

Scene 1 – Robin Returns Home

Characters: Narrator, Zala Hussain, Robin Hogan, Sue G, Sue G, Peter Jan, Mel Ades, Hillary Weller

Narrator: Welcome to the 2014 Met Pantomime. It's December, and Robin Hogan returns from his quest to the United States to help King Keith Shine convince NOAA to use the UM rather than GFS. Having left King Keith to carry on his mission, Robin has returned home. After an exhausting 3000 mile ride, we find him trying to claim a reward for his services, but things are not quite how he remembers.

Zala enters stage right and sits at her desk working she looks up as RH enters from stage left

Zala Hussain: Hello Robin Hogan. So, how was your trip, m'lord?

Robin Hogan: Good eventide, Zala Hussain, it was jolly good, considering the Daily Mail article predicting a hurricane last week, the big freeze, a tsunami and sharks flying around. But surprisingly, it was splendidly warm. How have things been here?

ZH: Well, there have been some changes *(starts crying)*

RH: What say you?

ZH starts to speak but can't

RH: *(confused)* Anyway... here is my expenses form

ZH smiles then looks at it and starts crying again

RH: What is the matter? Have the Navier Stokes equations finally been solved so we don't have our jobs?

ZH: No, it's worse. The chocolate is 70p, we can't afford the milk and YOU HAVE GIVEN ME AN OLD EXPENSES FORM!!! We've had at least 12 incarnations of the expenses form since then.

Enter Sue G and Sue G from stage left

Sue G1: *(storms in)* what's going on here?

Sue G2: Ahh, Robin Hogan, I wasn't expecting you back so soon!

RH: Who are you?

SG1: I'm Sue G, head of Postgraduate studies. I've been left in charge by King Keith Shine. You can tell because I have the crown!

SG2: I'm Sue G, head of Postgraduate studies. I was left in charge, but she (*points at SG1*) stole my crown. I guess that makes me the Sheriff of Wokingham.

RH: Wait (*Pointing at SG1*) you're Sue G, (*pointing at SG2*) and you're Sue G? Doesn't that get confusing? Both having the same name?

SG1: No, it's very simple.

SG2: I'm Sue G...

SG1: ...and I'm Sue G.

RH: I'm confused, (*Points at SG1*) if you're Sue G (*points at SG2*), and you're Sue G, does that make you both Sue G squared?

SG1: Enough of this! You've made this young lady cry?!

SG2: Look, her mood has lowered as fast as an atmospheric bomb!

RH: No, I was just...

SG1: (*snatches the form of him*) you've claimed for your hotel AND for meals? (*Rings department bell*)

RH: Oooh! Saved by the bell! Departmental Seminar!

Peter Jan, Mel Ades walk on from stage left. ZH moves to the edge of stage right. RH tries to go but they block his way

RH: Excuse me Peter Jan, Mel Ades.

PJ & MAd: You called?

SG2: This isn't just the department seminar bell.

SG1: This bell also calls my tax assimilators, Peter Jan and Mel Ades.

RH: Your tax what?

SG1: Tax assimilators, look at this disgraceful crime that this young rogue has committed.

Shows PJ and MAd the expenses form. The look outrages and PJ and MAd arrest RH, RH struggles!

SG2: Robin Hogan, I hereby banish you from Castle Met; not only for using the old expenses form but for committing the terrible crime of handwriting it.

SG1: Take him to the Harry Pitt of despair.

RH: But I'd have to go through...psychology?

SG2: Take him away Peter Jan

RH: Noooo...

RH breaks free from PJ and MAd and runs up isle (stage left). PJ and Mad run up isle (stage right) RH comes back down isle (stage left), and sees ZH composing herself. ZH has pink bike.

ZH: Here you can use my bike to escape, m'lord. It was recommended by Pete Inness and Danny Feltham as the best bike going...although for some reason Danny insisted it had to be pink. Does that make it faster?

RH cycles away around the audience. Zala exits stage right. PJ and MAd comes back down the aisle.

SG1: Quick, tax assimilators, after him!

PJ: It's alright I'll catch him on my Dutch grandmother bike. It has so many advantages over all other bikes

PJ chases after RH on his bike

SG2: *(Sighs)* Well I guess he's just going to escape then

SG1, SG2 and MAd exit stage left. Slow motion chase starts one loop of theatre (Benny Hill music during chase). Hillary Weller enters stage right, with Scooter.

RH: Hi Hillary Weller, what are you doing here? And how did you overtake Peter Jan on that little scooter? I hear he has a really good Dutch bike.

Hillary Weller: Follow me. I know somewhere we can go, a happy place in the forest.

HW and RH Cycle off stage right. SG1, SG2 enter stage left and PJ reappears

PJ: He escaped! I don't understand how he got away... I think they've gone to the forest.

SG1: They must have been headed for Lyle Tower. Well no matter, he's gone now and he may never return here.

SG2: So wait... they've been Ex-LYLED...*(nudges SG1)* am I right?

SG1 Groans. SG1, SG2 and PJ exit stage left. HW scoots across the stage (right to left)

HW: (out of breath) wait for me Robin... I'm supposed to be the one who is GUNG-HO about these sort of things!

HW exits stage left

Scene 2 – Enter the Villains

Characters: Narrator, Maarten Ambaaum, Sue G, Sue G, Pete Clark, Peter Jan, Bertrand Bonan, Javier, Catherine Snell, Mel Ades

Narrator: So Robin Hogan is off to start a new life in Lyle Tower. Meanwhile at Castle Met, Maarten Ambaaum has finally been persuaded to communicate in an alternative format to the published word. He has been coached by John Shonk. He really loves his new powerpoint skills, and is keen to demonstrate all he's learnt. He has vowed never to use a whiteboard again.

Maarten is giving powerpoint presentation. SGs are sitting facing the same direction as the audience. Powerpoint has lots of bad fonts, special effects etc. SG and SG boo and hiss at ever bad font change PC (Friar Pete Clarke) is hidden in the audience, and will only put his monk hood on during lights down between scenes. PC has to be really loud because he won't be miked.

Maarten enters stage right

Maarten Ambaaum: Good Afternoon, my friends. The university is cutting our budget so I'm here as the master of coin for Castle Met to introduce some money saving reformations. I'm leading by example by outSAUCEing my own name...

(First slide is Maarten HP Ambaaum, sponsored by HP sauce).

MA: So for my new money saving scheme. I've created 4 novel ideas for Developing seVerely-needed Additional Revenue which I'm calling: 4DVAR. So first of all we are outlawing the cheap chocolate and coffee and replacing it with an overpriced vending machine.

Pete Clark: Erm... really? I don't agree with that.

MA: (Gives him a "Maarten" look) The second dimension of the scheme will also be increasing the PhD marking hours and reducing their pay.

PC: This project sounds like a load of rubbish. What do you mean by...

MA: AND our third dimension is that we are going to stop paying first year PhD students

PC: Ok, I can't argue with that one.

MA: Friar Pete Clark will you please keep quiet! Now, finally we will also be introducing mass executions... *(long pause - slide transition)* of presentations at Quo Vadis so that all students present at once and it only takes us 12 minutes.

(Slide of MA's book appears)

MA: Oops, that's not meant to be here. Now it's not just Met that has to make these changes. All over the kingdom, my people have been taking tips from Nigel Farage on how to hang onto as much money as possible. We've even had to send out our own Met Croquet team to the Football World Cup to replace the England squad.

PC: Well, that explains how we did so badly.

MA: Peter Clark would be so kind and LEAVE as you can't seem to keep quiet!

PC stands up and walks onto stage giving MA a "Pete" look and exits stage right

MA: Now where was I. Oh yes, here in Met, the elite team of tax assimilators will be ensuring these reforms are carried out. There are probably around a hundred assimilators. Functionally they are the same; they can all prove the Pythagoras theorem. Some are beautiful, some are surprising, others are dull. I have selected a handful to give you the picture. First Peter Jan:

PJ enters stage left

PJ: Goededag! I'm the department's most prominent Dutchman (MA gives him a look). I'm going to combine my tax assimilation with acrobatics (does a handstand then stands to the back of the stage).

MA: Now for the next team member we wanted one of the most evil money hoarding people in the world (picture of George Osborne). Unfortunately, we have not been able to book him, but we have recently discovered that the name Osborn originally comes from the French, 'Osbonan'. Hoping that the trait staying within the family we have recruited Bertrand Osbonan.

BB enters stage left

Bertrand Bonan: Sacre Bluuuuuurgh!.

BB moves to the back of the stage next to PJ

MA: Moving swiftly on we have the next assimilator, Javier.

JA enters stage left, dressed in orange morph suit? With sombrero and holding piñata

JA: I'm Jabier! The future's bright!

JA stands at the back

MA: And finally, Mel Ades.

Mel enters stage left

MAd: From now on we'll be stocking the vending machine with out of date Mars bars to save us having to spend any money on chocolate!

Mel moves to stand in line

MA: Ah yes, the vending machine. That reminds me of the final non trivial part of my plan. It wasn't cost-effective to have a machine just to provide snacks. I have adapted the vending machine so that it is now capable of producing the perfect lab assistant to help to carry out my scheme.

(Types in code, machine shows void/ makes a noise)

MA: Ah no, not fast enough. Schnell, schnell! (Keeps typing)

Catherine Snell appears from stage left

MA: Schnell! I have produced the perfect lab assistant, I shall call her Catherine Schnell! She will give us the capabilities to implement 4DVar and carry out our evil money saving measures.

Catharine Snell: What can I do for you, Master? Don't tell me, the sun tracker is broken again.

MA waves CS away, CS walks off stage right

PJ: Excellent. And now some of the finer details of our method. I'd like you all to observe what is around you and now close your eyes and imagine what you think you will observe when you open them. No really, close your eyes. You there, I can see you peeking!

PJ runs off stage and reappears in Dr Frankfurter style outfit.

SONG – Time Warp

All exit stage right

Scene 3 – Meeting the Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth

Characters: Narrator, Robin Hogan, Rob Thompson, John Methven, Emily Black, Ros Cornforth, Tristan Quiafe

Narrator: Enough of the villainous antics! We rejoin Robin Hogan as he begins his long trek after he's been ex-lyled through the wilderness forest.

Robin Hogan enters stage right

RH: I can't believe I got ex-Lyled just for a simple form. It used to be so easy, why do they make it so difficult now?

Rob Thompson enters from stage left

Rob Thompson: I agree, I tried to claim for a punctured bicycle tyre...

RH: Who in hurricanes name are you?

RT: I'm Rob Thompson the hero of this story, you've had your 5% the ECMWF want you back.

RH: But..

RT: *(forcefully)*- 5% *(hand action)*

RH: But I've almost solved clouds and climate models...

RT: *(forcefully)* 5%

RH: But I'm still a part of the met... and I still have 0.5% left!

Narrator walks on

Narrator You heard him, 5%! (angry) 5%!

Ushers RH off, Narrator also leaves.

RT: Now for 95% of a radar fun-filled adventure!

RT walks off stage left.

Scene now changes to wilderness forest, with a small bridge in the centre. John Methven stands near the bridge (from stage right).

RT enters stage left.

John Methven: What are you doing here? This is my bridge!

RT: Who are you?

JM I'm Little John Methven, leader of the Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth.

RT Who?

JM We're a merry band of PDE solving, glamorous modelling outlaws. We've been forced out of our offices by the evil Sue G^2 . This bridge requires a toll, I demand 2 met-clusters and a snickers.

RT I have nothing left, I've also been exlyled!

JM Seems there's been a prevailing wind this way lately. How are we supposed to reconcile the influx into Lyle Tower with the mass continuity equation?

RT convergence is associated with ascent...

JM Of course, the 5th floor...That's where everyone's been going! Still, this is a toll bridge.

RT It doesn't seem that toll, it's actually quite short.

RT Steps over bridge

JM Ah! Oh, it wasn't that difficult then? (Looks depressed) I'm gonna need a bigger bridge (Happier) Seems like you're a real problem solver...Since you've been ex-lyled, you should come join the merry mathematicians of planet earth. Go forth to the Lyle tower!

Both leave stage right Scene change. Lyle 3 office. JM and RT enter stage right

JM Welcome to the third floor of tower Lyle.

RT Who was that we saw down on floor 2?

JM Ah yes... they're just the Imperial troops, Don't mind them!

Sound effect: stormtrooper music

JM *(Shouting at off stage right)* SHUT UP! We're trying to work! Use the mass times acceleration!

RT huh?

JM Derive the force, Luke!

Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth enter stage left (Emily Black, Ros Cornfirth, Tristan Quiafe)

JM Allow me to introduce my band of Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth!

Ros Cornforth: We're not all Merry Mathematicians!

JM But it fits better than a 2 PVU line to the tropopause, can you think of anything that works better? *(MMPE's shrug and mutter)* I didn't think so. This is Emily Scarlet *(Points at Emily Black)*

Emily Black But my name's Emily Black!

JM But it works so much better! There isn't a Will Black in Robin Hood, it's WillScarlet! *(points at Ros Cornforth)* This is Ross Cornforth, the miller's son!

RC You mean Ros Cornforth, the miller's daughter?

JM Son!

TQ strums an instrument – possibly a Ukulele

JM This is Tristan Quiafe, our resident minstrel. Play us one of your beautiful songs...

Tristan takes centre stage, holding instrument, breaks into Fresh prince parody. MMPE's and RT cover ears.

SONG – Cyclones popping out of thin air

JM Like I said, beautiful!

RT So you've all been ex-Lyled too?

EB Yes, I was ex-lyled for trying to buy a chocolate bar after hours. The evil Sue G² has no tolerance for that!

RC My ex-lyling was because I took stationary from the stationary cupboard! Why do we even have a stationary cupboard?

TQ They found out I was assisting in the escape of MMet students to the University of Oklahoma.

Great escape theme in back ground

RT How did they catch you?

TQ Them damn university travel agents, they were double agents!

MMPE's grumble and shake fists.

EB They've been doing loads of terrible things. I've heard they kept Shelia Bryant up all night trying to unlock the secrets of the cloud. She was so tired, she accidentally hacked the iCloud, and released all those *(pause)* photos. *(pause)* That was awkward.

RC Sue G² caused the chain of storms last winter. The choir had to change "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas" to "I'm dreaming of a Dry Christmas".

RT At least that's more plausible than UKIP's explanation.

TQ They even annexed the Crimean peninsula for large scale field work.

RT Crimea river. You can't be PUTIN the blame on them for at.

MMPEs's groan and shrug

RT What about you, Little John Methven, you've been awfully quiet?

JM Mine is the most harrowing tale of all...It was the 10th, the rainiest day in all of October.

RT *(interrupting)* I think you find that's the 4th rainiest day in all of October, we saw it in WCD. *(Powerpoint of Jon Shonk's powerpoint for WCD)*

JM Never mind! It was raining heavily.

RT Actually it was drizzle! *(Powerpoint slide on the size of drizzle vs rain drops)* As you can see from my website, the size of the droplets were...

JM *(Interrupting)* OK, it was a mildly drizzly day. It was that fine rain, soaks you through! It was just after Brian Hoskins leaving but returning do *(Poses Dramatically)*

RT Annnd?

JM *(sadly)* I went back for seconds!

RT Seconds of what?

JM EVERYTHING! I don't know what came over me. I was so laden down with food, biscuits in my belly that I couldn't get away. Sue G² claimed I stole precious resources away from the starving PhD students, their only source of sustenance to help them complete their work. I saw Sue G² go back for thirds. They have no boundary layers, just an inversion of morals! *(Slowly sobs)*

MMPE's console JM

RT We've got to do something about this! This is more scandalous than a Daily Express weather headline!

(Powerpoint slide on cuttings from the Daily Express – MMPE's look interested, JM still sobbing)

RT This kind of imbalance cannot last we need to explicitly diffuse this situation. Otherwise, the whole Castle Met model will crash.
(Dramatic gestures.)

JM *(Looking up)* So what do you suggest?

RT Lets do some heroic stuff!

MMPE's cheer, all exit stage left

Scene 4 – Heroics

Characters: Narrator, Pete Clark, Janet Barlow, Stephen Belcher, Bob Plant, Rob Thompson, Emily Black, Ros Corforth, Tristan Quaife, John Methven, Paul the Porter, Keith Haines, Kevin Hodges, Peter Jan, Javier, Maid Michael Ginton, Catherine Snell

Narrator: We enter Wilderness forest, filled with Sue G²s Tax Assimilators and Maarten Ambaum's spy Catherine Schnell. If you ever see her, let the Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth know, if she's, oh I don't know, behind them, hint hint! A lone Friar Pete Clark returns from the met office in Bracknell with his wares in tow.

PC enters stage right

Friar Pete Clark: Actually, I think you'll find that the Met office is now in Exeter. That's pretty basic knowledge.

Narrator: Ok, Ok, I'm just reading from the script.

PC: That's really the issue here, some people read from the script and they never think about what they're saying!

Narrator: *(Angrily)* And then he gets ambushed by the urban met crew!

PC Well, that wasn't in the script!

Narrator: You perturbed this scene with your earlier interjection! Lorenz 1969 tells us that trajectories sensitive to initial conditions will diverge. Deal with it.

Enter Urban Met Crew 3 people from stage right: Janet Barlow and Stephen Belcher and Bob Plant. Arms crossed, bigging themselves up, gangsta style. Let's get ready to rumble theme plays

Janet Barlow: We are the urban met crew, the 3 B's. Janet Barlow!

Stephen Belcher: Stephen Belcher

Bob Plant: (*quietly*) Boundary (*Loudly*) Bob (*quietly*) Plant

JB We're here to claim your Met office chair for da Suzy Gees.

PC: My met office chair, whatever for?

SB: 70% of time is spent in da crib, we need to be proper comfy, on your chair!

PC: I am a man of the UM. The unified model! The one true model. You are just a mere parameterization to me.

SB and BP grab PC. JB grabs chair

Narrator: but in the distance...the clatter of bikes can be heard (*Bike bell sound*)

BP Oh no! This boundary layer feels a little unstable...Proper unstable!

JB Let's just get out of here, bros!

Let go of PC, he falls, Urban Met Crew leave stage right with chair, RT + MMPE's enter stage left

RT: What happened here? Are you ok?

PC: I'm fine, that doesn't even class as a fight scene. Some people would class that as a fight scene, but they'd be wrong. I've been in worse scrapes back when I was in the Met Office, before I found the UM.

RT The UM?

PC (*Stares into the distance*) Ahhhh, the UM (*brings out UM model paper*), the most perfect of all models, semilagrangian to the core, the dynamical core.

JM Who are you?

PC I'm Friar Pete Clark, preacher of the UM and until very recently holder of the met office chair. That ragtag bunch of urban meteorologists just stole it.

EB (to the MMPE's) The Urban Met Crew are the street-canyon wise minions of evil Sue G^2.

RC (to herself) met office chair? Urban Met Crew?.. Wouldn't that now be in Castle Met?

TQ Maybe he could be a useful ally in our heroic antics against the evil Sue G^2.

RT Will you be our co-author of our quest?

(Powerpoint paper heroic stuff pops up – Need to think of funny title)

PC Anything to get my met office chair back.

All Huzzah!

PC I think you'll find that's hurrah!

Catherine Schnell enters stage right. "She's behind you banter".

MMPE's spot CS

All Run away!

MMPE's exit stage left

CS: Drat!

CS leaves stage right

Scene change to the outside of Meteorology. Paul the Porter stands by the entrance, holding a spear (entered stage right).

Narrator Our heroes find themselves outside Castle Met. A familiar figure is seen lurking at the castle doors.

Enter RT + MMPE's stage left

Paul the Porter *(grand, posh accent)* I am Paul Leacock, guardian of the gatehouse, porter of the portal, mailer of mail. What is your business at Castle Met?

PC I'm here on important UM business!

PP *(grand, posh accent)* UM business? But it is out of hours, and that is unacceptable solitary activity by the Health and safety regulations in accordance with Baron Gill's laws.

PC I can get in with my swipe-card. You should know that.

PP Incorrect. Swipe-cards are obsolete. You need a campus card, did you not get the email?

PC Emails are an inconvenience, I only check them once a month.

PP Access denied. I cannot let you enter... (*said normally*) I've got your mail by the way.

PC takes mail and turns round to MMPE's

RT That wasn't part of the plan, how can we do our heroic stuff if we can't get in?

TQ (*singing*) I know another way- the Harry Pitt cave.

RT Let's go!

Heroes exit stage left. Lights down, Paul exits stage right

Lights up, in Harry Pitt – Keith Haines sat at a desk (entered stage right)

Narrator We re-join our heroes trekking through the Harry Pitt cave.

Enter RT + MMPE's stage left

TQ So here he is, the important and iconic man Keith Haines, key keeper of Harry Pitt. He is always very busy.

Keith Haines at PC, Powerpoint shows KHai's screen, on reddit/facebook/twitter

Keith Haines I'm not on twitbook, honest! I am Keith Haines, you may know me from previous roles such as Babe and Babe pig in the city (Powerpoint of actors and photo of Keith Haines)

TQ We need to gain entry into Castle Met.

KHai I have the keys but I do not know the way. I know of one who does. Kevin Hodges. (*Hands over campus card – Shouts offstage*) KEVIN?!

Kevin Hodges enters stage right

Kevin Hodges Hello! (*waves*)

Khai They wish to gain entry to Castle Met! Can you show them the way?

KHod Yes. I've been tracking Sue G^2's Tax Assimilators between Castle Met and Harry Pitt with my advanced tracking algorithm ever since

they started their drizzle, sorry, reign of terror! Take this TAMSAT or Satnav, I forget which, it will take you there.

KHod gives Satnav box to a MMPE, possibly RC.

RC Thank you!

RT and MMPE's leave stage left

KHod We can track them with my tracking algorithm. Let's go to the video wall!

Khod and Khai exit stage left (KHod and Khai turn around, to face the presentation. The PowerPoint shows a map of the ESSC, Psychology, and Meteorology. Show non-existent corridors, rooms, stairwells. RT, JM, and MMPE's faces like PacMan, going through the corridors. PacMan ghosts (Blinky, Pinky, Inky and Clyde) chase MMPE'S away. RT makes it to Met. JM gets stuck in a room labelled "FREE FOOD", until PacMan ghost enters room. JM runs to Met. KHod and Khai then leave. Scene changes to Met. RT enters stage)

SATNAV You have reached your destination!

Maid Mike and PJ enter stage right and sit at desk for monitoring committee RT enters stage left

RT Looks like everyone else got lost on the way (*JM enters stage left, looking out of breath, RT spots JM*) Oh, Little John Methven, you made it, well done!

JM looks proud with himself

RT (*Spots MM*) Oh! It's my past PhD student, I wondered where they had disappeared to.

JM Who is it?

RT The perfect PhD student Maid Michael Ginton. Never frustrating, she's still here for an extra year without pay...(*dreamy eyed*).

JM But look, she's being bothered in a monitoring committee by the Tax Assimilator's.

PC (*offstage*) And on my bloomin' met office chair!

RT and JM freeze on stage so attention goes to PJ and MM

PJ (*To MM*) So, now that your supervisor, Rob Thompson, has been ex-Lyled, tell us about him?

Maid Michael He was the most wonderful supervisor, always helpful, offering biscuits in times of hardship. He was fascinated by drizzle, even though my project was on rain... (*Looks towards RT*) Look, there he is now!

JA enters stage right

JA What are you doing here? You've been ex-Lyled!

JM Quick! We need a distraction! Band, give us a hand!

SONG – Don't stop Receiving!

(Song ends with PJ and JA dancing, not paying attention to what's going on)

JM Distraction complete!

RT + JM look at each other

RT Run away!

PC (Offstage) But my Met Office chair!

RT + JM exit stage right

PJ They're getting away!

JA oh no!

PJ and JA exit stage right chasing them

MM That really rained on the Tax Assimilator's parade.

MM exits stage left

Narrator And off our heroes go, continuing in their quest to disrupt SueG²'s evil reign.

RT (*steps on side of stage right*) I thought we agreed it was drizzle?

Narrator Riiight, What will be Sue G²'s retaliation? Will they increase chocolate prices again? And will Friar Clark ever get his met office chair back? Come back to Find out after the interval.

Interval

Scene 5 – Evil plans are afoot...

Characters: Sue G, Sue G, Ed Hawkins, Peter Jan, Narrator, Stephen Gill

Lights go down over the audience, an email/messenger page is open on the backdrop. There is a two small tables on each side of the stage with a chair facing inwards by each of them. On the tables are sunray terminals with monitors and keyboards.

Narrator Welcome back to the second act of the pantomime. Glad to see that (insert staff names here) haven't put you off. A small amount of time has passed, during which Robin Hood and his Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth have been making life difficult for Sue G² in Castle Met. We now hack into their email conversation to see what they are plotting...

Enter Sue G (1) left. She sits at the left desk and starts typing on her keyboard.

Sue G1 Username: SueG@reading.ac.uk, Password: *****

Enter Sue G (2) right. She sits at the right desk and starts typing on her keyboard. Screen shows Sue G2 typing into her emails.

Sue G2 Username: SueG@reading.ac.uk, Password: *****

*Sue G (2) presses wrong key and reacts in shock, a bleep is heard. '*****' is replaced by 'i<3ambaum'*

SG2 Noooo! Delete! Delete! Argh! Everyone is going to know my password!

Powerpoint changes to emails with title 'The Robin Hood problem' appears at the top of the page. The following dialogue is to appear on the background as an email dialogue. The Sue Gs will read out their bit and pretend to type it.

SG1 In addition to my previous email, the recent SPATE of bike thefts can only be attributed to Mike Lockwood, Matt Owens, Giles Harrison...

SG2 Wrong "spate" love.

Sue G (1) deletes names and continues typing.

SG1 ...can be attributed to that pesky Robin Hood.

SG2 Which one?

SG1 You know, the shorter one. Without that stupid goatee.

- SG2** Ohhh, the one that doesn't stop talking about the cricket!
- SG1** Yeah him. We need to hit him for six.
- SG2** Well I've heard that he has made it so that no-one will ever have to do one of those RRDP courses again!
- SG1** How could he? How are we meant to get those PhD students out of our hair now?!
- SG2** Not only that but I've been observing his transport around the department and have noticed that he has been taking money from the rich...

See Staff Member put money into the vending machine. Nothing happens. She walks off in disgust.

- SG2** ...and giving chocolate to the poor.

See PhD student find a chocolate bar in the bottom of the machine. They look delighted.

- SG1** Foiled! I knew that new vending machine was some sort of ploy! We must resort to plan B then...
- SG2** Aha! ASKING him TO LEAVE!
- SG1** What? That's not plan B!
- SG2** No, it's the new acronym for The All-Seeing all-KnowING ulTimate closure problEM of humAn behaViour!

PowerPoint of acronym, showing the joke

- SG1** I see... But I didn't think that was ready?
- SG2** Of course it isn't! Does a hurricane turn up at the forecast time?
- SG1** Yes...
- SG2** No! Not on boundary layer timescales!
- SG1** Pfft! Who cares about the boundary layer?
- SG2** Well you will after I've coded up my amazing, fantastically evil programme which will whip up some turbulent eddies and carry Robin Hood out of the department forever!

SG1 Never! You're missing a key ingredient: Bob Plant's convection scheme! Guess who stole it? All I had to do is tell him I was using it to help the students with their work. Ha! Think about that! Helping the students? Whatever next.

SG2 That'll never work! Are you crazy?

SG1 Well it already is! I've started running it and soon I will have taken down Robin Hood!

SG2 But you can't be, I'm already running my turbulence scheme!

New colour writing on screen: "Neil Blanchonnet has joined the conversation"

SG1: Whatever does Neil Blanchonnet want? (*Reading from Email, puts on funny voice*) I'm afraid all of these convective schemes are too much for the cloud and it's tearing it apart! (*Outraged*) But I haven't initiated any clouds yet!

SG2 (*Reading Email, puts on funny voice*) What? No! The Met-Cloud. You shouldn't still be using this! (*Outraged*) Go away Neil, you're not even in this department anymore!

*Email from Neil Blanchonnet of sad face :-(
"Neil Blanchonnet has left the conversation"*

Neil B kills the met cloud, Sue G1 gets up and walks over to Sue G2, both looking disgusted

SG1 No! They've cancelled our schemes and blocked us from the server!

Enter Ed Hawkins stage left with the golden mallet into the office. He holds the mallet aloft and looks delighted with himself.

Ed Hawkins Hello ladies, Ed Hawkins here! Are you entering this year's Golden Mallet competition? As a team or do you need another player?

Sue Gs look irritated. They glare at him. He looks a little awkward.

EH (*More awkwardly*) Umm..err...anyway, have you seen that email from Peter Jan? A bit of rain never puts off us British competitors!

Enter Peter Jan stage left, looking angry.

Peter Jan: There you are Ed you lunatic! How could you possibly think of playing croquet in this weather, the Met Office have given a 15% chance of rain you know!

EH (frustrated) 15%? Is that 15% chance of rain, or is it going to rain 15% of the time?

PowerPoint of Reading forecast with 15% chance of rain

PJ Well, how am I supposed to know, the Met Office didn't specify?! It's too much of a risk.

EH 15%? A risk? We're in Britain! That's as low as you're going to get!

PJ Well how do you explain that?!

PJ turns around and points at screen. The powerpoint briefly changes to a picture of torrential rain outside a Met window.

EH Pfft. A bit of drizzle never hurt anyone!

PJ But the lawn will be soaked, you can't play croquet in that! Its more suitable for the annual Met Mud Wrestling tournament.

EH Mud Wrestling? Those PhD students are coming up with weirder and weirder procrastination techniques...

PJ Seriously Ed, croquet is a stupid game to play in this country! The surface conditions can never be assumed to be constant from one year to the next!

EH (looking hurt) Then what do you suggest then Mr. Lanky Pants?

PJ pauses to think.

SG1 Why do they have to have this appalling argument in a place where we have to put up with it?! Couldn't they have sent an email to Met-Social?

SG2 This is unfair, at least if it was on Met-Social I'd be able to unsubscribe!

PJ I've got it! How about a bike race? We dutch have the best bikes in the world! If you all sat up properly on your bikes you could have at least 4 people on one bike, not to mention random items of furniture! I'll show you how to ride the dutch way and get you funding for some REAL bikes!

EH Doesn't solve the rain problem does it PJ?

PJ Long distance ice skating championship?

EH No!

PJ Argh! Logically then we need a sport which doesn't involve the ground

EH but PJ, we cannot fly!

Another pause for thought, back to the Sue G conversation.

SG1 So our programs were foiled. What on Earth are we going to do about Robin Hood?

SG2 Well, perhaps we could make use of his ego and his PESKY insistence in supporting the underdog!

Back to PJ and Ed

PJ Well I can't fly, but I know something that can!

EH Now, let's not get all boastful about our research PJ, because let's face it, climate is FAR more important than all that data stuff you do.

PJ ARROWS you numpty, not research!

Ed, looks rather disappointed... Sue Gs stand up and walk over to PJ and Ed

SG1 I don't care what your competition is about, it's stupid and we won't be taking part!

SG2 Our only target is pinning Robin Hood down once and for all, and if you cannot help with that, then you're FIRED and you'll have to bow out of the department FOREVER!

PJ Archery competition it is then!

EH Maybe we could use the competition to catch Robin Hood!!!! Although I still think Croquet would be better...

SG1 Ed, what are you mumbling on about? How could we use Archery to catch Robin Hood?

PJ *(irritated)* And how would croquet be better? Are you going to bore him to death?!

EH *(looking indignant)* Well, we all know Robin Hood is the best shot in the land, how could such a goody two shoes resist such an easy claim to glory? He's a bit like me in the croquet.

SG1 But he won't show his face around here, you all know this!

SG2 But we could offer the ultimate prize, just to make sure he attends!
The Golden Athena Swan is our most valuable asset in this department!

EH Not the golden mallet?

SG1 No! That's it! Get out!

EH But...But....the croquet.....

SONG – Croquet

Stephen Gill enters stage left

Stephen Gill What was all about? You are making far too much noise!

PJ We are just organising the department archery competition.

SG1 Definitely NOT to capture Robin Hood

Stephen Gill Say Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat! Arrows! Not in MY department! Think of the damage you could do with one of those. Why, you could have someone's eye out with that, or even worse, break a window (*gasps*)

EH Back to the croquet then!

SG2 No you fools! I have a cunning plan!

Scene fades to black. All exit stage left

Scene 6 – The ARCHER Contest

Characters Narrator, Ted Shepherd, Miguel Teixeira, Athena Swan, Brodie Spearson, Dirk Cannon, Sarah Dance, Christine Chiu, Ross Bannister, Stephen Belcher, Robin Hood, Sue G, Sue G, Maid Michael Ginton.

Narrator: The evil Sue G² have continued with their dastardly ways. They've cancelled the barn dance and not maintained Castle Met's famous croquet lawn, which has now become an overgrown wasteland.

Flash up a picture of the croquet lawn photo shopped into an overgrown wasteland. This is then the backdrop for the scene.

Narrator: Ed Hawkins has been furiously preparing the field ready for Sue Gs ARCHER competition. The task is to code the ULTIMATE convection parameterization, using the supercomputer.

Narrator: Let's hand over to our commentators Ted Shepherd and Count Miguel Teixeira to begin the proceedings.

Ted and Miguel enter stage right and stand centre stage

Ted: *(dramatically, with jazz hands)* For years clouds have plagued our energy budgets. Too long have we been victim to their albedo. Today is the day, one of these brave men...

Athena Swan runs across the stage right to left

Athena Swan: Cawwww

Ted: or women! will conquer our greatest modelling dilemma and win the coveted Golden Athena swan.

Athena Swan runs across the stage left to right

Athena Swan: Cawwww

Ted: A prize so many have dreamed of... there's also a bottle of wine.

Miguel: ah ha parameterization

Ted and Miguel move to stand where the narrator stands, Narrator exits stage left. Ted or Miguel now control the powerpoint

Ted: Lets meet our brave and noble contestants... First up we have the youngest contender, fresh after the end of a turbulent PhD which he jet streaked his way through: Brodie Spearson!

Enter Brodie stage right. Walks on to Britney spears, oops I did it again. Brandishing his spear, dressed as a Spartan. Does "something" centre stage then moves to stand at the back of the stage.

Ted: Second up, EnergyMets Finest (or potentially only) PostDoc who is hoping to breeze through the competition! A powerhouse of a programmer, today he's fully loaded: Dirk Cannon

Enter Dirk stage right. Walks on to the Venga boys BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM. Doing a girly dance pushing a cannon. Does "something" centre stage then moves to stand at the back of the stage.

Ted: Hoping for a thunderous performance that will strike down on the competition. Sarah Dance!

Enter Sarah stage right. Walks on to Dancing Queen (ABBA). Does "something" centre stage then moves to stand at the back of the stage.

Ted: This contestant's ensemble of skills is invertible. He's never prone to error. Ross Bannister

Enter Ross stage right. Walks on to stairway to heaven. Does "something" centre stage then moves to stand at the back of the stage.

Ted: We are sensing a real challenger with our next contestant who may put us all into orbit! Christine Chiu

Enter Christine stage right. Walks on to "I like to chew it chew it". Does "something" centre stage then moves to stand at the back of the stage.

Ted: Our final contestant is hoping to code up a storm today and rain all over the rest of the competitors parade: Stephen Belcher

Enter Stephen stage right. Walks to centre stage.

Stephen Belcher Huge belch.

Stephen stands in line and the others move forward.

Ted: erm...thank you Stephen.

Miguel: So we have six contestants. One contestant...two contestant...three contestants...four contestants...FIVE contestants...SIX CONTESTENTS! Ah ha haaa.

Ted: *(sighs)* Thank you Miguel.

Robin Hood runs on from stage right, out of breath and in a fantastic disguise. (glasses with nose and moustache or ???)

Robin Thompson: Wait wait! I'm here too! I'm here for the competition.

Miguel: You're late... Who are you? You do look a bit familiar...Ah ha

RT: I'm erm...Pigeon Hood. *(Takes of disguise and winks to the audience)*

Dirk Canon: That's a pretty stupid name.

RT: That's a bit rich coming from you Dirk Canon!

Miguel: So we have seven contestants. One contestant.... Contestants get in a position to start competition

Ted: Yes we get it! Lets get on with this! Now everyone...take your positions...and prepare...TO...CODE!

Brodie picks up a spear, Dirk grabs his canon, sarah starts to dance, Ross has some kind of ladder, Stephen braces for a burp and Christine gets out a half eaten computer, while robin grabs a sunray. All of the contestants look over to Robin Hood, pause and then say

Contestants: (To RT) ohhhhhh!!

Ted: Brodie Spearson, what good is a spear to write a parameterization? You need a computer! And don't get me started on you Dirk Cannon!

Brodie: Ah haaa. I think I saw a cheap one at the Co-op earlier, if I nipped down there now it might be in the reduced section. I'll be back!

Brodie and Dirk exit stage left.

Ted: *(getting steadily more animated)* Sarah Dance keep still! This isn't strictly come dancing! If you want to dance go find Jon Shonk! Ross, Stephen Gill really won't be happy with you! That must be violating some health and safety regulations if you take those stairs out, put them back! And Stephen Belcher...that's just plain rude! GET OUT!!!

Sarah, Ross and Stephen exit stage right

Ted: Woah! Not many contestants left.

Miguel: How many contestants are there? I shall count them. One Contestant...Two Contestants.

Ted: *(interrupts)* YES TWO contestants. You just can't get the staff. This is slower than using the UMUI. So...Christine vs Hawk Wood...Begin!

Frantic coding begins! Christine starts eating chunks out of her computer as she codes. Sue G and Sue G enters stage left.

Sue G1: Can you see him? Is that Robin Hood?

Sue G2: It must be one of them...

SG1: Is that him? (Points at RH)

SG2: No it can't be...that's too good of a disguise

Sue G² exits stage right.

Ted: Contestants are working well! Christine is really getting her teeth into the problem.

Christine bites another chunk out of the computer. The lights dim as a massive parametrised cloud hits Christine...Christine screams out.

Christine: Nooooo!! The cloud is down! Somebody contact ITmet! We need help!

Ted: Sorry guys that's all been centralized now.

Miguel: Damn computers. Ah ha haaa.

RT: Wait! It's ok! I've done it!! The clouds have stopped aggregating!

A beautiful cloud flashes up in the background on the power point. Christine lowers her head and walks off stage right looking defeated

Ted: Congratulations Heron Wood you really have done it! We'll all be out of a job on Monday...Sue G^2 are here to present your prize!

SG1 and SG2 enter stage right

Miguel: One villain.....two villains! Ah ha haaaa!

SG1: It must be him? But it can't be, it's such a fantastic disguise. It would take at least six Merry Mathematicians to come up with it...there can't be that many that we exlyled.

Maid Michael runs on from stage right, spots RH, and runs to him.

Maid Michael: Oh Robin, You're so clever! Creating the parameterization and such a fantastic disguise. SueG^2 are totally clueless!

RT: Thanks Maid Michael. I'm just glad I could help everyone with such a pesky modelling issue. Sue G^2 clears its throat

SG1: We would like to congratulate Duck Hood on their great success...

SG2: You know that really does sound like Robin Thompson?

SG1: shh now I'm addressing the people.

SG2: I'm really not too sure that beards real you know...

SG1: Robin Thompson can't grow a beard like that. Shut up!

SG2: Kneel before us to receive our blessing and then the golden Athena swan is yours!

Athena Swan runs across the stage right to left

Athena Swan: Cawwww

The skeptical SueG2 knocks off the glasses of Robin Hood. Then looks very smug

SG2: I knew it! It's Robin Thompson! Tax assimilators, anyone, CAPTURE HIM!

MM: Run Robin Run!

RT: Golden Athena Swan, to me!

Golden Athena Swan runs across the stage left to right

Athena Swan: Caaaaawwwwwwwww!

As Athena Swan exits stage, RT exits stage right.

SG1: Wait...grabs Maid Michael

SG1: Maid Michael... you knew It was Robin Hood all along?.

SG2: You traitor! We thought you were the model PhD student! To punish you for this treachery we're setting you to work... as a POSTDOC!

MM: *(Head in hands)* oh no!

SG1, SG2, and MM leaves the stage right.

Miguel: There are no contestants, I will count them! No contestants ah ha haaa.

Ted: Oh will you be quiet!

Ted and Miguel leave the stage left.

Scene 7 – Rescuing Maid Michael

Characters: Narrator, Sue G, Sue G, Rob Thompson, Robin Hogan, Giles, Maarten Ambaum, Peter Jan, Janet Barlow, Bob Plant, Paul the Porter, Keith Shine, Bertrand, Mel Ades, Maid Michael, Dawn Turner, Javier

Narrator: After failing to capture Rob Hood at the ARCHER competition SueG managed to capture Maid Michael with and taken her to their office in Castle Met. With what looks like *(pause)* a cow? Meanwhile Robin disappears to Lyle Tower via the Harris Garden with his Merry Mathematicians of Planet Earth, so SueG2 believes.

Sue Gs bring Maid Michael with Cow – both Robins are inside the cow. All enter stage right.

Sue G1: Ah hah, our devious plans have worked. We have captured Maid Michael!

Sue G2: Yes, Robin will not resist coming to her rescue like a PhD to left over buffet food.

SG1: And we found this cow wandering around the grounds near Castle Met, we can use its milk for the department's tea and coffee!

Maid Michael: Your foolish plan will never work, Robin has altered CAMRa to find you!

SG1: Camera, what camera? Do you see a camera?

SG2: I don't see a camera anywhere!

MM: Not a camera, you numpties, I mean Chilbolton Advanced Meteorological Radar, CAM-Ra

PowerPoint of Chilbolton Radar popping up

SG1: That has no power here Chilbolton is miles away... mwah ha ha ha

MM: Actually it's the world's largest fully steerable meteorological radar can you not tell all that confiscated chocolate in the corner is melting?

SG2: Don't be so silly, Michael. It's just we have so much, we have put it by the radiator

SG1: Anyway I thought you were supposed to be finding the Tropopause, you will never leave this room until it is found

Sue G^2 evil laugh. Boom box noise begins to emanate from off stage.

SG2: What is that racket coming from the coffee room?

SG1: I don't think it's U2, it's not in my iTunes.

SG2: You wouldn't know what a good tune is anyway. Come on let's go and investigate, there may be some more chocolate we can confiscate.

Leave stage right and lock the door behind them

(Lock sound)

MM: How will I ever find the Tropopause. I hope Robin is going to find me, he would know how to find it.

MM begins to look at some plots with a magnifying glass, looking frustrated.

RT and RH start fighting in the Cow Costume

Rob Thompson: Look stop touching me, just do your job as the rear end

Robin Hogan: This is why I should have been in front I don't have enough room

RT: You said you would only need 5%.

RH: I have had enough I'm getting out of this stupid costume.

MM: Who's under there? This is not amooooo-sing? I'm trying to find the Tropopause

RobT jumps out from under the cow outfit

RT: Don't fear fair Michael, your savour is here...

RT points at a point on the graph

RT: Here is the Tropopause

RH untangles himself from the cow outfit and runs to the desk.

RH: No, actually the Tropopause is there

RT: No you're wrong that's just a large inversion

RH: No it is not, I will invert you in a minute

SONG: It's still not been found, where's the Tropopause?

MM: Robin, why are there two of you.

RT: I was going to bring little John Methven but he got side tracked by some free food. Friar Clark couldn't make it as his stuffed heron has flown off Again. So I had to bring Robin Hogan to help him achieve his 5%.

RH: Enough of this, we need to get out before SueG² comes back.

Tries door (stage right) but it is locked

RT: I know lets email Paul Leacock

MM+RH: Paul Who?

RT: You know, Paul the Porter, guardian of the gates, mailer of mail

MM+RH: oooooh yeah!

MM: (*sarcasm*) That's a great idea, but her computer is locked .

RH: Try i<3ambaum

MM: Bazinga were in

On ppoint have picture of sending email to Paul the porter and then have a reply ping back

RT: Whilst we wait for Paul the Porter, we should don our disguises to escape.

Rob T hands out the costumes a fire extinguisher a poster presentation and a radiosonde – radiosonde is a normal party balloon, held in front of head

Door unlocks and Paul enters stage right

Paul the Porter: (*Grandly*) I am Paul Leacock, Guardian of the...

MM We know, we know

PP (*unhappily*) I've unlocked the door. but, just to point out there is a little knob, you can twist from inside and it unlocks the door.

RT+RH: Why didn't we think of that?

MM: Men ... about as useful as the new travel agents.

All exit stage right, Blackout

Janet and Bob enter stage left. Lights up in coffee room with two of the urban met crew dressed up in ghetto wear listening to street music on their boom box.

SueG^2 enters stage right.

SG1: What is all this racket? Who are you two?

Janet Barlow: We are the new urban micro-met crew, innit sister?

SG2: Well can you turn that music down! However will you find the roughness length with that bass, it will interfere with your sonic anemometer

Bob Plant: Whatever mate we are just studying the vibes of the streets, innit? Let's go bruva!

JB and BP high five each other and take the boom box off stage left and Sue G and Sue G walk to the front

SG1: Well I'm glad that's over

SG2: I wonder where Robin Thompson is?

SG1: Let's look for him.

SG2: I'm sure we would be able to find him

SG1 and SG2 move to the back of the stage, start looking around the stage for RT, RH, and MM. Even looking offstage.

RT, RH, and MM smoothly slide on stage right, dressed as a poster presentation, a fire extinguisher, and a weather balloon. The weather balloon is just a normal party balloon.

SG1 and SG2 move back to front centre stage

SG1: (To the audience) Can anyone see Robin Thompson?

Signs come up, saying NO!

SG2: Do you think it could be behind these three inanimate objects?

Signs come up saying "Oh no they're not!"

SG2: Are you sure? This one looks awfully like Robin Thompson!

Signs come up saying "Oh no they're not!"

SG1: No, I don't think so. This is clearly a poster on Robin Thompson, a tall fire extinguisher, and a weather balloon.

RT, RH, and MM keep slowly moving towards stage left. MM, dressed as the fire extinguisher, trips.

MM: Ow!

SG1: That fire extinguisher just made a noise!

SG2: It must be one of those new models!

SG1: What are you talking.....?

Fanfare sounds. Giles Harrison walks on stage left with flag/ trumpet

SG2: Giles Harrison, what do you want?

Giles Harrison: All rise like a radiosonde for King Shine Reguis Professor extraordinaire.

Enter Keith Shine followed by Dawn Turner from stage left. Keith looks very majestic.

GH: Oh my, that's the biggest radiosonde I have ever seen.

Giles drags RH off in his radiosonde costume exit stage left.

SG1: Oh King Shine we didn't expect you back so soon!

SG2: Hi Dawn Turner.

Dawn Turner waves at everyone.

King Shine: Well I have employed my cartoon caricature to talk about my research now so I have more time for the department. Plus, it's Christmas!

Keith Shines cartoon appears on screen. RobT and Marion peel of their disguises

MM: King Shine save us from Sue G²

RT: All Merry Mathematician of Planet Earth have been vanquished to Lyle Tower in fear of expensive chocolate and the tax assimilators.

KS: (*Towards SG1 and SG2*) WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON IN ABSENCE?!?

SG1: Nothing, King Shine, nothing at all!

SG2: The department is in perfect working order

SG1: Apart from the neon weather vane in the central stair well

KS: I gave you one thing to fix whilst I was away and you couldn't even do that!

KS: Robin run to Lyle tower and round up the all the Merry Meteorologists and Mathematicians of Planet Earth you can find. My noble friend Sir Bryan of Hoskins has reached the grand age of 70, it's Christmas, and we wish to part-ay!

RT: I will my liege I will return as soon as possible. Maid Michael, will you accompany me...

RT and MM leave stage right

KS: Dawn, I need you to do something for me!

Dawn Turner: Oooh professor shine anything for you (*Runs hands down her hair*)

KS: Order a premium plus buffet, you know, the ones with the little quiches and them things that look like pizza's, but when you eat them they're not like pizza's at all.

DT: Oooh not a problem I'll be right on that (Stares longingly at Keith)

Dawn begins to trail off stage left, eyes still fixed on Keith

KS: (To Offstage) Oh and Dawn, don't forget, don't order those little cheeses in the packets, I can't open them.

DT: Oh I won't... Don't you worry (Gives passionate eyes and then leaves stage left.)

The 4 tax assimilators enter stage left

Maarten Ambaauum: Sue G, Sue G, We have just managed to reign in another £1000 by increasing the travel agent booking fee.

Peter Jan: Me and Mel Ades have managed to confiscate yet even more chocolate for the stock pile

Mel Ades: But some of it has been returned to the students!

Bertrand: Someone has been stealing our money

Javier: I heard it was Robin Hooood!

KS: SUE!!! What has been going on!

SG1: Actually King Keith, we were saving up money so I could go on an urban boundary layer conference in Hawaii for 4 weeks for networking

SG2: Actually we were saving the money to go to a PV conference in the Palace of Versailles.

SG1: How many times have I told you, Sue, PV just isn't important, it's all about the boundary layer?!

SG2: Well actually, you're wrong Sue, who cares about the Boundary layer.

SG1: You're a Boundary layer...

SG1 and SG2 bicker between each other

KS: (*Shouting*) Silence!! I've heard enough! Stand over there, I will deal with you two later. First, I'm going to deal with these tax assimilators.

PJ: Nooooo please don't exlye us we were only doing as were told.

KS: There will be no more tax assimilation in this department. (*Points at Maarten*) Maarten, you will become head of finance, and should write another book. (*Points at the Tax Assimilators*) And you four will no longer assimilate tax, you will have to assimilate data for the rest of your lives

Javier: Uh-Oh, Nachos!

KS: And now you SueG², kneel before me.

SG1+SG2 kneel down before King Keith. King Keith pulls out a sword and cuts down between them separating them apart.

KS: (*Points at SG1*) Sue Grimmond! You will become postgraduate tutor! (*Points at SG2*) Sue Grey! You will become head of postgraduate studies! Never again will you to do the same ambiguous job.

SG1: Oh thank you King Shine! Now the dizziness that is vorticity has been lifted, I can see structure... a boundary layer structure

SG2: Thank you King Shine! Now this urban haze has been lifted now I see potential.... Potential Vorticity that is!

KS: (*Pointing off stage*) Look! Here comes Robin Hood and the Merry, well, everyone! Let's get this party starrrrrrr-ted!

Everyone enters stage (whatever side you find yourself)

SONG – Do they know it's Christmas time in Lyle