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ONCE UPON A LULLABY SCRIPT: WHO TOLD YOU THAT?

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.

- DK:** The Phrygians were a powerful Indo-European people who inhabited ancient Turkey from about 1100 BC. Legend has it that, at one stage, they found themselves without a king and - as was the habit of such ancient tribes - they relied on the prophesy of an oracle to figure out how and when the position of monarch would and should be filled.
- DK:** For some reason - now lost to the mists of time - these sophisticated civilised men and women bought into the ranting of a self-appointed by the Gods oracle - who came up with the rather dubious - and certainly hard to credit -decree, that the next man to enter the city driving an ox cart would become king.
- DK:** A peasant farmer called Gordius happened to be that man and one can only imagine his surprise that morning when he was suddenly declared ruler of all he could survey.
- DK:** Anyway, it turned out his son - a young lad called Midas - him of the golden touch legend - felt the least the family could do - by way of gratitude - would be to gift the humble ox cart to the Gods.
- DK:** For this symbolic present to resonate and evolve rapidly into legend it needed a sprinkle of special sauce, which ended up in the form of a unique decree to potentially give away the throne, (again), as dictated by the self-same oracle.
- DK:** What a way to treat a gift from a new king!
- DK:** Anyway - the cart was tied to a post in the main square of the city, (*now named Gardium in honour of the newly crowned peasant boss man*) .
- DK:** And when I say tied, I mean tied.
- DK:** An unbelievably intricate series of knots were connected and secured using specially commissioned rope woven from the finest strands of seasoned cherrywood bark - creating a curious abomination that became more entangled with each added layer to eventually be impossible to identify as anything other than an organic carbuncle - evident only in the complexity of in construction as difficult if not impossible to untie.
- DK:** All of which meant it was fit for purpose as the portend of the oracle was - should any person successfully unlock the knots they could claim the cart and drive it through the city gates and immediately become the new ruler of all Asia.

- DK:** In fairness the oracle’s mandate successfully defeated the efforts of many a wannabe emperor for years on end - that is until along came a young Macedonian who showed up around 330 BC complete with a head for solving the complex that would provide him a well-earned sobriquet - or nick name if you like.
- DK:** Alexander the Great - upon acknowledging the imperative of the oracle and taking a moment to assimilate the knotty problem – calmly drew his Kopsis – which was his single edged heavy sword – a common weapon of the time - and with a single inhuman strike cut through the problem - ending years of abject failure and adding emperor to his name - or so the legend goes!
- DK:** It is more likely our nerdy leader undid the lynchpin on the cart, exposed the intricate nature of the knot and proceeded to oversee his minions undoing it at his command - which is fine but not as snappy as creating a maxim that would enshrine itself in the annals of maxims;
- DK:** The best way to solve a difficult problem is to; “*cut the Gordian knot*”.
- DK:** Anyway, Alexander did go on to rule the known world - prior to sitting down at age 32 with his head in his hands and weeping - for there were no more realms to conquer.
- ADVERT:** 30 Seconds
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 15 to 20 seconds to fade when narrative commences.
- KK:** Aesop was one of those guys history cannot do without. An intelligent slave whose nous and wit made him stand out among lesser men – men who may have had materially more but a lot less where it mattered in the long run. If Aesop hadn’t lived, someone would have had to invent him.
- KK:** For the sake of this anecdote let us suppose this fanciful fella was taking it easy on the side of the road – somewhere halfway between Athens and Corinth.
- KK:** Let us go on to imagine he is dining on dates and swigging cold, refreshing water from an earthen jug he filled from nearby clear as crystal gushing spring - all the while enjoying a freedom of thought where his wandering mind caused his fertile imagination to embrace wherever fabled fantasies allowed.

- KK:** So, there he was, basking the warmth of the Greek sun enjoying his own company when a weary traveller passed by.
- KK:** *‘Might I rest alongside you?’* said traveller asked.
- KK:** Aesop, being the hospitable sort and a believer wisdom is often found through chance encounters with stranger - he looked lazily up, smiled and invited the man to rest, share a date and imbibe some of the exquisite spring water.
- KK:** *‘I am on my way to Corinth’,* offered the man in a tentative opening.
- KK:** Aesop, acknowledged the tonal anxiety with a squint of recognition as the man continued.
- KK:** *‘Might you tell me what sort of people I will meet there?’*
- KK:** *‘Tell me’,* asked Aesop in a considered reply, *“your thoughts on the people you met and knew in Athens?”*
- ‘* Oh, Athenians are the greatest people on earth. They are good and kind. Intelligent and witty. One would do well to find people as gracious and receptive in so many ways as the Athenians.*’*
- KK:** *‘I think you will be surprised,’* said Aesop smiling. *‘For I believe you will find Corinthians a similar lot.’*
- KK:** The traveller went on his way leaving his anxiety behind and Aesop fell to enjoying once again the Greek sunshine accompanied by the sounds and smells of life while reflections washed gentle waves against the beach fronts of his mind.
- KK:** Before long another traveller arrived and asked if he might rest. Aesop again offered some dates and nodded towards the spring.
- KK:** *‘I am travelling from Athens to Corinth,’* he said. *‘Might you tell me what quality of folk I will find there?’*
- ‘Tell me’,* asked Aesop slowly, *‘what of the people you knew in Athens – how did you find and leave them?’*
- KK:** *‘Well, I’m glad to be shut of that place. It’s full of chancers and conmen. Liars, thieves and cut-throats. Not a single soul there can be trusted, let me tell you. The ugliest of foul people are to be found in Athens.’*
- KK:** *‘I am afraid, good sir’* observed Aesop with raised eyebrows and a slight sigh, *‘ you will find the same sort in Corinth.’*

- ADVERT:** 30 Seconds
- MUSIC:** Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 20 to 25 seconds to fade when narrative commences.
- DK:** When Philip II of Macedonia decided his 13-year-old son needed a teacher he finally settled on the much-lauded Aristotle - a Greek philosopher and polymath who was known to be highly versed in a myriad of subjects including the sciences, philosophy, linguistics, economics, politics, psychology and the arts.
- DK:** As you can imagine such an august scholar did not come cheap and there was an added problem in so far as King Philip had razed Aristotle’s hometown of Stageira, during one of his many forays into empire building – this “good” King also imprisoned and enslaved a host of the surviving citizens from the great teachers’ birthplace.
- DK:** Of course, a bargain was struck and Aristotle found himself charged with educating the son of a King, (*along with a bunch of other Macedonian rich kids*).
- DK:** And in return - Philip rebuilt Stageira, repopulated it - freed and pardoned its citizens and provided a Temple of Nymphs at Mieza as a fairly elaborate classroom.
- DK:** So that’s how a young Alexander the Great happened to be out walking with his teacher Aristotle sometime around the year 340BC.
- DK:** It was a sparkling morning and the verdant countryside of Mieza provided a natural magnificent backdrop to this odd couple as they strolled and conversed of things great and wonderful. as the sixteenth birthday of Alexander drew close and his days of being tutored in academia were coming to a close.
- DK:** Aristotle has taken to taking such walks on a frequent basis in the final months he would spend with a student he thought of as quite extraordinary.
- DK:** ‘*Are you aware of an island called Crete*’, the teacher asked without preamble?
- DK:** ‘*The largest and most populous of the Greek Mediterranean islands*’, replied the boy dutifully.
- DK:** ‘*And?*’

- DK:** *‘Formally known as Kaptara and first civilised by the Minoans who were overrun by the Mycenaeans, it’s a mostly mountainous place much mentioned in Homer’*
- DK:** *‘You like Homer, don’t you?’*
- DK:** *‘What’s not to like!’*
- DK:** *‘Well one thing Homer failed to mention about Crete was the very salient fact it is inhabited by a race of liars’*
- DK:** *‘Master’, Alexander said with a decided note of surprise.*
- DK:** *‘Liars one and all’, continued Aristotle as if the boy hadn’t spoken, ‘each and every manwoman and child, no exceptions, not an ounce of truth to be found among them, their fathers, their forefathers or their forefathers’ fathers’*
- DK:** *‘Surely that can’t be the truth’, exclaimed the boy?*
- DK:** *‘Are you calling me a Cretan’, snapped his Master with the hint of a smile?*
- DK:** It was at this point they observed a man walking towards them. He was a tall muscular individual with an unkempt beard, shabbily dressed and bearing a yolk of fruit laden baskets with some strain.
- DK:** *‘Good morning citizen’, greeted Aristotle as the man passed, ‘you are market bound no doubt?’*
- DK:** The man acknowledged the greeting with a nod before setting the baskets down to allow the moping of his brow.
- DK:** *‘Would you mind if I enquired as to where you call home’, the teacher asked with a courteous ease?*
- DK:** *‘Not at all’, said the man in a non-local accent, ‘I’m from an island called Crete, don’t know if you’ve heard of it?’*
- DK:** *‘Indeed, we have’, answered Aristotle, ‘well, safe journey onwards and may good fortune be yours at the market’*
- DK:** After the man had walked on the young Alexander turned to Aristotle with a look of consternation.
- DK:** *‘If he is from Crete, wouldn’t he lie and say he was from somewhere else Master’*
- DK:** *‘Possibly’, acknowledged Aristotle slowly without betraying any expression.*

DK: *‘But then how would we ever know of anyone who came from Crete if that was the case?’*

DK: *‘Which leads to what conclusion?’*

DK: *‘Without exception’,* smiled Alexander slowly, before winking at his Master, *‘all people lie’*

DK: *‘There ends the lesson for today’,* the old Philosopher nodded approvingly at his young charge.

ADVERT: 30 Seconds

MUSIC: Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play 20 to 25 seconds to fade when narrative commences.

KK: Socrates liked the company of people. He was known to believe - and often say;

KK: *“People are like books - read in the right way, they provide an opportunity to learn and grow. A good book - or an invigorating conversation can stimulate the mind to enquire of much with healthy curiosity”.*

KK: With such thoughts openly expressed along with many more as considered as such - the old teacher earned a reputation far and wide as a discerning, knowledgeable and accommodating man with a truly great mind whom many would listen attentively to and be influenced by.

KK: As often happens with such great men - lesser people sought out their company -usually in the hope - the vain hope - of some Socratic endorsement for - or of - whatever commodity they were too often flogging – while the truth should have been obvious to anyone with an ounce of sense that great men like Socrates were not buyers or available to be bought.

KK: Be that as it may, several elite Athenians thought it a good idea to invite the thoughts of the great thinker on the the burgeoning marketplaces of the capital city they had transformed from a dingy backwater trading post to a bubbling global hub of commerce.

KK: Success had brought great wealth and great wealth needed to be spent – it therefore followed outlets to acquire were the order of the day. All of which meant meant Athenian markets teemed with exotic and novel

goods from all over the known world. These markets were seen as badges of civic pride to be expanded and amplified.

DK: Naturally the local upper-crust eminent merchant class – who owned and operated the markets -saw an advantage to inviting the opinion of the greatest mind of the day – undoubtedly in the hope of a very publishable marketing quote being forthcoming.

KK: And so Socrates found himself enduring an extensive tour of colourful bizarre after bizarre – browsing through seemingly endless rows of vivid stalls laden with bolts of cloth, precious and semi-precious jewels, dried and wet goods complimenting exotic luxury items catering to a myriad of peculiar and curious tastes while providing magnetic and majestic variegated displays to attract the eye and accompany tart aromas wafting in abundance amid a cacophony of charmers heralding wares in a multitude of accents and tongues.

KK: The wealthy of Athens hovered in expectation with confident expressions as the old philosopher exited the controlled pandemonium of the final market place. He seemed a little tired as he sought out the elite group.

KK: *‘I never realised,’* he remarked with barely concealed resignation, *‘there were so many things I didn’t need.’*

KK: **Footnote:** The most visited market on the planet today is in Dubai where a 100 ml bottle of SHUMUKH perfume once retailed at \$1.29 million.

ADVERT: 30 Seconds

MUSIC: Mozart – Piano Sonata #17 –piano to full orchestration - play out to fade after credits.

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