

A 50 year old bearded man in a white apron and wearing a chef's hat stands behind a huge, bubbling deep fat fryer. On both his sides are tables the same height as the cooker. On them are various chocolate brands, including Cars Bars. Behind him there is no table or fryer, which is good, otherwise he'd be trapped. Instead there is a closed door. In front of him is a mother, father and a young boy sitting on a bench, and on their right is an opened door. The cook retrieves a mobile from his pocket, dials a number and puts it to his ear. He looks around the room, scratches his head, then puts the device back where it came. He mutters to himself 'Dear God, you're still not answering. We've been through this, you HAVE to obey the minimum speed limit signs or you'll go to jail... Don't throw you're whole life away by being careful...' The father comments 'Another victim of Sexy Moon Bazooka's wacko law?' The chef replies 'It seems to be. He was a promising delivery guy. Very hard working and with a great sense of direction. Now he's going to charged with anarchy.'

The mother joins the conversation 'Anarchy? That's ridiculous.' The boy speaks 'What's anarchy, mum?' The chef replies 'I'll tell you what anarchy means, now. It means not doing exactly what you're told, 100% of the time. I'm going to phone the local 'men and birds' prison to see if he's been sent there. If so, I just need to explain that he isn't trying to destroy society, he just made a mistake!' The father replies with a smile 'Exactly. I mean how is anyone supposed to find work after being charged with such a crime and treason, too? Can you imagine the job interview?' The chef replies 'Oh I know. But think of things on the whole. A whole country of government hating maniacs? That's how other countries are starting to see us, because our crime statistics are absolutely appalling! The only real positive I can see is that speeding is a thing of the past.' The mother responds 'But the road death statistics have gone up?' The chef rubs his forehead in frustration 'Yes! They've increased ten thousand fold!'

The dad sighs 'Just call the prison...' The chef nods. He dials another number and speaks into his phone 'Hello? Is anybody there? I can't really hear anything because all of the shouting... Oh hello, sir. Everyone is shouting because no one can run fast enough in the jail? You're trying to rehabilitate the prisoners but nothing is working? Ok, anyway, I'm just calling to find out if a delivery driver has been arrested... A man called Neil Allbrooke? No? Are you sure?... You love arresting people and take a huge amount of pride in your work, so you know everyone you've arrested? You're just a fascist, aren't you?... You're at very least making the prisoners fit and healthy?... You've even reversed some cases of diabetes? Oh I don't have to put up with this nonsense, I'm going.' The mother comments 'That jail guy is a rubbish person.'

The chef rolls his eyes 'I think I know who can help me.' The boy is curious 'Who?' The chef replies 'Epic Dave.' The father says 'That obnoxious idiot?' The chef replies 'Obnoxious or not, he has saved countless people. Robbed a few, yes, but he HAS done more good than bad. And desperate times call for desperate measures.' The boy asks 'How do you know him?' The chef winks 'He's a frequent visitor of this foodery and he loves how I deep fry absolutely anything for him. He said other places simply aren't as fatty and sugary as this one. Then he shed a joyful tear. He's an odd person, but he sure knows how to give a compliment.' The father laughs 'That's nice. Especially as you legally have to have a sign outside your shop explaining that your products are absolutely terrible for your physical health!' The

chef nods 'Yes, and mental health, too. My food makes you severely depressed and shortens your attention span. If not destroys it!' The father grins 'But it's damn good!'

The chef looks pleased 'Thanks, man. Anyway, time to make a call.' He speaks into his mobile yet again 'Hi, Dave, how's it going??... You've wrongly handcuffed a large number of birds and you're trying to work out how to free them? The thing is, superheroes have been banned in your local area? Oh God, what's going on now?... Someone shouted a law to you about you not being welcome?... You're saying people can just shout laws now, without making signs? I really don't think that's true, I would have heard about that on the news. I think you can ignore that law. Even if... even if it IS real, you can just claim ignorance, I really wouldn't worry. I mean, let's be reasonable. Anyway, I have a request. I've lost a delivery driver who was sent to Philip the Angry Gerbil's mansion, and I need you to help me. If you find him, I will deep fry you ANYTHING. Really, anything you want. How's that sound?... Oh perfect, thank you so much!'

It is still reasonably sunny, but it's starting to get just a little dark. Epic Dave is hovering high in the sky with massive fields with scattered trees below him. In the centre of the area is Philip the Angry Gerbil's huge oblong shaped mansion. The hero then repeatedly flies across the area in circles so fast he makes super loud whooshing sounds. He calmly talks to himself whilst doing so 'I'm running out of time, I need to save the rest of those poor birds immediately, they will be getting hungry... I really should have explained to my chef friend how I could be getting the death penalty by patrolling these parts, but if he says I should be fine, I guess I should trust him... Ah, there's another one!' Epic Dave zooms to the ground next to the building's doorless entrance and handles a shackled bird carefully with one hand. With his other hand he removes a tiny key from under his robes and frees the creature. It flies away. ED puts his hands on his hips with pride 'This has been a successful mission for now, but where the hell is that delivery guy?'

Dave stares into the mansion with wide open eyes. In between the aquariums that are the walls, a red faced Philip the Angry Gerbil marches towards the hero. Philip is soon just a foot away from ED as the former screams 'We've all heard you zooming, Epic Dave! And it's been explained you're not welcome here, so go away!!' ED stands his ground and tuts 'You don't scare me, you've just made the law up haven't you?' Philip screams even louder 'The whole point of this all inclusive society is that anyone can make laws and you know that! I won't tell you again, go away!!' ED is cool 'Why haven't the new rules been on the news?' Philip continues screaming 'What new rules?!?!' ED continues 'The rules where you can just make laws up by speaking them? Everyone knows that making signs is ok, but you've gone too far! Now even lazy people can make laws!' Philip shouts yet again 'Look, you're a super hero aren't you?! So do something super and tell everyone about the superhero ban and the reintroduction of the death penalty!!'

ED comments nervously 'You really are an angry gerbil, aren't you? You're getting a reputation you know? It's not cool. What is it that you do in your mysterious mansion, anyway?' Philip shouts once more 'I house fish and gerbils now get lost!' ED gulps and turns his back on the madman. He then strolls away with his mobile by his ear 'Hi, it's Epic Dave again... Sadly not only are shouted laws a legit thing now, if I keep hanging around where I am now, I will be getting the death penalty...' Philip really

screams this time 'YES, YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO GET THE HELL AWAY!!!' ED sheds a tear 'You hear that?... I shouldn't let him treat me this way? I'm really scared... Anyway, I have more bad news for you, I'm afraid. The delivery guy? He could be anywhere, sorry. I couldn't find him, anyway. I saved some birds though.' ED smiles nervously and comments 'I just smiled nervously. To ease your pain. Did it work?... Hello?...'

Back in the deep frying shop, the chef massages his temples and speaks to the family 'Everything has gone to Hell. Did you hear that shouting? That Philip the Angry Gerbil is a real psycho, and judging by the shouts alone, I think he may have done something to my friend. If Dave is too scared to find out what happened to him, I will take the law into my own hands and find him myself. This shop is now closed, sorry.' The boy starts to cry 'But... my super deep fried Cars Bar!' The chef sighs 'I know I've been standing around and panicking more than I've been cooking and you will be disappointed, but this is an emergency.' The boy wipes his eyes 'I really wanted that deep fried chocolate, that's all. I mean... yum yum...' The chef looks up in frustration 'Ok, fine. Have some Cars Bars, they're on the house. If you really want them to be fried, you'll have to wait for another time. I don't know when. Sorry.'

Philip stands tall with aggressive body language and stares at the hero as he walks away, nervously. The former then scratches his head 'Hang on... Didn't I have a gerbil farm right in front of me?? Where the hell has it gone?? Where's the gerbil fence gone? The wheels?? MY GERBILS!!!!' Bjorn Squeeze runs towards Philip. Out of breath, he stops by his side 'Philip, what's going on?? What's wrong??' Philip stamps his foot 'Where the flip has my gerbil farm gone???' Bjorn stares in disbelief 'Ohhhh yeah. Well as your pets would never leave you, that means someone has stolen them. But who?' Philip replies, stone cold 'I don't know. But when I find out who, they are dead.' Bjorn says 'Epic Dave? Or maybe the delivery guy?' Philip replies 'I don't know, but it will be easy to find out. We're going to have to go through my CCTV.'

Bjorn looks puzzled 'But everyone knows how much you love your gerbils and how angry you are... Someone stealing them from you? And everyone knows how much your gerbils adore you, so why would they leave?? It doesn't make sense!' Philip says 'We haven't taken our eyes off the fish Sausage Roll Killer have we? It's just that he WOULD eat my gerbils, and that would explain how he's grown so much so quickly. I'll tell you this much, if he does have anything to do with the crime, he's going to live a life of absolute misery from this point onwards!' Bjorn replies 'I don't think we've let him out of our site. I mean we've told him to leave the room once or twice, but he was tiny at the time and in a goldfish bowl, he couldn't have eaten all your gerbils...' Philip looks down 'I really haven't been feeling myself recently. I can't believe I didn't notice my whole gerbil farm vanished into thin air! Do you think maybe... I need some medication? Do you think I need to raid the owl farm for some meds?' Philip sighs 'Let's see how you feel in an hour or two...'

Epic Dave is walking in the fields, passing the occasional tree. He comments to himself 'That Philip is an asshole. I can't believe he's made a law threatening to kill me, who does he think he is? I'm going to have a law about him, but what? Maybe all gerbil keepers called Philip get lynched and robbed. Idiot. I know this isn't very super of me, but those remaining poor birds I handcuffed? They're going to have to stay

hungry... Hang on... I think I have an idea...' David retrieves a mobile from his robes and makes a call 'Hello, Centre for Unhappy and Neglected Animals? I have an anonymous call to make. You know the area of land near Philip the Angry Gerbil's mansion?... You do? Because those gerbils are amongst the happiest in the country?... Well, I have a complaint to make. Some sicko has been putting birds in handcuffs and I don't know what to do... You'll help them? Thank you so much!'