

SCRIPT – 2004 PVS Games Declaration

POWER POINT VISUAL:

Eros suspended above the stadium at the opening ceremony.

VISUAL: ‘On Air’ flashing light

SOUND: Thunder (cassette tape)

ZEUS: Aaaaargh. What an insult! This is the last straw.

HERA: What is wrong my husband Zeus, god of all immortals.

ZEUS: Ah, Hera, my wife, mother of Hercules. I have been watching the mortals preparing for the games in Athens. During the opening ceremony they have been wise to honour their traditions and pay tribute to the gods and goddesses.

HERA: Surely Zeus, you must be pleased with what you have seen.

SOUND: Thunder (cassette tape)

ZEUS: No Hera. Not only are they running behind schedule, but they have declined an offer from two of my all time favourites, Demis Roussos and Nana Muskouri to do a duet – apparently large glasses and kaftans are out this year. To top it all off they are using some twit suspended on the end of a wire above the stadium to impersonate MY grandson Eros, god of lust and luuurv.

HERA: Ah but Zeus, do you not think that this mortal casts a VERY striking figure?

SOUND: Fast heartbeat (tambourine).

ZEUS: No I do not! He twirls and swirls and bobs up and down like a limp yoyo. This is unacceptable.

SOUND: Thunder (cassette tape)

ZEUS: I am most displeased and so I have asked the gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus to gather here today. Outside the great doors of our temple await a group of mortal beings who claim to possess the ability to fly. It is from this group that we shall select a suitable replacement. Let the interviews begin. Send in the first candidate!

SOUND: Temple doors opening and closing (esky).

POWER POINT VISUAL: Richard Branston

SOUND: The clink, clink, clink of coins

ZEUS: Welcome to Mount Olympus Sir Richard. Please proceed with your presentation.

RICHARD: Well, as you know I’m absolutely loaded.

SOUND: Cash register (cassette tape)

RICHARD: I own several humungus companies AND a fleet of jet aircraft. However that's not how I am proposing to fly at the games. I actually have this rather enormous, very shiny, silver sort of balloon thingy that zooms about on jet streams at 700 km per hour.

SOUND: Release inflated balloon across room.

ZEUS: Are you competent in flying this device?

RICHARD: Competent? I'm better than that. I have a technical support crew of over 500 people and have spent the last 12 months being grilled on how to use the controls. It's really quite simple. There's just one remote that does the plasma TV, the surround sound Hi Fi, the self-fluffing feather bed, a heated spa AND a robotic masseuse. Apart from that I only have to apparently worry about a knob labelled 'up' and another one labelled 'down'.

ZEUS: Sir Richard. The nature of the opening ceremony would require you to fly much lower and considerably slower.

RICHARD: Lower and slower? But who's that going to impress?

ZEUS: Hmmm. Thank you Sir Richard. Please send in the next candidate.

POWER POINT VISUAL: Hagrid and Harry Potter

SOUND: Temple doors opening and closing (esky).

SOUND: Big, booming footsteps

ZEUS: Welcome to Mount Olympus. Please state your name and proceed with your presentation.

HAGRID: Well, yus. I'm Rubeus Hagrid, half-giant Keeper of the Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry and ...

SOUND: Big slow fart (woopee cushion). Gil, Karen and Iain make muffled noises of protest.

HAGRID: Ooooh. That's bett'r. Sorry 'bout that. Must 'ave bin that jar of pickled slugs I had for breakfast. As I was about to say, this littl' chap 'ere is Mr 'arry Potter. 'Arry 'ere 'as got 'imself a Nimbus 2000 broomstick and is one of our finest fliers. Right proud of 'im we are. 'E can turn on a sixpence, can our 'arry AND 'e was school champion at the triwizard tournament last year.

ZEUS: Very impressive, Mr Hagrid.

HAGRID: Yes, well we think so. Professor Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts wanted me to tell yer that 'arry 'ere will only fly under cert'n conditions. Now wot did I do with that list.

SOUND: Zip unzipping, velcro, rustling paper.

HAGRID: Aaaargh 'ere it is.

SOUND: Big slow fart (woopee cushion). Gil, Karen and Iain make muffled noises of protest.

HAGRID: Ooh sorry 'bout that. Yus, well. Let's see. The goblins from Gringotts bank will be in charge of ticket sales and oversee production of the gold medals. The 'ouse elves will look after all the caterin'. Tha witches and 'ags 'ave bin arguing 'bout who's goin ter be tha cheerleaders at the beach volleyball and tha centaurs are a bit miffed they're not allowed to compete in the showjumpin' but we'll sort that out. We'd thought we might 'ave a new event this year – Dodge tha Troll – they're a might slow so we shouldn't 'ave too many casualties and we'll keep 'em well fed so they don't eat anybody. Of course we'll 'ave te schedule tha games around a new moon so we don't 'ave any mis'aps with the werewolves.

SOUND: Howl (Cassette tape)

HAGRID: Now that's only jus the first page ...

SOUND: Little, squeaky fart (balloon). Gil, Karen and Iain make LOUD noises of protest.

HAGRID: Ooh 'arry. That's a bit rich. Ave you bin dippin into my pickled slugs?

ZEUS: Thank you Mr Hagrid and Mr Potter. I think that this would be an opportune moment to move on to the next candidate.

POWER POINT VISUAL: Colin

SOUND: Temple doors opening and closing (esky).

SOUND: Normal footsteps (hands on box).

ZEUS: Welcome to Mount Olympus. Please state your name and proceed with your presentation.

COLIN: My name is Colin Ingram and I am here to represent CALM's Parks and Visitor Services.

ZEUS: Well, Mr Ingram. How do YOU propose to fly at the games?

SILENT PAUSE

ZEUS: Is that it?

COLIN: Yes, that's it.

ZEUS: Thank you Mr Ingram.

Colin exits the stage.

POWER POINT VISUAL: Eros again

ZEUS: Hera, could you please see if there are any more candidates waiting outside the temple.

SOUND: Normal footsteps getting quieter (hands on box).

SOUND: Temple doors opening and closing (esky).

SOUND: Normal footsteps getting louder (hands on box).

HERA: Zeus. A short queue remains at the temple door. There is a lady with soot all over her face holding an umbrella. Behind her is a cute little nun with a big grin and an ever bigger hat. Next in line is an Italian gentleman with rolls of parchment who claims to have invented the ultimate flying machine. While they have been waiting he has done a painting of the nun with her hat off. I must say, his flying machines look dodgy but the painting is **QUITE** extraordinary. Beside him is a rather shy elephant with very large ears and a pointy little hat bearing the letter D.

SOUND: Elephant call (cassette tape)

HERA: And last in line is a rather handsome looking fellow wearing a turban, carrying a rug, an old lamp and dishing out tim tams to everybody. In my opinion sweetcheeks, none of them look very promising ... though I could be swayed by a tim tam or two.

SOUND: Mumbling from everyone.

ZEUS: Your attention please. There is obviously no need to continue with the interviews. We appear to have unanimous agreement as to the successful candidate. I hereby declare that the 2004 games will **NOT** be held upon Mount Olympus but will be held upon Mount Claremont in Perth, Western Australia ...

AND that the iconic figure flying across the stadium will be Mr Colin Ingram for his ability to call upon a breadth of professional experience, think strategically, make policy, implement pertinent decisions and bring about corporate outcomes **WHILE FLYING BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS!**

SOUND: Theme music to 'Chariots of Fire'

COLIN: *Colin reappears, running in slow motion holding an Olympic torch in one hand (sparklers lit), a scroll (the brief) in the other hand and wearing small wings on the back of his pants. He does a few laps and then hands the torch and the scroll to Gil. Gil unrolls the scroll and reads the brief.*