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**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.

- DK:** A middle-aged man relaxed in the comfortable padded red leather reclining chair of a barber shop he was patronising for the first time. Throughout the efficient trim and shave, both barber and client discussed mundane minutiae - holidays, football, the economic and political climate, the weather.
- DK:** As the barber scraped lower neck and high locks with a trusty cutthroat - before massaging scented oils into scalp, face and neck - as a final touch of trichology - his client rolled his freshly shaved and coiffured head in the manner of the thoroughly satisfied – a small physical acknowledgement to the simplest of sentient pleasures available to adult males in civilised society. An innocuous remark by the newly groomed man to describe this feeling of content brought a reaction normally associated with inattention.
- DK:** ‘Excuse me’
- DK:** ‘I was just saying’, repeated the middle -aged man. ‘isn't God good to be allowing me to enjoy the luxury of a hot towel shave and excellent hair cut in such a splendid establishment’
- DK:** ‘You're a man of God’, said the barber by way of a statement rather than a question.
- DK:** ‘I wouldn't exactly say that’, replied his client, ‘but yes, I believe in the Almighty and I'm not afraid to say I'm a practicing Catholic’
- DK:** ‘Even though logic tells us a benevolent God doesn't exist’, said the barber evenly.
- DK:** ‘Why would you say that’, asked the middle-aged man somewhat bemused?
- DK:** ‘Would there be starvation and poverty, kids with cancer or all sorts of terrible things reportedly done by so called charitable men of the cloth’, the barber continued before standing back from his reclining client and undoing the neck tie of the protective blue smock, ‘if a benevolent God existed’
- DK:** ‘I get what you're saying’, shrugged the middle-aged man standing up and shaking himself down, ‘but you're not expressing the many great gifts God has given us like.....like the wonder of nature and all the beauty of existence’

- DK:** 'An existence too often fraught with pain, betrayal and hopelessness', the barber shook his head as he accepted payment, 'believe me my friend, a benevolent God would not allow such ... such ..... perversion!'
- DK:** He sighed as he rang the amount into the till and retrieved change, 'if God existed, he would do something about all these terrible happenings, he wouldn't wait until we're dead to make things better. He would sort it out now.'
- DK:** The barber used a soft clothes brush on the middle-aged man's shoulders while continuing the diatribe. 'If God existed, he would have reached out and done something as often as it needs doing and it needs doing often, believe me. Sorry, my good natured Catholic friend, I mean no insult when I say God doesn't exist - because the truth is - he doesn't'
- DK:** The middle-aged man left the barber shop in pensive mood and began walking back to his car. As he strolled a bedraggled tramp approached him with a crusted hand extended. The mendicant was staggering and stooped and the middle-aged man could smell him from five meters away – it was a quite terrible stench and almost caused the middle-aged man to retch. The tramp got closer and the middle-aged man took in the manic rheumy eyes blinking through the creased and lined, unkempt ragged face etched with dirt yet barely visible through the chaotically haphazard tufts of matted greasy hair protruding from a filthy wool beanie struggling to hold the unholy wildness in. An altogether disturbing and ungodly sight.
- DK:** The middle-aged man stepped back, reached into his pocket, pulled out some coin and reached to place them into the tramps outstretched hand but froze mid-act as if he'd either had a seizure or an epiphany.
- DK:** He smiled to himself, nodded, completed the donation to the man of the streets, offered a heartfelt thank you before turning on his heels to walk rapidly back to the barber shop
- DK:** 'Barbers don't exist' he said with an emphatic certainty from the door of the shop.
- DK:** "I beg your pardon", said the somewhat startled barber.
- DK:** 'Barbers don't exist', repeated the middle-aged man, louder and with greater certainty.
- DK:** 'I have no idea what you're talking about', said the bemused barber, 'are you all right?'
- DK:** 'When I left your shop I met an old man, a tramp if truth be told, whose hair and beard were long and unkempt and certainly hadn't been washed

or cut for such a long time - probably years - therefore I must assume that, for him, barbers don't exist!

**DK:** 'You're being ridiculous', stammered the barber, 'of course barbers exist, I exist ..... the man you're talking about never came to me, never sought me or my like out'

**DK:** 'Exactly', agreed the middle-aged man.

**ADVERT:** 30 Seconds

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

**KK:** Oscar Wilde said; 'All art is quite useless.'

**KK:** I can only imagine he is saying that once art is useful, once it serves a purpose, its artistic merit is lost and it becomes something serviceable, something approaching engineering. In fairness Leonardo – yes that Leonardo, once wrote;

**KK:** 'The human foot is a great work of art and great work of engineering'.

**KK:** Personally, I'm not sure what to think. Which brings me to Florence - that Bellissima al fresco museum in the form of a city. Everything is beautiful and everything is art and everything has a purpose – and yes, Michelangelo's David holds centre stage in the Piazza dei Signori.

**KK:** The back story to the statue, its commissioning and placement- is down to the fact the Republican government of Florence wanted something strong to underline the menace of the powerful wannabe rulers; the Medici family and cause tyrants - who would attack a vulnerable republic – to think again.

**KK:** The Medici's had been, temporarily, chased out of the town. The story of David in the contest against Goliath offered opportunities for some stark symbolism and the Republic's greatest son was employed to execute an enduring artistic work of merit to celebrate the city's greatness while linking it to God's chosen warrior and psalm writer.

**Kk:** However, in the creation there is lots to ponder and much is lost in the pondering. People who, inevitably, gaze at statue David 's genitalia do not often notice that he is not circumcised. Nor do they notice that this representation of perfection is cross-eyed - for which art critics will tell

you there is good reason - eyes being sculpted in such a manner to stare in a menacing manner towards Rome as if to say;

**KK:** Don't "mess with Florence!

“

**KK:** Yet, it's what stands opposite the most viewed seventeen-foot version of male nudity that has the real story of art being something more than useless - the Republic getting one over on the Medici's if you like.

**KK:** David is a masterpiece in marble, Carrara marble rescued by Michelangelo after it had been discarded by two other sculptors. It was placed in the Piazza in 1504 replacing Donatello's statue of Judith which had been commissioned by Cosimo I. But staring down David is Cellini's; 'Perseus' - cast in bronze, erected thirty years later - commissioned by Cosimo II, the returned Medici duke.

**KK:** This statue symbolises the reestablishment of stable government - a Medici cutting off the snaked head of Medusa which represents republican anarchy and discord. However, it is in the artistry itself lies the real story.

**KK:** Cellini wasn't happy with his lack of recognition and not being in the Renaissance A List. So, he took risks with the cast heating the bronze in ways that metal had never been subjected to before, pouring the bronze in one single piece, rejuvenating the liquid metal as if it were organic unlike the lifeless marble, underlining his mastery of new technology, the artist as technician no longer fettered by the ways of the ancients.

**Kk:** And just as David stares towards Rome, now Perseus holds the petrifying head of Medusa towards David. Stone has had its day - move over Michelangelo

**KK:** The man bowed his head, replaced his cap and nodded to his employers indicating he was done.

**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.

- KK:** Arlington is the final resting place of more than 400,000+ Americans. Veterans and their dependents are eligible to be buried there. Its most visited grave is that of J.F. Kennedy whose wife Jackie is buried nearby as is their son Patrick.
- KK:** Arlington became the ancestral home of the Confederate general Robert E. Lee after he married Mary Curtis. It was a distinguished plantation, close to Washington and when Mary's father died in 1857, he left 197 slaves.
- KK:** The plantation found itself on the frontline and close to many of the deciding battles of the Civil War. After the carnage of the battle of the Wilderness there was a great need for a new cemetery and the land of the seat of the confederate leader was deemed suitable, by the Union government for such use - due to its drainage - its aesthetic views and, more likely, because the leader of the Confederate forces would never be able to return home if it were a cemetery. The Minister for, War who sanctioned the order, insisted Union soldiers be buried right up to the house's front.
- KK:** General Lee's approach to slavery has often been a thorny issue. He personally disliked it and yet it was part of his world, a world which the General spent five years defending. On his mother's death he, being one of three sons, inherited a third of her property which included thirty slaves. When his father-in-law died, he instructed Lee to free the 197 slaves when all debts and receipts had been settled. During the war itself, part of the estate was turned into a village for free slaves which was not unusual.
- KK:** Burials in the cemetery were conducted along segregated lines, again something which was not unusual. Remarkably, given that the war was in full throttle, the land was acquired from Mrs Mary Lee (the General's wife), on the grounds that she had not paid her property tax to the White House government. She claimed that, as she was living in the south as a refugee, she was unable to do so. However the Union Government rejected her plea, and the house was taken over and burials ramped up.
- KK:** A decade later her eldest son, George Washington Curtis Lee, successfully sued the government his father had fought against for five years. He was not interested in the return of the estate but wanted cash. The Supreme Court found in his favour and he received \$150,000 in compensation, a fine sum in those days.

- KK:** The freed slaves who had been housed there were asked by the government to leave at the end of the Civil war and those who refused were unilaterally evicted without compensation.
- KK:** In 1955, Congress designated the house itself as a monument to Robert E. Lee and it was restored to its pre-Civil war condition. In 1948 President Truman reversed burial on segregated lines using executive privilege.
- 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**