



THIS SCRIPT IS THE COPYRIGHT & PHYSICAL PROPERTY OF IRPP

**THE REMOVAL OF THIS DOCUMENT FROM THE OFFICES OF IRPP IS STRICTLY
PROHIBITED**

**EXPRESSED WRITTEN PERMISSION FOR THE COPYING OF THE TEXT / LAYOUT /
CONTENT OF THIS SCRIPT IS REQUIRED FROM THE IRPP ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE**

ONCE UPON A LULLABY SCRIPT: WHO TOLD YOU THAT? – S1 EP2

RECORDING SCHEDULE: TBA

ADVERTS: 4 X 30 SECONDS

AUTHORISED RECIPIENTS: KK - DK

SCRIPT S1-EP1

- ADVERT:** *Who Told You That* is sponsored by: [SPONSOR] 30 Seconds
- FX:** Resonating bell toll – resonates to fade after DK “Synonyms” piece:
- KK:** **Anecdote** - *noun* - A short amusing or interesting story about a real incident or person.
- DK:** **Anecdote** - *noun*- An account regarded as unreliable or hearsay;
- KK:** **Anecdote** - *noun* - The depiction of a minor narrative incident in a painting.
- DK:** Synonyms for “**Anecdote**”: story, tale, narrative, sketch urban myth, local legend, reminiscence, yarn, shaggy-dog story.
- KK:** This is “Who Told You That” – A show where apocryphal anecdotes are related to titillate, entertain and educate!
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –opening piano to full orchestration - play 20 to 25 seconds to fade when narrative commences.

- KK:** The American Civil war is often considered the first modern war. Casualties reached six figures - battles were photographed - the press embedded as information providers and merchants of propaganda - railways shipped men and munitions - campaigns were elevated to industrial levels.
- KK:** It was a war that gave rise to boot and shirt sizes, as we know them today - so soldiers could be clothed en-masse. As wars go it really was a big one - fought between blue and grey uniforms -which serves to underline it wasn't all that modern a conflict if truth be told.
- KK:** Khaki - the present-day standard fighting fatigues colour of issue would take another few decades to gain acceptance when generals, (*who didn't actually fight and therefore didn't actually need a camouflage colour*), would grasp the obvious and do the right thing.
- Kk:** Back then though, the grey clad confederates had better battle sense while the blue blokes from the north had money and numbers. So, effectively, they cancelled each other out. This stalemate of the first few years was also a slaughterhouse as neither side gave way and both endured without any real gain.
- KK:** Then along came General Sherman, who basically ended the war with what became known as; '*The march to the sea*'.
- KK:** Basically, this innovative strategist cut a swathe through Confederate territory burning and killing everything that got in the way - unleashing his soldiers without quarter on a hapless civilian population thereby sapping any will to fight on. It was pitiless. '*War is cruel,*' he argued. '*The crueller it is the sooner it will be over.*'
- KK:** I have never been to war. Neither has my father nor his father before him. For more than a century, my people have not known war. This makes me unusual in our world. So, it is with a humble awareness I concede willingly my diabolical ignorance when it comes to the art, horror and realities of organised armed conflict.
- KK:** However, in my nescient approach to theoretical combat, am I wrong to believe I would wish my soldiers to be like General Sherman. Do it and get it over with. Make it quick and make it short and let the survivors get on with living.
- KK:** When General Patton got to the Rhine - as the Second World War limped to its inglorious death - he mounted the parapet of a bridge and, in full view of his soldiers, unzipped his fly and urinated into his enemy's sacred

water. Before the invasion of Europe, he had promised his men he would do so and do so he did.

ADVERT: 30 Seconds

MUSIC: Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 15 to 20 seconds to fade when narrative commences.

DK: When an author of some fame died and, despite a lifetime of existentialist observance and belief, found to herself experiencing, to her consternation, racing bright lights, rushing sounds, (*like wind in a tunnel*), followed by a sudden soft halt signifying the end of a luminous journey through a vortex. Her surprise was compounded in being confronted by none other than Saint Peter – the straight out of central casting version.

DK: The old denier smiled a kindly smile, leaned into the well of the rather plain wooden pulpit he was standing at and ran his index finger along an unrolled scroll before stopping, nodding and looking up to address the freshly dead writer. ‘

DK: Mary Ann, welcome’, said the Saint with nothing but genuine warmth.

DK: The still startled Mrs Cross, (*nee Evans*), found her eyes adjusting to the vista as the ornate construction of pearl-coloured gates slowly appeared in sharp relief to hold her attention. Pulling herself together she brushed her long nightdress down and regarded Peter with as much dignity as she could summon under the circumstances.

DK: ‘*I apologise Sir for my lack of fortitude*’, she began, before immediately wondering why she had used that word.

DK: ‘*Oh, don’t worry*’, smiled Peter, ‘*we get that a lot, it is a bit of a shock you know.*

DK: ‘*If you would be so kind my good man to please enlighten me to exactly where I am and what is expected of me?*’ asked Mary Ann with a level of condescension often adopted by the Victorian middle-class.

DK: ‘*You are at the gates of eternity Madame*’, the Saint answered with a slight shrug of his sagging shoulders.

DK: Mary Ann pondered for a moment; ‘*May I be given to believe that this point of eternity, as you describe it, is subject to a choice of direction, such choice being heaven or hell?*’

- DK:** *'Not sure choice is the right word', Peter replied kindly, 'but yes it's going to be one or the other'*
- DK:** *'And it is to be you who will dictate my destiny', asked a stoic Mary Ann*
- DK:** *'Again', said Peter, 'not dictate, inform maybe'*
- DK:** *'So I will only experience one and never know the other', our writer considered out loud while wrinkling her brow.*
- DK:** *'You are the strange one' said Peter almost gleefully, 'tell you what, I'll give you a view of both before telling you which one is for you – how does that sound?'*
- DK:** *'It sounds like you would enjoy that Sir,' the woman previously known as George observed.*
- DK:** *"Well it is different isn't it", conceded Peter in an almost camp tone.*
- DK:** The august lady of letters was then directed by the first Pope towards a stairway to the right of the gates. The downward direction leaves her in no doubt she is about to view hell. So, she descends to find the netherworld turns out to be an endless row of dead writers slaving through heinous heat over unfinished manuscripts while being beaten with long studded straps by gargoyles of terrifying physiognomy.
- DK:** Before she can clearly identify any of the suffering, our somewhat disturbed lady of letters finds herself to the right of the gates at the foot of a stairway heading upwards into the clouds, where, upon arrival, she is confronted by an endless row of dead writers slaving in heinous heat over unfinished manuscripts while being beaten with long studded straps by gargoyles of terrifying appearance.
- DK:** To say she was confused would be an understatement of gargantuan proportion. Composing herself she waited until the bearded Saint once more stood before her.
- DK:** *'Is that your idea of humour Sir', she asked with unconcealed annoyance?*
- DK:** Peter paused from devouring his bowl of ambrosia for the briefest of moments;
- DK:** *'Humour', he asked with genuine puzzlement?*
- DK:** *"They are both exactly the same – heaven is hell – hell is heaven – writers enduring terror equally in both", our Victorian lady of manners was barely able to control herself*

- DK:** *'No, no, no, completely different'*, Peter mouthed through a mouthful of rice while shaking his head vigorously and spraying grains everywhere, *'the writers you saw in heaven are published, Ye hear - published'*
- ADVERT:** 30 Seconds
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 20 to 25 seconds to fade when narrative commences.
- KK:** New College in Oxford is not new or nowhere approaching new. It was founded in 1379 with construction on the original structure completed within seven short years thereby establishing one of the oldest seats of learning in the known world.
- KK:** At the centre of the original layout was the 'Great Dining Hall' - complete with high arched ceilings and sturdy oak beams that spanned and held the structure in place for the best part of five hundred years. And so, it remained until just after the eighteenth century had waved a fond farewell - and resigned its decades to the annals of populous history.
- KK:** Around this time a visiting entomologist was enjoying dinner in the aforementioned 'Great Dining Hall' when he, like many before him, cast his eyes to the architectural heavens to admire the two-foot square, forty-five foot long, oak beams that had performed a Herculean job of support for all of half a millennium.
- KK:** This un-named boffin - who had made a life's work of studying arthropods – or creepy crawlies - noticed something only he and his like would or could.
- KK:** Cautiously alarmed, he asked for, and received, permission to take his observations up close and personal. Such an intimate inspection confirmed his suspicions that a host of beetles – of a species that thrived on eating old oak - had infested the beams and little or less time was left before the whole lot could potentially come crashing down on unsuspecting diners.
- KK:** Not good news for future consumers in the esteemed dining hall and even worse news for college bursars – for the quantities and sizes of seasoned oak was neither readily available nor indeed without significant cost.
- KK:** The situations was eased and potentially resolved when a bright spark in accounting suggested the possibility existed for harvesting raw materials from one of the many tracts of forested land bequeathed to the college by dead lumina over the centuries.

- KK:** So, them, who could, gave the college forester a shout – yes New College Oxford had its own forester as one would expect from such an institution of the powerful, influential and well to do.
- KK:** Upon being questioned – by presiding heads of houses and tenured professors - as to the availability of sufficient quantities of appropriate oak to repair the insect ridden beams, the forester laconically replied in his undoubted colloquial accent;
- KK:** *‘We was wondering when you would ask’*
- KK:** The bemused expression of those who had posed the question led to the tree custodian elaborating;
- KK:** *‘When the Venerable William of Wykeham founded the college back in the day’, the Woodsman began, ‘one of his parishioners donated several acres of arable land in Kent to the college. ‘Such land was decreed for the nursing of oak trees to maturity’ he continued, ‘in anticipation of the, then, newly constructed ‘Great Dining Hall’ one day requiring a supply of such timber if and when an expected corrosive infestation occurred’*
- KK:** He paused to allow such a nugget of lore to sink in – and possibly for dramatic effect before removing his cloth cap, nodding, as if to assure those present it was going to be okay;
- KK:** *‘And since then generations of us forester folk have observed the cycle of these mighty oaks -Oaks planted for a singular purpose’ he paused again, lost in the majesty of his thoughts, ‘oaks in their designated three hundred years of growth, a better part of their designated three hundred years of sustainable living and now’,*
- KK:** The old forester chocked up slightly -.and now me and those who follow will be spared the three hundred years they would have taken to perish
- KK:** The man rolled his shoulders and drew himself tall to give substance to what he had to say next;
- KK:** *‘Such is the burden me and my like were tasked with - for throughout each cycle – through word of mouth and word of mouth alone - each successive forester followed the given instruction and passed on the need and reasoning for protecting these particular oaks in order to serve their given purpose.*
- KK:** He looked at each member of the committee in turn:
- “Reasoning and purpose foreseen and expected by the wise ones who first created this seat of learning’*

- KK:** The man bowed his head, replaced his cap and nodded to his employers indicating he was done.
- KK:** Suitably cowed the wily senior custodians of New College Oxford took heed of such a five-hundred-year-old lesson in foresight. Instructions were composed there and then for the laying down of a replacement copse of oaks - for singular purpose – and given to the forester to implement the continuance of a tradition. They then dismissed the forester who left to prepare and commence a six hundred year old oak harvest and prepare the ground for planting acorns.
- ADVERT:** 30 Seconds
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play out to fade after credits.
- DK;** Enoch Powell famously said; all political careers end in failure. I suspect he could apply his adage to the careers of all those who care about the outcome.
- DK:** Time serving bureaucrats don't care and so shuffle off the mortal coil after four decades of annual, stress-free repetition and a decent pension which allows for a legion of arthritic golfers to infest smug gated communities.
- DK:** But their carers ensure they end their careers in failure. They follow the dreaded bell curve. Starting off at life's ladder's first rung, progressing rapidly because they are a prodigy of sorts, reaching a well-publicised apogee before Verdigris takes over and they plummet as the choir of begrudgery sing smugly about their ears.
- DK:** Sportsmen must become anxious as their fall from the rarefied air on the heroic mountain top begins. They lose that yard of pace and, suddenly, some upcoming upstart puts them on their backside and on the treatment table and off the back page. It is a merciless world for the Ronaldo's and Messi's who must cope with time's scythe in a way the rest of us are spared the feel of its blade.
- DK:** Of course, they are left with the crumbs of claiming they were the best footballer ever. Maradona thought it. So did Pele. Even Ibrahimovic has his delusion. The same thought will comfort Messi and CR7 when the arthritis takes hold and the gut in the mirror laughs at the grimace of such modern heroic greats.
- DK:** But what of ancient greats?

- DK:** Well, we know when it comes to gladiators, there is no question of who tops the pile.
- DK:** The greatest is Flamma, the Flame. A Syrian, perhaps born in Bulgaria - perhaps he had red hair which gave him the nickname - perhaps he had been a soldier who ended up a slave in a Capua Gladiatorial school - perhaps he had been thrown into a lower league as fodder when he was seventeen and killed so that he wouldn't succumb to the unfavourable odds facing gladiators in their first fight.
- DK:** But some things about Flamma are historical and recorded - where there is no perhaps about it or him.
- DK:** He is buried in Sicily and his gravestone tells us he fought 31 times (a remarkably high number it would seem) winning 21, drawing 6 and losing 4 - which can be explained because big names were box-office, and their fights were not always; '*sine missione*' (to the end).
- DK:** He died, aged 30 but as to how he died we have, once again, to revert to 'perhaps'.
- DK:** Perhaps, Flamma's great career ended in failure. Don't they all?
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 15 to 20 seconds at full volume then fade and continue to play under the credits to fade.
- VO:** Who told you That was written and presented by Derek & Ken Kelly
- VO:** Who Told You That is a copyright production of IRPP
- VO:** No AI was used in the making of this programme.

END