? STOP RAMBLING ON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WE WERE EXPECTING LED ZEPPELIN NOT JUST BOB PLANT! STOP ME IF I'M BEING DENSE HERE, BUT HOW COULD SUCH A MIX-UP HAVE OCCURRED?

BOB: WELL, I GOT AN EMAIL FROM ROSEMARY ASKING ME TO PLAY AT THE BALL.

ROBIN: LOOKS LIKE ROSEMARY WENT AND BOOKED THE WRONG BOB PLANT. IS EVERYONE BUT ME COMPLETELY INCAPABLE?!

CHARMING: OH, SORRY FOLKS. NEVER MIND. WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO STICK WITH DJ-SHONK THEN. (BOB RIPS OFF T-SHIRT)

BOB: NEVER FEAR CHARMING, I'VE BOUGHT MY BAND.

CHARMING: OH, WELL, TAKE IT AWAY THEN.

BOB: [DRUM BEAT STARTS] ON DRUMS, IT'S SUE (DAVID) GRAY [DOES A ROLL]
[bass starts] On bass, it's Tom (Ozzy) Osbourne [does something]
[guitar starts] On lead guitar, it's Ed (Justin) Hawkins [plays a riff].

I'll be Bob Plant, and we are: Tin Radiosonde!

SONG: Stairway to Fortran.

[Bob takes his bow and exits.]

Buttons: Quiet please, we have another introduction. She passed her viva today, now she can party the night away, it's Cinderella with Daisy the departmental cow!

[Cinderella enters. Charming goes to meet her as she enters.]

Cinderella: Hello Stephen

Charming: Charming.

Cinderella: Why thank you.

Charming: Thank God you're here. I've had to dance with Curty and Robanna all night. Curty keeps trying to lead, and Robanna keeps treading on my feet. Congratulations on passing your viva this morning Cinderella. You must be relieved.

Cinderella: Well yes, and I think I've sorted the corrections as well.

Charming: That's great. So tell me Cinderella, what's your big idea? The unique selling point of your PhD?

Cinderella: Well, actually, I think I've just worked it out! You see there's this butterfly...

[Neil barges in, slightly drunk, interrupting them]

Neil: Ah, Charmant, mon amis [kisses Charming on both cheeks. Charming looks a little surprised], quelle soirée! C'est magnifique!

Charming: Er, hi Neil...the same to you, my friend. How's the computer problem? Have you fixed it yet?

Neil: Bof! Quelle probleme? Le system va re-boot a minuit! En Francais!

Charming: You're going to re-boot the entire computer system, in French,

at midnight. Are you sure that's a good idea?

[Clock strikes 12]

Cinderella: Oh no! My corrections! Everything will be ruined!

[Cinderella rushes off, throwing her hands up in disarray and dropping the equation]

Narrator: What is poor Cinderella going to do now? Now that Neil's re-booted the system, the whole of Cinderella's thesis has changed into French. And to make matters worse she's just dropped that important final equation. But, maybe all is not lost...

Charming: [notices piece of paper on floor, picks it up] What's this? An equation?

Scene IV

[Curty and Robanna and Robin on stage, having coffee break. Enter Buttons.]

Buttons: [bells rings, standing holding a decree] Here ye, here ye. Prince Charming decrees that he will award his post-doc job to the person who can explain this equation. Trials begin at 11am, here in the coffee room.

[EXIT BUTTONS]

ROBIN: THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! YOU WERE SET TO GET THAT JOB ROBANNA. CHARMING MUST HAVE GONE MAD.

ROBANNA: THAT'S MORE UNFAIR THAN THE FOOT RULE IN UNIHOC.

CURTY: OH, STOP MOANING. THE EQUATION CAN'T BE THAT HARD TO EXPLAIN. EVERYONE KNOWS PHD STUDENTS CAN'T DO MATHS.

[CINDERELLA ENTERS, THEY STAND IN FRONT OF THE BOARD SO SHE CAN'T SEE THE DECREE AND EQUATION]

CINDERELLA: DID I HEAR THE BELL? AM I LATE FOR A SEMINAR OR IS IT JUST A STAFF MEETING AGAIN? HEY, WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOU?

CURTY: OH, NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT CINDERELLA. AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DOING CORRECTIONS ANYWAY?

CINDERELLA: OH, YES I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THEM. THEY DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE NOW - DO EITHER OF YOU SPEAK FRENCH BY ANY CHANCE?

[SHE BURSTS INTO TEARS AND GOES TO LEAVE]

ROBIN: WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING CINDERELLA. HAVE YOU SEEN THE STATE OF THE KITCHEN. IT'S STILL IS A MESS FROM THE PARTY LAST NIGHT. GO AND CLEAN IT AT ONCE, OR I'LL DOUBLE YOUR CORRECTIONS. [EVIL BEARD STROKE AND CACKLE]

[Cinderella exits]

[Clock ticks to 11. People start to arrive for the thing, the Frenchies and Neil, Rosemarie and Christine, the various Godmothers, Janet, Shonko, Igor etc, whoever we can fit on the stage. They stand around waiting. Clock winds round to 11:15, people start yawning and looking at their watches. Clock winds on again to 11:30. (Or one clock for Reading time and one for Stephen's time) Stephen arrives (late) when clock says 11:30]

Charming: Right then, let's get started. Who will be the first to try and explain this equation?

[Andrew C-P steps forward]

Buttons: First we have Andrew Charlton-Perez

Andrew: Well, Prince Charming. This equation clearly demonstrates the overwhelmingly important effect of the stratosphere on the weather. It's like I've always said, the stratosphere is the key to understanding...

Charming: No, no no. What a load of nonsense. Everyone knows the boundary layer is much more important than the stratosphere. That can't be right. Next!

[Exit Charlton]

Buttons: Next, we have radar Robanna

Robanna: Well, this equation forms the centrepiece of my revolutionary research into measuring PV from a radar. The equation explains how you can derive PV from simple measurements of radar reflectivity. It's the missing link in the unified-theory of the atmosphere!

Charming: PV! I don't want to hear any more about PV! I thought I'd never hear about that confounded idea again when I banished Brian Hoskins to the Imperial City last year. You are hereby exiled from this department.

[Robanna leaves]

Buttons: Next we have Curty

Curty: The equation clearly demonstrates the chaotic nature of the atmosphere due to the impact of moth flight on boundary layer turbulence. One flap of a moth's wings is enough to set the whole system in turmoil.

Charming: Well, that does sound reasonable. But I'm not going to give you my postdoc job, that record for the number of office moves in a year is staying with me. You're banished!

Robin: [outraged] How dare you banish my evil siblings in law! [mockingly] Oh dear, it's looks like there are no other candidates for the job! You've got np choice but to choose one of my little beauties! MWAHAHAHAHAHA!

Narrator: [panicking] What's going to happen now? We're all doomed! The evil step-sisters are going to get the job, and Cinders is still rinsing milk bottles in the kitchen sink! [everyone on stage starts whispering and pointing off stage] Is all lost for our beautiful ... [looks at Adrian] erm, plucky? err, interestingly featured hero/heroine? Hang on, [notices

whispering and pointing] what's going on over there?

[INDY MUSIC STARTS AND IAN-DIANA JAMES CHARGES ONTO THE STAGE]

RANDOM: IAN-DIANA JAMES?!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

IAN-DIANA JAMES: [LOOKS AT RANDOM] WRITER'S STRIKE! [BACK TO AUDIENCE] WHAT'S ALL THIS?! NAZIS?! EVIL CULTS??! [JUMPS BEHIND ROBIN, WHISPERS] SNAKES?!?! [ROBIN PUSHES HIM AWAY]

CHARMING: I HAVE A QUEST FOR YOU IAN-DIANA. I HAVE FOUND THIS EQUATION AT THE SUMMER BALL, AND HAVE OFFERED A POST-DOC JOB TO WHOEVER CAN EXPLAIN IT! YOU MUST TRAVEL ACROSS UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCES, SOLVE UNTHINKABLE PUZZLES, FACE BLOOD CURDLING DANGERS, AND OUT-THINK SHORT-SIGHTED AND STRANGELY GULLIBLE EVIL SUPER VILLAINS! [BAND - OMINOUS DUN DUN DUUUUH! TRUMPETY THING]

Ian-Diana James: Ha ha! That sounds like something to keep me occupied during my retirement! [looks at equation, anticlimactic] Oh, that looks like something from Cinderella's work. (calls) Cinderella, where are you? Come here!

Cinderella: [walking on stage] Oh no, not more corrections.

Ian-Diana James: No, no my dear. Tell me, do you recognise this equation?

Charming: [to audience] It's her! The fair maiden from the ball! Never have I set eyes on such a vision of beauty [looks at Cinders], err, such a vision of huge credentials!

Cinderella: [Looking at equation] My equation! I'd thought I'd lost it forever. I must have dropped it when I was at the ball last night. It's very simple really. It proves how this butterfly that I found in the Harris gardens can determine the chaotic nature of the world's weather. The crucial term accounts for the flapse rate of the butterflies wings!

Charming: That's it! That's genius. The post-doc is yours, Cinderella.

[Cheering]

Robin: Just you hold your horses Charming. (boo from Audience).
Cinderella can't be a post-doc, she's not even a doctor! She'll never finish those corrections by midday.

Cinderella: Oh dear, he's right you know. Now everything's in French I'll never get my corrections finished in time. If only my fairy godmother was here...

[Ding! Her supervisor Anthony, her real fairy godmother appears]

Anthony: Bonjour ma cherie!

Cinderella: You're finally here Anthony, look my thesis - it's all in French. Do you speak French?

Anthony: Mange tout, mange tout.

Cinderella: Can you help me translate this by midday?

Anthony: Oui, mes petits filous. [taps it with his wand] Convertuez vous le English, pamplemousse!

Cinderella: Wow, your French is amazing. [flicks through thesis] It's all in English now. I guess I've finished my corrections.

Robin: [looking annoyed] Curses!

ANTHONY: AND NOW TO DEAL WITH YOU! I REMEMBER YOU WHEN WERE A BEAUTIFUL, FRESH-FACED, CLEAN SHAVEN YOUNG PHD STUDENT. EVER SINCE SINCE YOU GREW THAT UGLY STRAGGLY, MISERABLE LITTLE BEARD, YOU HAVE BEEN EVIL! LET US GET RID OF THIS ABOMINATION! [WAVES WAND, DRY ICE ETC.] AVEZ VOUS THIS, LE BARBE DU DIABLO!

ROBIN: AAAGGGHHH! [CLUTCHES FACE, THEN PEAKS THROUGH HIS FINGERS] PAPA?

ANTHONY: NICOLE.

CHARMING: [LOOKS BEMUSEDLY AT ROBIN AND ANTHONY WITH RAISED EYEBROWS] RIIIIIGHT. [TO CINDERS] WELL, THAT'S SETTLED THEN DR CINDERELLA, THE JOB IS YOURS.

Cinderella: Cheers!

[everyone is happy and rejoicing. Ugly sisters storm onto the stage and boo the audience]

Robanna: Shut up everyone! Shut up! Why are you so happy? We've lost our jobs!

Curty: [nudging Robanna and looking at Cinders] Ooh, look at her dress, it's a mess! She looked so good at the ball!

ROBANNA: AND LOOK AT YOU NOW! THAT'S GIVEN ME A GREAT IDEA TO RE-START OUR FASHION BUSINESS! WE CAN HARGE THIS TO THE DEPARTMENT CREDIT CARD!

CURTY: COME HERE CINDERS! [CURTY AND ROBANNA GRAB CINDERS AND WALK HER OFF, LIGHTS GO DOWN]

Epilogue

[Outside Forecastle Meteorology. Ken staggers on, looking confused and disheveled. Buttons is there carrying huge pile of parchments]

Buttons: Ken, I've got a tephigram for you! [notices the state he's in] What's wrong?

Ken: I don't understand it! My last year working on ye olde atmospheric observatory [pause for audience prompt: Awwwww!], and there's been no weather for the last two days!

Buttons: What?! No weather? What on Earth could be the reason? [thinks for a minute] I know! I bet it's Dr Cinderella and that confounded butterfly! She never remembers to let it out of her office. I'll go and do it now!

[Buttons wanders off stage, we hear a door unlocking. Chaotic Kirsty runs across the stage: cue montage of weather on screen. Final movie is of rain falling, with Ken and half the cast members frolicking on stage]

SONG: Singin' in the Rain

[Janet runs on, head to toe in bling-tastic urban dancewear...]

Janet: Yo! What are these wack rhymes yo! [points off stage] Selecta! [music stops] Spin me some bashment! Hooooooh Westwood!! Dropping BOMBS bruv! etc etc...

[Rest of cast run onto stage and do urban style dancing]

END OF SONG: Cinder-ella

[...finish with jazz hands...]

Le Fin