

Two pilots wearing camouflage and black headsets are sitting in a cockpit. Furiously spinning helicopter blades are heard. A super fancy dashboard with loads of dials gets browsed on occasion and both crew are handling joysticks. Scattered clouds are below and in front of them, and a suburban view is below that. Knocking on a door behind them is heard, along with shouts 'This is Prime Minister Sexy Moon Bazooka! I'm ordering you to drop me off at Captain Mental's house! It's the one with an absolutely massive novelty police helmet on the roof! This is an emergency!' A pilot comments to his neighbour 'We just passed it a few seconds ago. Hopefully the guys back at the base won't notice us turning backwards, it will look like we don't know what we're doing...' The other pilot replies 'Just tell them the truth - we were helping the Prime Minister.' The first pilot responds 'Yeah. But the cat is in charge now and there are already rumours about Sexy. Bad rumours. Like the one where he lets people burn. Why help him?' Pilot two replies 'I'm sure he's doing the best he can.'

Back in the main helicopter room, Sexy Moon Bazooka, Captain Mental and the two nurses are standing in the company of dozens of squashed together, cross-legged hospital fire victims. The foursome repeatedly eye the magic bed leaning against a wall, looking possessive and suspicious. SMB comments 'We should arrive any second now... When that precious thing is fully charged all this madness will be over, just like that. We just ask it what to do, and the next thing you know, we're all chilling out in Ibiza.' A rescued man sighs 'I heard what you said to the pilots, you know, we all did. You want special treatment? You leave us all to die and now you want to be first to be sent home? Even though everyone else is being flown to get treated at another hospital? You must feel really important.' SMB is calm 'Look, we can sort this whole mess out in minutes. I don't feel special actually, I feel like the world is going to crap, but I still have my legendary idealism, deep down. Which is why I allow people like you to come up with new laws. How do you feel about creating a new speed limit right now? It's on the house.'

The rescued man replies 'Fine. This helicopter should be forced to do 500 miles per hour constantly.' Mental looks edgy 'But it can't go anywhere near that fast...' SMB looks down 'It seems the pilots will be going to jail. A shame really, they were doing such a great job.' A pilot is heard shouting over all of the noise 'Sexy! We've landed!' The sounds of the helicopter blades quickly fade away. The pilot continues 'Open the door, you're home!' SMB is cheerful 'Great jobs guys! You were very fast! But sadly you're going to have to go to jail, you just weren't fast enough! Bye!' The rescued men and women groan. Mental opens the door to reveal clouds up above this time. The pilots were very clever flying such a contraption, weren't they? What technology can do nowadays! It's just a shame their lives are now effectively over. The foursome stretch their legs and jump out of the vehicle, onto a road. Mental carries the bed under his arm. Those inside mumble 'Idiots' then shut the door. The helicopter soon flies away.

The small group gaze at Mental's lovely semi-detached house with the huge helmet on it. The houses on both its sides that go on for hundreds of yards are far more conventional, but they do have lovely front gardens with gnomes, too! It's just that Mental's gnomes are arguably better. More detailed. More fancy. SMB turns around briefly to see a very similar row of houses immediately in front of him. I guess he did so out of curiosity? Why not? Do you know what that means? It means the helicopter

parked in an impressively small area! Again it's a shame the pilots will have to spend years locked up. The PM starts a conversation 'Your house is definitely the best. Who did the special hat for you?' Mental puts the key in his house door with his free hand, and replies 'One of the greatest damn novelty hat makers of all time. A genius and a king amongst men.' SMB is fascinated 'Yes, but who??' Mental replies 'He simply goes by the name of 'The Hat Maker'. Now I'd appreciate it if you don't mention him again. He's very shy.' A nurse mutters 'I wish you were. Too shy to talk I mean. Noob.'

SMB retrieves a pen from his pocket and writes on the rude nurse's forehead. She complains 'What are you doing??' He then writes on the other, equally confused nurse. He's labelled them '1' and '2'. He is cool 'What am I doing? Now there won't be any kind of confusion as to which of you is which. The nurses are too dumbfounded to speak. Mental opens the door to reveal a hallway with fan art on the walls. Paintings of Mental feeding baby sheep with bottled milk, and him firing a grenade launcher at men carrying tins of fish, etc. are everywhere. Mental opens a door on his left side to reveal the living room, where a TV by a rear wall is turned off. In the centre of the room is a table with a remote on it. Chairs surround the furniture and the curtains are drawn. Nurse 2 has a question 'Why are the curtains drawn?' Mental replies 'Just been feeling depressed lately...' He pulls himself together, plugs the bed into a lead on the floor, and gives a double thumbs up 'Anyway, let's turn on the news! I'm sure it's nowhere near as bad as you're fearing, Sexy.' He picks up the remote and turns on the program. Everyone stares at it...

In sunny weather, a TV reporter stands facing her digital viewers. She is right by the side a motionless chinook in a far less burning hospital car park. The place of landing isn't convenient for everybody, but it'll do. Similarly, the neighbouring hospital isn't on fire, either. The two bodyguards and the hospital DJ seen not long ago open the chopper door and leave it, looking exhausted. They march to the reporter who turns to face them. The first bodyguard has a burning (!) question 'Is that camera on?' The reporter says 'Yes'. The guard stares at the viewers, hard 'Sexy Moon Bazooka sucks!' The reporter is curious 'And why is that?' The guard continues 'Because CCTV has emerged of him trying to kick the hospital down! No, he didn't try to put out any flames or rescue people, he actively tried to make the situation worse! I was messaged by those in the know straight away as I was flying, soon everyone will know what happened!' SMB looks down 'This is bad.' The reporter is horrified 'He didn't start the fire did he?' The guard responds 'No. But he damn well didn't help.'

Mental turns the TV off 'Just a harmless misunderstanding, that's all. It will all blow over.' SMB is still looking to the floor 'It won't. It never will. Maybe I should just let evil Whiskers win. He's clearly doing a much better job at running the country than I ever will.' He sheds a tear. The nurses smile warmly. Nurse 1 is reassuring 'Oh come on. Whiskers doesn't know what he's doing! He just eats fish all day. And everyone knows he's related to that scumbag Henry the Sneaky Salmon! This can't go on forever!' Nurse 2 joins the conversation 'Exactly! But you making the cat leader of this country? That was genius at least in a way! No one ever saw that coming, and deep down, even if people won't admit, that's the kind of thinking this country needs! In a way. Innovative thinking. And the way people can read the thoughts of a cat? This is space age stuff. And that chinook pilot deserves jail.' SMB faces the world

again and gives a warmer smile 'Thank you...'

Rampant knocking on the front door is heard, along with many shouts of 'This is the news!' SMB goes pale 'Oh no.' Mental is defiant 'I'll face them.' The cop leaves the room and opens the entrance. Standing right in front of him is male reporter in his 30s, with a camera crew behind him. The reporter doesn't even wait for Mental to say 'Hello'. The former is urgent 'Captain Mental, we've been tracking you ever since people in your chinook took pictures of you and left messages saying things like 'Rubbish policeman, and silly house.' Mental looks awkward 'I didn't know that.' The reporter continues 'What have you got to say about reports that Sexy Moon Bazooka tried to kick the hospital down as everyone inside was at risk of burning to death?' Mental widens his eyes 'Wow...' The reporter carries on 'Is Sexy with you right now? Be honest, or things will only get worse for you.' Mental sighs 'Look, the real issue here is that of Prime Minister Whiskers. He must be killed.' Mental looks horrified and corrects himself straight away 'STOPPED! I meant stopped! Please, stay where you are...'

Mental runs to the living room and talks to SMB in a hurry 'This is bad. We need advice from the bed right now. We can't wait until it's fully charged!' SMB nods coolly. Mental unplugs the bed and asks it a question 'Bed, what is the best thing to do in these circumstances??' The bed responds, tired 'Tell the reporter to F off.' Mental looks surprised 'Really?' The bed replies 'Yes.' Mental sighs 'Ok.. Well, here goes nothing...' Mental walks briskly to the news team. He then shrugs his shoulders and comments casually 'F off...' The reporter is absolutely disgusted 'I'm sorry????' Mental wipes his forehead 'Oh no. I guess the bed wasn't charged up enough to think clearly....' The reporter pulls himself together 'Well... as this is all being recorded and we're live on air, have you got anything else to say? Maybe you'd like to tell our viewers to F off, too? Or how about the king? You saying that to old age pensioners would be good...'

Mental tries to get his thoughts together 'Errrrr... I'll be back in a second.' He runs to the living room again. He jabbars 'Look, we have to get the hell out of here right now. We need someone safe and isolated so we can come up with a solid story to tell everyone, especially the news. The bed may be barely charged, but I'm sure we can still teleport at least a few miles away. There are some dense forest areas not too far away that no one ever goes to, it will be perfect!' Nurse 1 is concerned 'We're not going to be on the run forever are we? I mean I hate to say this, but I think this situation is quite a bit worse than you seem to realise. You've said some messed up things, Mental.' Nurse 2 agrees 'Right! I can see the headlines now!: Captain Mental, descendant of a disgraced and mad moron carries on the family tradition and tells the world to F off!' Mental coughs 'That is quite bad isn't it?' Everyone nods.

Mental is determined 'Right! Let's get out of this place right now! Where there's a will there's a way and all that, we just need some time and some peace. I was right with my idea, actually. I sense it. Let's all stand on the bed!' The four do so. Mental talks to it again 'Bed, get us as far away from here as possible!!' A green flash lights up the room. The bed and its passengers teleport to the hallway. The news team looked stunned, then give light applause. The reporter rolls his eyes 'Well, that was impressive, but I can't see how teleporting a few metres is going to get you out of the huge mess you're in...' Nurse 1 agrees 'That's exactly what I've been trying to tell

him.' Nurse 2 chuckles nervously 'Funny, really...' SMB's eyes light up 'Aha! Don't you see what this means?' The reporter is confused 'No...' SMB replies 'Us teleporting like that, albeit a short distance? That was incredible. Can Whiskers do that? I think not!' The reporter is quick 'Yes. But Whiskers never told the world to F off.'

SMB replies 'That's true. But...' A small but raging group of people shouting 'Cat hater and filth spreader!!!' with youthful energy are heard getting closer. Five of the mixed gender and outraged members of the public are seen by the PM marching towards him, as he rubbernecks in a prolonged stupor on his right hand side. Soon enough they make their way to just behind where the news team are standing. A young man growls 'So you've been telling people to F off have you? Been saying Whiskers should be killed? Well I think YOU should be killed! Before you try to kick down another hospital. You must think you have the strongest legs in the world! Why you'd do such a thing is another matter.' SMB sighs 'I'll be back in a second...' The reporter comments under his breath 'He's probably plucking up the courage to tell the protesters to F off, too...'

SMB goes back to the living room, carrying the bed as his three friends follow. He places the bed down and looks serious 'Mental, your hadoken abilities... Do you think maybe they could charge the bed up enough for us to teleport far away from here?' Mental rubs his chin 'Hadoken, you say? The special SNES Street Fighter move where I shoot a ball of electricity from my hands? It's a long shot, but you know what? It just might work...' Nurse 1 is concerned 'SNES Street Fighter? When was the last time you played that, Mental?' Mental is hesitant 'Many, many years ago now. It's also been a very long time since I've hadokened someone in real life, I remember him well. A real scumbag. Creating such a ball is incredibly draining and I'll be feeling very lethargic for a long time afterwards, but these are desperate times...' SMB is grateful 'Anything you want, Mental? You name it, it's yours.' Mental smiles 'Let's just get out of here, eh?'

Mental kneels down, stretches his arms out in front of him, opens his hands and performs an incredible hadoken. A dazzling bright, blue ball of electricity that lights up the room, comes out of the cop's palms, and approaches the bed at walking speed. When the bed gets hit, it says 'Perfect' kind of like in the game. The four stand on the bed in a daze. Mental is confident 'Bed, what are your energy levels?' The bed replies 'Full. Easily enough for a teleportation and psychic function.' Everyone wipes their foreheads. Mental continues 'Great. Then take us to the forest.' The bed replies 'Which one?' Mental is cool 'Any one'. A blinding green flash lights up the room so much, nothing else can be seen. SMB is heard 'I love it when this happens. I find green to be a very cool colour. Bright orange or blue would work too, I love those colours on a car dashboard for example...' Mental agrees 'It is good, isn't it?' SMB replies 'If you want a new car, just say. You'll get any space age dashboard of your choice!' Mental chuckles 'Let's just get this whole nightmare sorted out...'

The light fades and now the group are standing on the bed in a thick forest with roots and knee high leafy plants on the ground as far as the eyes can see. There is a new tree for every few feet and the trunks and branches go thirty feet high. Sunlight shines through them. SMB is relieved 'Wow. I'm glad we're all away from that mess

of a situation. I mean it really sucked.’ Mental looks concerned ‘Yeah. But leaving the press after insulting them is never perfect. Let’s ask the bed what to do ASAP...’ SMB nods. Mental speaks ‘Bed, what should we do to make everything better? Make it good.’ The bed replies ‘You give a speech explaining your actions... That really is the best I can do.’ SMB’s face lights up anyway ‘Of course! It’s so simple it’s beautiful! How about this, Mental: Whiskers doesn’t care about you, all he cares about is power and fish. He comes from a very bizarre if not unique family of criminals, many of which love fish even more than him. The country cannot be run by such an animal. There is more to life than salmon, sardines, sushi, etc. obviously. But for Whiskers that simply isn’t true. Imagine if this great country got invaded and Whiskers shrugged his shoulders and asked to go to the local chippy! Saying he’s better than me makes me depressed quite frankly.’ Mental looks proud ‘Awesome.’