

**Potential Vorticity – Wikipedia**  
**Version** (*a help for those at*  
*Reading who are too afraid to*  
*admit they don't understand*)

## Intro Scene – Interior of Newspaper Office.

**Narrator:** Hello and welcome to the Meteorology department panto. Turn off phones etc. In the customary Bond panto style, our first scene is set in a newspaper office and has nothing to do with the rest of our story. Any technical jokes you don't get are, of course, very funny. We join Piers Corbyn, Editor of the highly credible broad sheet – WeatherAction, who's discussing his latest plans with his top forecasting cronies. Piers started Weather Action Weekly after winning millions from Walkers crisps for correctly forecasting whether it would be 'wet' or 'dry' in 2km squares of the Sahara desert. Looks like his forecasts are 100% accurate after all!

*A Newspaper Editor and three journalists are sat round a table*

**Editor:** Ladies and gentlemen. How goes our attempt to discredit our enemies in the world of weather and climate research?

**Journalists 1 & 2:** Good

**E:** Excellent.

**J1:** As you know, our long running campaigns to make out that climate change is a con, to claim that no meteorologists except our very own WeatherAction have ever gotten a forecast right in their lives, and that the Met Office is an expensive waste of money, have been a surprising success.

**E:** Fantastic! I knew our plan to prove that Weather Actions solar-forecasts are more accurate, reliable and generally superior to the Met Office's would work in the end. It must be all that free promotion Mike Lockwood has been doing for us – his correlations show the sun really does determine the weather.

**J2:** Yes, yes. We've decided to move up a notch and start discrediting famous meteorologists by linking them with made up

facts. We've already started adding them to Wikipedia so other newspapers will use them for us.

**E:** Remember the golden rule.

**J1&J2:** Dead men don't sue.

**E:** Damn straight.

**J1:** We've already said that Ed Lorenz only came up with his chaos theories because he really hated butterflies. He was 'quoted' as saying "All I wanted was to get the little blighters blamed for hurricanes. If I thought anyone would believe me, I'd have come up with something really daft".

**J2:** Vilhelm Bjerkness refereed the 1932 FA cup final.

**E:** Good, everyone hates the referees.

**J1:** Gilbert Walker recorded the original version of Agadoo.

**E:** Did he?

**J2:** Sort of. And finally, L.F. Richardson had a string of chart hits and performed at Woodstock as a member of Sly and Family Stone.

**E:** All excellent work.

**J3:** Just one question - why would anybody believe these things and why are we writing them anyway?

**E:** (*getting angry*) – We have to show the idiots out there that believe in 'dynamics' and chaos and what not, that the sun is the driver of all weather, come rain or shine. Now tell me, what does WeatherAction provide?

**J1&J2:** Lies, righteous indignation and scandal. Errr, I mean the most accurate and specific long-range weather forecasts in the world.

**E:** Damn Straight. (*To J3*) – I know you're new here but as your predecessor found out, we

don't take kindly to people rocking the boat in this organisation. I never liked him, his fancy clothes, pointy beard and the way he turned up each day riding a horse. It was a Cavalier approach to his work that I just couldn't stand. Now any questions?

**J1:** Yes, what happens if the Department of Meteorology find out about our dastardly scheme?

**E:** Those jokers? I doubt that will happen, they're far too busy having 4 coffee breaks a day. They wouldn't be able to find us if we ran a 2 page spread in Weather detailing exactly who we are and what we were doing.

**J3:** (*standing up and pulling out a gun*) – Oh I don't know about that. The names Sonde, James Sonde Department of Meteorology and I think that your printing days are over.

*Intro theme music starts. Scantly clad silhouetted women dancing on stage, funky backdrop. Stephen Gill stops on health and safety grounds.*

**Stephen Gill:** Errr, didn't I send an email earlier about not bringing scantily clad women into the department. It's clearly a health and safety risk, Anthony is very distractable these days. No guns either, honestly. Tut tut tut.. anyway have your visitors signed in?

*Everyone on stage sighs, looks generally annoyed and wanders off stage. Lights up on Narrator.*

**Narrator:** Yes the names Sonde, James Sonde. By day a PhD student at the University of Reading studying hurricanes, by night the weather world's greatest super spy. . We now join Sonde on his way to the office of his supervisor M, that's M for Methven. The most efficient and organised administrator in the department. First, as always, he must speak to M's secretary and deadly wielder of the departmental credit card Miss Christine Moneybags.

## Scene 1 – Met Department

*From stage side: several hats are thrown unsuccessfully towards a hat stand.*

**Sonde:** Morning Cristine. I have to say you've been looking particularly glamorous lately.

**MM:** [*flustered*] Oh really? Thank you James.

**Sonde:** Is that a new pair of highly sensible shoes?

**MM:** Well, yes. To tell you the truth, since Rosemarie left there's been more money in the budget and, well, you know there's no harm in splashing out with departmental credit card every now and again. You PhD students always do! I'd been meaning to give myself a well earned treat since M doubled my work load...[*pause*]... and that's only making up for the work he doesn't do...[*looks wistfully into the distance*]

**Sonde:** Well you look splendid. Is M ready to see me?

**MM:** Not yet, he's running 2 hours late.

**Sonde:** Just 2 hours? He's doing well.

*M comes to the door*

**M:** Ah Sonde, you're early.

**Sonde:** No you're late.

**M:** Am I? [*Checks watch*] Well come in anyway.

*They go in to M's office*

**M:** Now then Sonde, what did you want to talk to me about?

**Sonde:** Erm, you called me in.

**M:** Did I? [*rifles through papers*] Yes, yes. Now listen carefully Sonde, we've had word from our source in MI6, no hang on, I mean MIT - some girl called Kerry Emanuel. Apparently there's been an explosion on a rig and oil is gushing out into the Gulf of Mexico. We've managed to keep it quiet so far, even Andrew Charlton-Perez and his wretched blog haven't got wind of it yet. Obviously we haven't told UEA so nobody has hacked into their e-mails.

**Sonde:** You've kept it quiet? It's been lead item on every news bulletin for a week now!

**M:** Really? I hadn't noticed. Well anyway that oil is doing tremendous damage to the area and although Mike Lockwood has produced a paper saying that the spread of the oil is strongly correlated to solar activity (and Piers Corbyn says something similar) I suspect that it might be coming from the exploding rig.

**Sonde:** All very worrying but what's that got to do with us?

**M:** I thought you were meant to be an expert on these matters, you shouldn't need me to tell you that a massive oil spill will mean the end of all hurricanes in the region.

**Sonde:** *[trying to sound like he knows why]* Oh yes, of course, well it would disrupt the sensible heat fluxes which would, erm mean a reversed PV gradient and erm a lack of *[starts mumbling]*.....African Easterly Waves.

**M:** No, no that's not right you twit. The oil will ground all the birds and, obviously, without the birds flapping their wings there will be no hurricanes.

**Sonde:** Ah yes of course....I was just about to say...But anyway, isn't that a good thing, surely no hurricanes will be a good thing for the people of the area.

**M:** Yes for them it will, but it also means there'll be nothing for us to study and that means we'll both be out of a job. Now, it's hurricane season at the moment isn't it? Is Hurricane Higgins still going?

**Sonde:** No that blew itself out earlier this year. It wasn't a pretty sight by the end but the people all seemed to love it still. There is, however, Hurricane Krusty the Clown on its way.

**M:** They really are struggling for hurricane names these days aren't they? Now, what we need you to do is go to America and clean up that terrible mess.

**Sonde:** Clear up the mess in America?

**M:** I meant clean up the slick Sonde! Right, you're bound to need plenty of gadgets for the trip. I'll call G from the basement.

**Sonde:** G?

**M:** Yes our gadget man Giles Harrison. He's calling himself G now to sound a bit more 'street' - apparently he's joined Janet Barlow and her urban gang. Giles has been working on some impressive stuff lately. Apparently he's made a machine that not only measures lightning but creates it too - he's cracked the problem of research justifying its own existence. Anyway, you'd better get going before this slick spills out of control.

**Sonde:** Well M, I'll do my best.

**M:** Then get yourself out to the Gulf, I've arranged for you to be met by two of our best people. Oh and Sonde, try not to get distracted too much by the local wildlife.

**Sonde:** *[in mock shock]* I don't know what you might mean by that sir!

**M:** I'm not sure that I can trust you so I'll be tracking you with my new "Where's M's student?" tracking device.

*Lights down. Change of setting to Giles' laboratory.*

*Enter Sonde.*

**Sonde:** Hi Giles.

**Giles:** *[In street voice]* Err it's G my bruv.

**Sonde:** M has sent me down here to pick up some equipment for our next field trip.

**Giles:** Field trip? I thought we were meant to be cutting costs around here.

**Sonde:** We are. Only the most relevant and innovative research gets funded these days. *[picks up something from the floor – it is a totally useless piece of equipment]*

*[Sonde looks confused, turns to the audience and shrugs]*

**Giles:** Anyway, what are you going to need?

**Sonde:** Rubber gloves, fairy liquid, dish cloths...

**Giles:** Where on earth are you going? I thought they'd stopped making how clean is your house...

**Sonde:** Isn't it obvious? I'm going to clean up this oil slick in the Gulf of Mexico.

**G:** Well Fairy liquid just won't do. I've got some much more useful stuff for you. [*Piles Sonde up with numerous gadgets*]. Now listen carefully Sonde. We have an emometer, very useful as it tells you how many enemies you have in the room. Next, a fold away Stephenson Screen. You never know when you might need an accurate temperature reading! Also, you have a miniature flux capacitor - 21.1 Gigawatts of power all wrapped up in something the size of matchbox. Very handy if you need to go back in time. And finally the Moo-raker. Be careful with this though, it hasn't been fully tested. Stand well clear of your enemy when using this.

**Sonde:** Oh one more thing Giles, how am I going to get there?

**G:** Oh didn't M tell you, we've got you a top of the range little number! Take a look outside...

*Sonde looks to screen - picture of departmental van appears.*

**Sonde:** [*Pleadingly*] The department van?!

**G:** It's a perfectly good van Sonde. Now I haven't got time to waste chatting to you, as joint Head of Department that means that for better or worse I am sort of in charge around here.

*Giles leaves and James watches him go then simply drops the gadgets and walks off stage.*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 2 – The Gulf of Mexico

**Narrator** – So out we go to the Gulf of Mexico with Sonde, who's yet again distracted from his PhD. At this rate he'll still be working on his thesis when Anthony Illingworth finally retires. It may seem like an easy mission but all things come with ifs and buts as James is soon to find out. We join a boat drifting in the oily water with three of our heroes as Sonde surveys the damage done by the explosion.

*James, Sid (dressed in a sailors outfit) and Rosemarie (in diving gear) are on a boat all in a swan shaped pedalo in the style of Alton Towers.*

**Sonde:** Just look at this place. Black oil everywhere, a foul smell, sea mammals beached on the shore. It's almost as bad as Whiteknights Lake. I have to say that when M said 2 top operatives would be meeting me in the Gulf, I didn't expect to find Sid and Rosemarie. I thought you two had retired?

**Sid:** Oh we have!

**Sonde:** So what are you doing out here then?

**Rosemarie:** We're enjoying our retirement present from the department. We were meant to be on a Saga cruise from Bognor to Bournemouth, but Remi was in charge of navigation and forgot to account for the Stoke's Drift.

**Sid:** How did you get here anyway James?

**Sonde:** Well, after last year's blizzard, Giles has built in this neat all terrain function on the departmental van. I water skied behind it on the way here.

**Sid:** Since we're here we decided we may as well enjoy ourselves and catch up on some fishing. [*Get out fishing rods*]

**Sonde:** I know Doctors say that eating plenty of oily fish is good for you but this is ridiculous! Anyway, we have to get onto the exploded rig and gather some evidence. Rosemarie, can you suggest anything?

**Rosemarie:** [*warily*] Look, after all these years of having to look after people like you I'm just happy to enjoy my retirement. If you need something doing, it's about time you started doing things yourself.

**Sonde:** [*shocked*] OK. I was kind of hoping that you'd know what to do. I'm not sure if I can figure it out for myself. I guess I could do things on my own. If I just, erm no hang on...erm what if.... Rosemarie can't you help please?

**Rosemarie:** Nope. Hang on I've caught something.

*Rosemarie reels in a prop*

**Sonde:** Funny looking fish

**Rosemarie:** That isn't a fish, you idiot, it's an Argo Float

**Sid:** Shouldn't we put it back

**Sonde:** Nah, there's thousands of them floating around. Losing one or two won't hurt anybody.

**Sid:** Hang on, I think I've caught something. Oh, it's only Michael Fish.

**Sonde:** Just the man. Earlier on today, apparently, a woman rang the BBC and said she heard there was a [hurricane](#) on the way

**Micheal Fish:** Well, if you're watching, don't worry, there isn't! In fact, there'll be no more hurricanes until this slick is cleaned up!

**Sonde:** Wrong again Fishy - back to the ocean with you. *[Throws MF back in]*

**Rosemarie:** I've got something else here.

*Pulls in another prop*

**Sonde:** If I'm not mistaken that's Meteosat.

**Rosemarie:** Meteosat?! Shouldn't that still be up there?

**Sonde:** In theory, it came down a couple of weeks ago, but what with the budget cuts and everything no one can afford a new one. They've been recycling the images ever since, but nobody has noticed.

**Sid:** I've got another one here. Hang on is that Peter Jan van Leeuwen?

**PJ:** Yesh. Shory, I got losht on a field trip

**Sonde:** If you were out here counting the Argo floats then I think we've found one here

**PJ:** No, no. I wash actually here obshverving the mating paternsh of Giant Shquids

**Sonde:** *[surprised]* Err OK. Any particular reason for that or is it just a hobby?

**PJ:** Well yesh and no. I actually have a theory that the mating of the shquids causes such

turbulence that it adds to the mixing of the deep ocean waters. I can give you a demonstration if you like.

**Sonde:** *[hurriedly]* No, no. Please no. *[to himself]* So many questions, where to begin. How about with, *[to PJ]* how would you account for this in a global circulation model?

**PJ:** I have developed a parametrization scheme.

**Sonde:** Does this scheme have a name.

**PJ:** Yesh. Octopushy. I must be off now!

*PJ swims off.*

**Sid:** I've caught something else James.

**Sonde:** Thank heavens for that. I don't think I want to know any more about giant squids. What have you got there?

**Sid:** A slipper paper.

**Sonde:** Here, let me have a look. "This hereby grants BP Deepwater Drilling Operations Licence to Spill". Well that all seems fine. Wait a minute on closer inspection, this licence to spill a huge amount of oil into the ocean and cause untold ecological damage isn't real at all. AND it's printed on Department of Meteorology paper. That means that the bad guys have been under our noses all along. Quick Sid, I need something delivered to the Department right away.

**Sid:** Don't look at me mate. I'm retired aren't I? Do it yourself.

**Sonde:** I must get back to shore right away.

**Rosemarie:** You'd best get your swimming trunks on then.

**Sonde:** But there's sharks out there.

*[ideally a shark fin has been visibly sticking up behind the prop ocean, but if this is not possible perhaps they have been swimming around on a powerpoint]*

**Rosemarie:** Surely sharks are no worry to someone who, on 2 separate adventures, has already defeated a man called Jaws.

**Sonde:** I think you're mixing me up with someone else there. And mixing him up with a completely unrelated film. Oh well, I guess you two aren't going to be any help to me so I'll have to swim.

*James reluctantly jumps off boat and swims off stage. After he has gone the shark fin is revealed to be a man wearing short running shorts, a vest and a fine moustache (David Grimes)*

**David Grimes:** So, Sonde has seen through our brilliant plan has he? I'd better warn the guys back at Reading HQ. Quick pass me that phone. Wait a minute, you two aren't going to tell the department are you?

**Rosemarie:** Why would we care?

**Sid:** We're retired!

**David Grimes:** Good. *[Into big comedy phone]* HQ, this is DG. I think he's on to us.

*Lights down.*

### Scene 3 – Coffee Room

*Lights up on Blowfeld behind the projector screen so only his silhouette is seen). Janet, Robin, Maarten, Valerio, Igor and Jonathan are sitting around a table. They all sit on swivel chairs that are on the tallest setting. There is also an empty chair with a piece of string attached which leads offstage.*

**Blowfeld:** *[makes evil snuffling noises]* So, I've gathered you all here because we have a small problem in our mighty plan... The weather generator that will give us total world domination is nearing completion. With transport stopped by tornadoes and hail destroying food supplies, with all computers frozen (literally) and energy supplies in chaos from the electrical storms the world will be brought to a standstill *[more evil noises]* and we can demand all we want.

**Janet Barlow:** Lidars!

**Robin:** Radars!

**Maarten:** Book deals!

**Valerio:** I will be Pavarotti!

**Igor:** Croquet lawns!

**Maarten:** Entropy!

**Jonathan Gregory:** Trees,.....beautiful trees,.....won't someone please think of the trees.....

**Blowfeld:** BUT.....A pesky PhD student has uncovered our plot in the gulf. The oil has been spilled, the sea contaminated and fish are dying.....

**Janet Barlow:** Why are we doing this again?

**Blowfeld:** Why does HECTOR crash?.....because we are evil, mwa..ha...ha...ha

We need to stop James Sonde before he can raise the alarm and foil our grand mission. It is up to you to stop him. Janet Barlow what will you do to stop Sonde?

**Janet Barlow:** I can harness the power of my dispersion model to send poisonous gas down the streets and into his path. It couldn't possible fail, the model's too perfect!

*[mutual agreements and 'good idea!' from around the table.]*

**Robin:** Great idea, but I Dr Evil Hogan have an even better idea. I will derail the A-train in space so that it is aimed at Sonde. I will then use it to lazer him to death. There's no stopping the power of LiDAR!!!! *[evil Hogan actions and laughter]*

**Maarten:** Unless it's cloudy, obviously.

**Blowfeld:** Well Maarten, what would be your plan then.....

**Maarten:** I'll increase his entropy until he's so chaotic he'll explode in all directions.

**Valerio:** *[said in a confrontational manner]* and how will you do that Maarten?

**Maarten:** If you'd read my book *[has big book prop]* you'd have realised from Chapter 1360: Using entropy for personal gains, that it's obvious.

**Valerio:** Obvious to whom?

**Maarten:** Well if I have to show you.....*[rips out some paper from his pad and start to write equation. Valerio keeps interjecting with disagreement like 'no...no...no' etc.]*

**Blowfeld:** Enough

*[Argument escalates]*

**Blowfeld:** Enough of this argument about entropy, it's just increasing and increasing.

*[An image of a hand can be seen on the projector pressing a big red button. The string attached to the empty chair is pulled and the chair falls over]*

**Blowfeld:** Damn! Wrong button!

*[An image of a hand pressing a big blue button is now shown on the projector. Maarten and Valerio pull the levers on their swivel chairs and slowly sink a little]*

**Blowfeld:** Damn! Jammed! Remove them.  
*[Maarten and Valerio are wheeled off by henchmen still arguing]*

**Blowfeld:** Igor, what would be your plan?

**Igor:** My friends from the KGB *[Klimete Global Baddies appears on projector screen]* will send him a present from Russia....with love.

**Blowfeld:** Okay *[suspiciously]*. And you Dr Snow?

**Jonathon:** Look at my finger, isn't it really cool? *[waves around his large foam finger]*

**Igor:** It's so cool, it's almost a cold finger....  
*[Trumpet bit from Goldfinger song]*

**Jonathon:** I use it to keep the glaciers frozen and hence prevent sea level rise. I can use it to freeze Sonde. Look *[pokes Igor, who freezes]*.

**Robin:** Well I think that my plan is the best.

**Rest of villains:** Oh no it isn't!

*[Encourage audience to join in]*

**Robin:** Oh yes is it! etc....

**Blowfeld:***[interrupting]* Look evil people, there is no point arguing amongst ourselves – we'll never get a majority. Dr Evil Hogan your plan is genius but budget cuts are too severe to allow death from space. Dr Snow, I like your idea but Janet I think you're first. Head to Heathrow, Sonde will soon land and you can put your evil plan into action. The rest of us will move to our new top secret hideout. The Met department is too dangerous now Sonde's seen the headed paper. You guys go ahead, I'll see you there.

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*The remaining baddies get up and leave apart from Igor who remains frozen.*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 4 – Heathrow Airport

*Agent C is already on one side of the stage, holding a big sign saying Sonde and with a plastic carrier bag with AGU written on it on his arm. Janet and Curtis walk on stage with equipment and start to set it up – maybe wearing dust masks on heads?*

**Janet:** Curtis, check which terminal Sonde will be landing at.

**Curtis:** It's says here terminal 4. But is doesn't seem very busy. Maybe there is some kind of strike?

*[Giles appears on stage.]*

**G:** Did you say a lightning strike?!

**Janet:** Don't be silly Giles.

*[Giles leaves looking dejected.]*

**Janet:** ...Anyway, BA only fly from terminal 5 these days. If I use terminal 4 as initial conditions my model says that here would be the perfect place for dispersion. Curtis do you have the poisonous gas?

*Loud fart noise*

**Curtis:** Well I have some sort of gas! Gas.....well I was thinking about this and I thought that poisonous gas probably isn't the best tracer of how the air is flowing around Heathrow. I think moths make a far superior



tracer as they provide a much larger apparent backscatter radius.

**Janet:** Well, you see, the thing about poisonous gas is that it is, well, poisonous. Unless your moths are killer moths you've just ruined our plan.

**Curtis:** Well.....well.....maybe he's allergic to moths! Ha!

**Janet:** You're about as useful as a stratospheric forecast!

**Curtis:** Well with all your money I'd have thought you would have come up with a better plan than poisonous gas.

**Janet:** Right you lanky entomologist!

*They proceed to have a slap fight.....Robin walks on stage with an evil laugh and beard stroke*

**Robin:** Have you done it yet? Where's this poisonous gas?

*Fight stops and both look sheepish*

**Janet:** Idiot Curtis filled the gas tank with moths – the plan is ruined, Sonde's going to ruin us all.

**Curtis:** Do you think that hot looking lady over there might be an AGU agent waiting for Sonde?

**Janet:** I think you're right. Look is she about to radio Sonde?

**Agent C:***[on comedy sized radio]* It's Agent C from the Agency. I'm at terminal 4. Where do you want me to drop Sonde?

**Robin:** I think it is....mwa..ha..ha.

*Sonde enters the stage and goes up to Agent C*

**Sonde:** Why hello there, are you waiting for me?

**Agent C:** Are you Sonde?

**Sonde:** I'm whoever you want me to be. You must be Agent C. I hear you're an expert on orographic rainfall. How about I be the hill to your downpour?

**Agent C:** Oh ..he..he...I can feel my orography enhancing already !

**Sonde:** I tell you what, you can be the warm front, I'll be the cold front and together we're occluded.

**Agent C:** Oooooo.....it's bad but it is accurate.

**Sonde:** Well I am a fan of double precision! I'll go and get my luggage.

*Sonde goes off to get his gadget and Robin uses this as an excuse to sneak up behind Agent C.*

**Agent C:** I am sure that this is usually the part where the villain tries to kidnap the love interest but there doesn't seem to be anyone evil around.

**Audience:** He's behind you!

**Agent C:** Oh no he isn't! Etc

*Robin kidnaps Agent C and starts to drag him off stage. Sonde arrives as they are leaving but in time to hear Robin say.....*

**Robin:** Mwa-ha-ha.....I'm taking you to Chilbolton.

**Sonde:** Oh no! Agent C's been kidnapped and just as we were getting so well acquainted.

**Narrator:** So Janet's evil plan may have failed thanks to the stupidity of Curtis but Robin has kidnapped the delightful Agent C. Will Sonde be able to rescue her from Chilbolton? Will he make it back to Reading in time to warn M and will they be able to save the world?

*Lights down.*

## END OF ACT

### Scene 5 - Chilbolton

*Spotlight on Narrator*

**Narrator:** Welcome back. After Janet Barlow's attempt to foil James Sonde had dispersed, Dr Evil Hogan has taken it upon himself to capture and dispose of our hero.

We join him and Mini-Rob at his not so secret base at Chilbolton, where Agent C has been tied up.

*Lights come up on main stage*

*Robin enters followed by Mini-Rob*

**Robin:** Mwahahaha...

**Mini-Rob:** Mwahahaha... *[maybe in silence]*

**Robin:** Come Mini-Me, we have agent C tied up, which will no doubt lure Sonde and our licence to spill. He's been following us from the airport. Unfortunately for him he must have got held up in that fast forming radiation fog near Reading!

*Mini-Rob nods*

**Robin:** When he eventually turns up, we can destroy him using our "LIDAR" *[both act out quotations with hands]*,, which, of course, we have been cleverly disguising as a ... a ... what does a LIDAR actually do?

*Mini Rob desperately tries to act out what it does*

**Robin:** What's that Mini-Me?

*Mini-Rob whispers in his ear*

**Robin:** Ohh yeah! Then when we've destroyed Sonde we'll be Blofeld's favourite henchmen – it will be just the two of us

*Robin steps forward and starts singing*

**Robin:** Just the two of us, we can make it if we try, just the two of us....just the two of us....

*Robin looks back to see why Mini-Rob hasn't joined in. Mini-Rob looks at him and shakes his head as if to say "don't do it"*

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**Robin:** OK, enough of that. Once we've proven ourselves to Blofeld by killing Sonde, I'll be promoted to professor Evil! mwahaha! Then we'll take full control of the weather machine, and we can flood Reading, Slough and wherever else we fancy. I want rain, I want snow, I want hail, I want tornadoes, I

want a hurricane an hour somewhere on this planet 24 hours a day... This, is our moment, Mini-Me. We will dominate the world! Mwahahahahaha.. *[evil beard stroking]*

Now let's hide and wait - the trap is set!

*Robin and Mini-Rob leave Agent C and the lights go out*

*James Bond music in the background. Sonde comes on stage in typical gun tight to face fashion, checking out the area in a Bond like manner*

*Sonde then finds Agent C and starts untying her*

**Sonde:** My name's Sonde. James Sonde. Agent C, are you OK? I knew I'd find you sooner or later. Where did they go? What did they do?

*Agent C mumbles with her taped mouth*

**Sonde:** Did they mention anything important? What did they say? C??

*Agent C mumbles more loudly*

**Sonde:** Oh sorry, I'll unwrap your mouth. Yeah baby, yeah!

**Agent C:** Look out Sonde, this is a trap!

**Sonde:** He's not there C. Now will you cooperate and help me?

**Agent C:** He's behind you

**Sonde:** Oh no he isn't

**Agent C:** Oh yes he is!

*James Sonde turns around*

*Mini-Rob kicks / punches Sonde in the crotch*

**Sonde:** Oh Thunderballs!

**Robin:** Ahh Mr Sonde, I knew you didn't have the balls to put up a fight

*Robin and Mini-Rob drag Sonde onto the radar dish, while Robin gloats*

**Sonde:** More balls than the two of you put together. So what's your evil plan?

**Robin:** The plan is to kill you using my "LIDAR" *[both act out quotations with hands]*, and then we can get on with the business of controlling the weather. I would love to see you die myself, but I'm afraid I have a radar group meeting to attend.

Now where is that licence to spill?

**Sonde:** I don't have it.

**Robin:** Well you'd better tell me where it is then!

*Robin threatens Sonde with the LIDAR by flashing it at his crotch*

**Sonde:** Hey watch it, you could poke someone's eye out with that

**Robin:** It can do more than that! It can also...oh I have forgotten again. It doesn't matter now.

What matters is that soon you will be dead... unless perhaps you TELL ME WHERE THE LICENSE IS!

**Sonde:** With that thing pointed there, do you expect me to talk?

*Robin sets the LIDAR on Sonde moving up to his face slowly*

**Robin:** No Mr Sonde. I expect you to die! Goodbye Mr Sonde. Come Mini-Me, we shall find that damn license ourselves..

*Robin and Mini-Rob leave Sonde to his impending "death" and C tied up, and go to radar group*

*Stephen Gill enters the stage*

**Sonde:** Oh thank God! It's Stephen Gill. Stephen, Stephen over here, Stephen! We could do with a hand. If you could just....

**Stephen:** Umm... sorry really don't have the time right now - got an urgent email to send regarding Fire Safety. Last fire drill was less than 3 minutes, this was acceptable but not good enough! Next time I intend to break the two minute time limit. Oh dear, lasers really shouldn't be used without safety goggles Mr Sonde!

*Stephen puts safety goggles on Sonde and Agent C. (they could be funny/sparkly glasses to make it look really silly)*

**Stephen:** Thank goodness the clutter has been cleared out of here, otherwise it would seriously interfere with this equipment...

*Stephen Gill exits*

**Agent C:** James, don't you have any gadgets or something to get us out of this situation

**Sonde:** No, but look it's Anthony Illingworth!

*Anthony Illingworth enters the stage*

**Anthony:** Now, where's Robin? We were supposed to meet here to go to radar group together.

Oh, hello Sonde, I didn't realise you liked LIDAR!

**Sonde:** I don't

**Anthony:** Ah the LiDAR, I can tell you all about the LiDAR. I am glad you are sitting comfortably.

The LiDAR , started in the pre-laser times in 1930s when I was just a child. I remember it well, it was the start of the golden age of radar .....

**Sonde:** Anthony, please get on with it and untie us, you are delaying me from saving the world!

**Anthony:** Oh Sonde... don't worry about that LIDAR - it can't hurt a fly. Better switch it off though in case Stephen Gill comes in and starts moaning about laser safety breaches!

*Anthony Illingworth unties Sonde and wanders off to reset the Radar PPI mode. Sonde then unties Agent C.*

*Anthony then continues his lecture in the background and falls asleep. Meanwhile the following conversation is going on:*

**Sonde:** *[To Agent C]* Ha!, I told you I would get you out of here. You know Agent C, you're not that bad looking..

**Agent C:** Well thank you Mr Sonde....oooh

**Sonde:** I was wondering, 'what does the C stand for in Agent C?

**Agent C:** Chagnon

**Sonde:** I beg your pardon?

**Agent C:** Chagnon, my name is Agent Chagnon.

**Sonde:** Oh, well maybe I could change that.

**Agent C:** James! Pull your self together. Do you think we can escape from this place and defeat Dr Evil Hogan?

**Sonde:** Yes I do! Right, we had better get back to the Met department and find out what's going on. But first I must retrieve the Licence to Spill from its hiding place. It is a big thing to carry around you know!

**Agent C:** Where did you put it, James?

**Sonde:** I strapped it to the underside of that cow in the field by the radar dish, I think it was number 007.

*Agent C claps her hands and shrieks excitedly*

**Agent C:** You're so clever!

**Sonde:** Right C, shall we make haste!?

*They walk quickly off stage*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 6 – Met Department

*The Coffee Lounge is done up like a casino with a big banner saying 'Casino Royale Met. Soc.'. Andrew Charlton Perez (who is 'blinged up'), Charlie Williams are sat around a table gambling on one side of the room. On the other side, two of the Met Mothers (Sue Gray and Ellie Highwood?) are talking.*

**Sue:** Oh Ellie I think it's so terrible that our babies have to grow up in a world of gambling and greed.

**Ellie:** I couldn't agree more Sue.

*Sonde enters with Agent C.*

**Sonde:** Charlie Williams, Andrew Charlton Perez! Are you gambling?

**Charlie:** Well, ever since NERC had its funding cut we've had to find other ways to fund our research.

**ACP:** *[Gangster]* Yeah so now we're betting on where it's gonna rain, ya dig? *(Holds up a Walkers crisp packet)*

**Sonde:** Why are you talking like that Andrew?

**ACP:** I ain't Andrew Charlton-Perez no more, fool. It's ACP now. Ai?!

**Sonde:** Riiiiight. Well I need to find M. There's some seriously bad stuff going on in this department and I'm going to get to the bottom of it.

**Charlie:** What's the rush? Surely you've got time for a quick gamble?

**ACP:** Yeah, chillax bro. Grab and drink from the new bar. Well I am pretty thirsty. OK.

*[Sonde goes over to the bar – note, this might have to be cut if there are too many people on stage]*

**Sonde:** Keith Shine! You're working behind a bar now?!

**Keith Shine:** Don't ask! *[Keith Shine shakes his head]*... What can I get for you?

**Sonde:** Make mine a PV-tini, stirred not shaken.

**Keith Shine:** *[Keith Shine looks at Sonde a bit strangely]* Ok!?

**Agent C:** Hey look everyone: it's snowing!

*Snow starts to fall out the window. Everyone looks out. Keith Shine (if he's there) grabs a comedy sized ruler and runs off stage excitedly.*

**Sonde:** Something's not right. I have to talk to M. Come on Agent C!

*Sonde and Agent C exit.*

**ACP:** Yo, maybe this snow is due to a stratospheric sudden warming.

*Everyone shakes their heads.*

**Charlie:** Andrew that's so last year!

**ACP:** I told you, it's ACP now!

*Blackout. When the lights come back up we're in M's (Methven's) office.*

**M:** Ah Sonde, there you are. How was the Gulf? Did you get lots of measurements?

**Sonde:** No, but I did find this. *[He hold's up the License to Spill].*

**M:** Errr... What is it?

**Sonde:** (Exasperated) It's a License to Spill! This gives BP the ability to release oil into the Gulf of Mexico whenever they want. And it came from HECToR...

**M:** Errrr...

**Sonde:** Don't you see?

**M:** Umm...

**Sonde:** *[Sighs]* It's perfectly simple. *[He now explains what's going on both to M and the audience].* Members of this department, headed by the mysterious Blowfeld, used HECToR to issue BP with a License to Spill claiming that the oil would stop hurricanes forming and destroying their rigs. However, really the oil would just cause one of the worst ecological disasters in history. Then while everyone was focussed on the Gulf of Mexico, Blowfeld could build a machine to control the weather and hold the entire world to ransom. Half of the department is in on it!

**M:** Oh right. Blimey!

**Sonde:** How did you not notice all this going on under your very nose?

**M:** Well err...I've been very busy. And to be honest with you everything's been a bit blurry ever since Steve Rumbold made me do the 3-pint Frisbee challenge.

**Agent C:** We have to find Blowfeld and his weather machine before it's too late.

**Sonde:** M, do you have any idea where they could be?

**M:** Errrrr...

**Sonde:** Think!

**Agent C:** Wait. James, what's this? *[Hold's up a piece of paper that was on M's desk]*

*Sonde takes the piece of paper and reads it*

**Sonde:** *[Reading]* Authorisation for Secret Lair. The Evil proJect Aiming For maJor Atmospheric control Located At eJecting vOlcano maKing Ultimate iceLandic Lair\*, or EJAFJALLAJOKULL. M this was signed by you!

**M:** Oh is it? Well I didn't really get passed the project title to be honest.

**Agent C:** I'm not surprised.

**Sonde:** We have to get to that lair before it's too late. Come on!

*Sonde and Agent C exit leaving M alone in his office.*

**M:** Oh no! I've completely forgotten what I was doing.

*Sonde and Agent C and standing on the top floor of the Met Building by the lift.*

**Sonde:** Come on we'll take the lift, it'll be faster!

*Sonde presses the lift button and the doors open to reveal Ross Reynolds inside. They chat as Sonde and Agent C climb into the lift and the doors close.*

**Ross:** Hello you two!

**Sonde:** Oh, hi Ross...how are you?

**Ross:** Oh not bad. I've just got back from Oklahoma.

**Agent C:** Ah were you doing some work over there?

**Ross:** (Looking suspicious) Yeah..."work"

*Suddenly the lift grinds to a halt. Dr. Snow (Jonathan Gregory)'s voice comes over the tano.*

**Sonde:** Oh no! The lift must have broken again.

**Dr. Snow:** Hahahahaha!

**Sonde:** I know that voice...Jonathan Gregory!

**Dr. Snow:** This is Dr. Snow. I've frozen the lift with my cold finger [*Trumpet bit from Goldfinger song*]. By the time you get out Reading will be covered by 27cm of snow and the entire town will be at a standstill. You'll never make it to the volcano in time to stop the weather machine. Hahahahaha!

**Agent C:** What do we do now James?

**Ross:** Hey I've got an idea! [*He pulls out a guitar*] How about a song?

**SONG:** *Stuck in the Met Lift With You song*

**Agent C:** Well that was fun. But we're still stuck in this lift!

**Sonde:** Don't worry I've got a plan. I could use the flux capacitor to go back in time to set up a standing wave in the lift, which in turn I can use to initialise the lightning creator, which will get hot and defrost the lift.

**Agent C:** Or we could just use this Golden Mallet? [*Holds up Golden Mallet*]

**Sonde:** [*Deflated*] So this is where the Golden Mallet has been. I thought it had been lost forever.

*Agent C uses the Golden Mallet to open the door. Her and Sonde exit the lift. For some reason Ross stays inside.*

**Ross:** [*Waving*] Cheerio!

**Sonde:** Well done Agent C! But I still don't know how we're going to get to Iceland.

*The Met Mothers (Sue and Ellie) are standing nearby and overhear this.*

**Sue:** I think we can help you with that.

**Sonde:** Really?

**Ellie:** Of course! All mums go to Iceland!

**Sue:** Come on. We'll take the Met Department van.

**Sonde:** How can we? There's 27cm of snow on the ground. Not to mention a large expanse of the Atlantic Ocean between here and Iceland.

**Ellie:** I guess G didn't tell you about the van's Chinook mode. He built it in because he was so disappointed when the Met. Office wanted to take him and Kerry up to Scotland in a Chinook to take measurements of the volcanic ash, but then they couldn't take the Chinook because of the volcanic ash. Let's go!

*They go to exit but are stopped by Stephen Gill who is holding the departmental register on a clipboard.*

**Stephen Gill:** Woah, woah woah! It's out of office hours so you need to sign out.

**Sonde:** But we never signed in!

**Stephen Gill:** Well then you need to do that too. Come on.

*He hands over the clip board. There is a drawn out, awkward period where each person signs the list. Then all except Stephen Gill exit.*

*Animation of Chinook van taking off.*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 7 – Volcano Lair

*Animation of Dept. van flying to Iceland avoiding ash clouds..*

**Narrator:** So our plucky adventurers have discovered the whereabouts of HECTOR's secret layer. But will they be too late to stop their evil plans?? After a less than straight forward journey to the volcano, the Met Mum's preferred some retail therapy to helping out Sonde and Agent C, who ascend the forbidding EYJAFJALLAJOKUL alone...

*Lights up*

*Blofeld is congratulating his evil villains on stopping Sonde (little does he know he's about to enter!)*

**Blofeld:** [*still hidden*] Good work on stopping that pesky Sonde my evil brethren! Now the

weather machine is almost complete [/ fully powered], the world will soon be ours!!

*Mwahahahaha! (Robin strokes beard)*

**Dr Snow:** Yes! And this volcano will provide the machine with a limitless supply of climate-friendly geothermal energy..

**Robin:** [interjecting] .. So we can destroy the climate!! mwahahaha!

*Mwahahahaha!*

**Janet:** Hang on though, won't the volcano release loads of sulphur dioxide. That's not environmentally friendly, it causes all sorts of respiratory problems.. In fact my dispersion modelling has shown the ash cloud could reach Europe in a matter of....

**Robin:** [interjecting in Austin Power's style] Shh!

**Janet:** .. But..

**Robin:** zip it!

**Janet:** *[goes to speak but is again interrupted]*

**Robin:** zzzzzzzz zip it!

*repeat as necessary*

**Blofeld:** Quiet! Enough of your squabbling! Get me the World Meteorological Organisation!

*Someone hands phone to Blofeld (see Blofeld's arm for the first time behind chair)*

*Julia appears on screen as head of the WMO*

**Julia:** This is the WMO. Julia Slingo here.

**Blofeld:** Julia! What are you doing at the WMO?

**Julia:** Well, I thought my career was stagnating, what with just being head of the Met Office, Royal Meteorological Society and Good Witch of the North, so I decided to become head of the WMO as well. Don't worry though, this is just another step on the ladder, the World Meteorological Organisation is not enough!!

*[pause for rapturous laughter.. or not]*

**Julia:** But who is this anyway?

**Blofeld:** This is HECTOR! We have successfully built an all-powerful weather machine, capable of solving climate change (*Dr Snow nods approvingly*), or alternatively destroying the world.. not to mention all future met office seasonal forecasts!!

Unless you give us research money worth... One million dollars, we will destroy the world!!!

**Julia:** [Starts laughing]... That's not very much! That will only pay for a few of you to go to those conferences on the other side of the world.

*[Robin interjects]*

**Robin:** And only a few LiDARs?!

**Blowfeld:** [Embarrassed]...Ok. Then we at HECTOR demand research money worth... one Trillion dollars!

**All:** Mwahahahaha!!! *[more beard stroking]*

*As the villains are rejoicing in their evil plans, Steven Gill enters stage and walks around the background taping up the lava pit and putting up molten floor signs.*

*The villains and Julia stop momentarily in astonishment and look at him.. then continue.*

**Julia:** One trillion dollars! But we don't have enough funding for biscuits in our meetings any more, especially now the coalition government have frozen the science budget..

**Dr Snow:** Haha!! Yes! Frozen! (*Holds up his coldfinger*)

**Blofeld:** Well, you better find the money from somewhere... Or I'm afraid there will be so much rain that Tomorrow Never Dries!!!

**All:** Mwahahahaha!!! *(more beard stroking)*

*Blofeld hangs up*

**Blofeld:** Begin the countdown!!!

*At that point, Sonde and Agent C burst in stage (right/left) to the surprise of the villains (and cheers from the audience)*

**Sonde:** Not so fast [*bond style quip?*]

**Blofeld:** Thunderballs its Sonde! I thought you were stuck in Reading!!

*The villains look sheepish*

**Sonde:** Time to give you and your evil plans a good sounding!

**Blofeld:** Get him villains!

*The villains rush towards Sonde and C, but in characteristic bond style only attack one at a time*

*Janet and Robin attack Sonde and Agent C separately and each get karate chopped...*

**Sonde:** Well done Agent C, we really knocked The Living Daylights out of them!

*Dr Snow brandishes his cold finger*

**Dr Snow:** Aha! You will never get past me and my cold finger! One touch and you will be frozen forever!!

**Sonde:** Oh no! What are we going to do??

**Agent C:** Sonde, use the Moo-raker!

*Sonde elaborately activates the moo-raker (moo sound) Daisy runs on from the back of the lecture theatre and runs Dr Snow off the stage. Daisy is impervious to his cold finger!*

**Daisy:** Moooo! (*as she reins victorious*)

**Sonde:** Daisy! Great to see you! But why didn't you get frozen by Dr Snow's cold finger??!

**Daisy:** Moo moo, Moo

**Sonde:** Ahh I see, because you're already Friesian!

*Audience groans*

**Daisy:** Moo moo

**Sonde:** What's that Daisy, He's not Snow clever now... (*smiles and shakes head*) oh Daisy...

**Sonde:**(*to audience*) And now to reveal this evil mastermind...

*Reveals Blofeld to be none other than Bob Plant*

*Blofeld's character now changes dramatically from evil super-villain to mild mannered academic stroking Cumulus on his lap, who is wearing a little red cape (with supercell logo)*

**Sonde and Agent C:** Bob Plant????!! You're the evil genius behind HECTOR??

**Blofeld:** Of course!! Why do you think they called it the BP oil spill... Oh Thunderballs, look what you've done you've made Cumulus here very unstable... look he's beginning to precipitate everywhere!.. Oh and now he's gone and Capped himself!

**Agent C:** Dis-Gust-ing

**Blofeld:** Oh don't be mean, little Cumulus here is already self conscious about his downdroughts (*little grey flakes of dandruff fall off Cumulus*)

**Sonde:** Time to stop your evil doing Bob

*Sonde moves towards Blofeld who throws Cumulus into Sonde's face*

**Sonde:** (*wrestling Cumulus*): arrrgghh!! (*muffled screams*)

*Blofeld runs away, but as he is doing so trips and falls over Steven Gill's safety tape and into the "magma".*

*Sonde releases Cumulus, who promptly flies away*

*Steven Gill runs on stage distraught - His attempts to make the volcano safer have lead to the demise of Blofeld*

**Sonde:** Now that's what I call a sudden warming

**Sonde:** Hi Steven.. Are you ok?



**Steven Gill:** Oh its terrible. All I wanted was for everybody to be safe everywhere and for all time. *(audience: Aww)*

**Sonde:** But you've saved the world! You should be happy..

**Steven Gill:** Really? Well, maybe health and safety isn't the answer to every life problem!

**Sonde:** I think you're right.. Come on, lets shut down this diabolical weather machine and head home

*Sonde then walks over and shuts down the weather machine (cue windows shutting down noise)*

*Just as everybody turns to leave, Dan Kirshbaum (and possibly Nick Klingaman etc.) enter in action man style wearing CIA badges*

**Agent C:** Dan Kirshbaum? What are you doing here?

**Dan K:** I head up the Reading branch of the Convective Investigations Agency. We picked up a very powerful but localised source of CAPE in this area, and our models told us that Blofeld must be co-ordinating his devious plan for world domination from here!! You see his plan is to build a weather machine to destroy the world!...

**Sonde:** [interjecting] Oh dear, this is awkward... Thanks for showing up and that, but I'm afraid it's all sorted now.. Blofeld has been defeated and we've shut down the weather machine.. You'll just have to try again next year..

*The CIA leaves looking dejected..*

**All:** Hurrah! Let's get home! *(Exit stage)*

*Audience Cheer*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 8 – Met Department

*Back in the met dept. in M's office for debriefing*

**Narrator:** So Sonde and Agent C have saved the world again.. And as usual the Americans

arrived late.. After an uneventful trip back to the department, M has called our adventurers into his office for a brief debriefing.

*Lights Up*

**M:** Oh hello, well done err Sonde, you've err saved us all from err climate chaos! Now we can all live to fry another day! *[Cheers]*

**Sonde:** Thanks M, I couldn't have done it without Agent C here on my staff *[They look at each other longingly]*

**M:** Not only err that Sonde.. But err you've reformed Steven Gill! The high viz-jacket is no more. I've a mind to go pour coffee down the stairs immediately!

**Agent C:** Yes, in fact I think I saw him tying a bungee cord to the guttering outside. *[boing' sound effect, possible Stephen outside window animation, breaking sound then show pic of broken guttering outside]*

**Stephen:** ...[In anguished voice from off stage] It's alright, I'm ok!

**Sonde:** By the way, what happened about Bob Plant's oil spill?

**M:** I think they managed to plug the leak with all the unused copies of Maarten Ambaum's Atmospheric Physics book.. At least there was a use for them somewhere..

**M:** Oh hello, we're a bit late for our meeting this week anyway.. perhaps I could speak to Sonde in private for a moment..

**Agent C:** I'll wait for you by the lift Sonde.

*Others leave, Agent C waits by the lift*

*M sits down by his desk, looks startled to see that Sonde is still in the room*

**M:** Sonde, *[surprised that he is there]* what can I do for you?

**Sonde:** I'm afraid to tell you the progress on my thesis has been slow this week, but it will be ready soon I promise, but For Your Eye's Only.

**M:** Ok very good Sonde. In fact I have a new mission for you.. Mike Lockwood has correlated some unfamiliar fluctuations in the last European winter.. He's managed to correlate it down to the last Quantum Of Solar Activity. Yes.. get on it right away.. and this time don't forget your radio Sonde..

**Sonde:** Certainly

*Sonde leaves*

*Outside in the corridor, Sonde notices he is alone with Agent C standing by the lift. They look at each other and become overwhelmed with lust*

**Agent C:** Going down?

*Sonde goes to the lift with Agent C.. Just as the doors are closing Ross Reynolds jumps in behind them (from off stage) with his guitar..*

**Ross R:** Room for one more chaps!

Short Reprise of Stuck in the Met Lift with you.

**END OF ACT 2**

**FINAL SONG**