

Two massive, muscly bodyguards dressed in black and wearing sunglasses sprint across a spotless, bare hallway with doors on each side. Panting, they reach a door in front of them. They kick it down. Dramatic stuff! Straight ahead, they see a small number of closed off cubicles on the left and right, but one of the ones on the latter side is on fire just a little bit. Well, what's left of it. Pop music plays in the background. Three nurses greet the guards with friendly waves as the duo enter the room. Sexy Moon Bazooka on the other hand, stands snarling in the middle of the area, on crutches. One leg is burned and another is in a cast. He stares at the henchmen as he talks 'Why did you let the ninja in?? Look at my leg, it's been burned by the turbo booster YOU gave me! Yes, it was cool, but it really hurts!' One guard looks down in shame 'The assassin looked so normal! We realised we made a mistake eventually!' SMB can't believe what he's hearing 'Normal? He had a sword!' The guard replies 'Yes, but he was really polite to me. And I mean REALLY!' SMB tuts 'Yeah? Well he wasn't polite to me.' A nurse joins the conversation as she twiddles her thumbs 'He was polite to me, though... A really great guy. A sweetheart, if aggressive.' SMB responds, irritated 'Fine.'

The pop song ends. A voice is heard from above 'This is Stuffed Crust Radio!' SMB sighs 'Oh God not more hospital radio, it's not appropriate...' Another nurse comments 'Quiet, it might be good...' The DJ continues 'If you see any more people carrying swords, DO NOT trust them, no matter how likeable they are! Sexy Moon Bazooka actually had to kill one of them with his special rocket cast. Well done that man.' SMB smiles 'Well I don't know... I mean... I guess it was pretty cool. Stings a bit.' The DJ continues 'Yes, Mr. Bazooka will be annoyed at the lack of security and the gullibility of the workers, but you can't deny word gets around quick. Great communication, nurses. Keep it up! As always, if you have any more news please text me!' An upbeat pop song plays. A nurse tries to be positive 'Communication is important, Moony. Imagine a world without communication...' SMB stares in silence. The nurse continues 'See, this is what I mean, this is let's face it, creepy.' SMB replies 'Grrrrrr.' The nurse responds 'I'm sorry?' SMB responds 'You heard me. Grrrrrr.'

A bodyguard's mobile rings from his pocket. He answers it 'Hello?... An audience member of Prime Minister Whiskers's speech has complained about the cat?... The pet has ordered people dressed as doctors to bomb the hospital Sexy Moon Bazooka is staying in, as there's no chance in hell the ninjas would have got passed security?... Why did he say that?... Probably because he didn't realise his thoughts were still being recorded... Or maybe he did know and has gone mad... Why did he send ninjas in the first place then?... Maybe because he's just a cat and really isn't that clever?... Well on the plus side, at least he shouldn't be too hard to outsmart...' SMB bites his thumb. The bodyguard continues his call 'Or maybe he will be. I know this might sound a bit cold, but can't we like, put it down? It's clearly evil... It has too much power? Too many supporters? Come on, who supports the thing??... Animal lovers? Oh dear God, no. Surely not all animal lovers?... Really? All of them? I guess the animal is smarter than I imagined. Anyway, better go and deal with the situation, here!'

SMB has an important question 'Should we really evacuate this whole hospital? What if people get unnecessarily taken off life support and die?' A nurse responds 'And think of all the people in the hospital radio, they'd rather die than get taken off

the air. That's how they got their jobs in the first place, they have a passion!' SMB laughs 'Come on. You're telling me they'd rather die than take one or two days off work?' The nurse continues 'That's EXACTLY what I'm saying. These people aren't normal. They're very conscientious, but mad.' The DJ is heard again 'I think I can safely say we ALL love that song. News just in: There may be a bomb or several bombs in this hospital, word gets around quick, but now's the time to be positive. The spiritual people out there may take comfort in the fact that rather than proving good communication, this situation instead proves telepathy. Just a thought. So to cut a long story short, if we DO all die, we'll meet again. Only joking, I got another text.' Another pop song plays.

A deafening boom is heard nearby on the left. Bits of the ceiling fall to the ground as the room shakes. Beams of sunlight light the room. SMB tries to keep his cool 'Seems like a real threat to me.' The music is cut short. The DJ speaks again 'I'm sorry, but playing pop music as bombs go off nearby is clearly inappropriate. Any death metal fans here? Highly unorthodox, but I really do believe that in this situation the genre IS for the best. The great thing is that as the music is so fast, it will cram as many beats and notes into your short lives as possible! Here goes!' Death metal drums, guitar and bass play. SMB shakes his head 'This music is awful'. The singer joins the band 'AAAAAARGGGGH!' SMB is quick 'I really don't see how this music is helping matters...' Another nurse comments 'Just try to enjoy each note.' SMB sighs 'You've gone mad too! Just get your act together, we CAN get through this!'

Another bomb is heard immediately on the right. More ceiling falls. A bodyguard looks down 'That's it, we've been surrounded. There is no escape.' The other bodyguard replies 'Come on, Sexy is right, we can do this, we can find survivors and bring them to safety. Sure parts of this hospital will be on fire and falling to pieces, but we must do something! That's what we're paid for! I mean come on, we both know how much of a high risk this job is protecting Sexy Moon Bazooka of all people! Many are saying he's a complete madman!' SMB chuckles 'Haha, good one. No one loves democracy as much as me!' The bodyguard continues 'No. Now that I'm most likely about to die, it's time for you to hear the truth: People are saying you're the biggest idiot who has ever lived. A complete tool. A moron. A dickhead.' SMB sheds a tear 'R... Really?' The guard continues 'Afraid so, yes. Here's how one of my friends described you: He said you had the mental capacity of a rabid dog, just without the drive and excess energy. Good day'. One guard leaves the left of the room in silence, the other leaves on the right.

A nurse starts to cry. SMB is concerned 'What is it? What's wrong?' The nurse replies 'It's everything, the death, the destruction, but most of all it's this God awful music! I have to make my way to the radio station somehow. I've got to turn this rubbish off!!' SMB steps backwards 'Wow. It IS bad, but is it really worth risking your life over??' The nurse replies 'Yes. It was nice knowing you.' The nurse turns her back on Moony. He pokes her with his crutch 'I'm sorry. I can't let you do this.' The nurse faces SMB again. She looks serious 'There is no other way. I'm sorry.' She leaves the room. SMB looks grave as the DJ is heard once more 'That song was by Cannibal Corpse, heavy stuff. Now we're getting a little more sophisticated with some Nile. Any fans of Egyptian history? If so, you. Are. In. Luck.' Very fast music plays.

The two remaining nurses look to SMB helplessly. The leader looks somber 'I'm sorry, but the bodyguards and nurse are probably already dead. However at very least, WE can survive this terrible situation. We're in the highest room of this hospital right? So we can use my one remaining jet leg cast to rocket us all to safety. The ceiling is already falling apart, we can smash ourselves right through it!' A nurse screams 'We can't just leave everybody!!!' SMB sighs 'Your friends would want what's best for us, they'd want us to live. If they could hear you speak right now, they'd be very sad. In fact they'd probably hate you. The rage they'd feel would be unimaginable.' The nurse replies 'That... can't be true.' SMB nods 'Afraid so, yeah. They'd be spreading lies about you, sending you hateful messages through the letter box, you name it.'

The nurses look dumbfounded. Finally the other one speaks casually 'I'm sorry, but I disagree.' SMB starts to lose his patience. 'Look, do what I say or we'll all die!' The latest death metal track is cut short. The DJ is heard once again 'Hey what are you doing here?' The nurse from before is heard from the speaker 'WILL YOU PLEASE TURN THAT (expletive) OFF!' The DJ is distraught 'I don't understand what you mean!!' The nurse replies 'It's some of the worst music I've ever heard! If you have no plans on getting yourself and others to safety play some jazz for God's sake! Easy listening! THAT'S what people need!' SMB is confused 'Ok, maybe the nurse isn't dead. But the bodyguards will be.' Jazz music plays. The nurses cry with joy 'I KNEW she'd be fine!' SMB sighs 'Yes, but not for long. Look, I'll throw some of the debris at the roof, it will fall to pieces. Escaping will be a piece of cake.'

SMB does indeed throw the debris at the roof, and bits of it crumble to the ground. More sun shines. A nurse comments 'Oh yeah.' SMB replies 'Good, you've noticed. Some people may say this country is being led badly, but bombs don't just go off without people noticing. Helicopters will already be on their way with their rescue teams. This hospital radio isn't just broadcast locally, as you know. It's actually famous across the country for being weird, wacky and inappropriate. There's no chance the DJs or anyone will be ignored. They'll be fine. In all the insanity I completely forgot about that. I guess I've been feeling distracted and self important lately. I admit it. It's just that compliments such as being compared to a fearless raging dog and that kind of stuff, have got to me.' A nurse smiles 'Ok. I believe in you.' The other also smiles 'That's all I wanted to hear...'

SMB replies 'Great. Now each of you hang on to my arms.' The nurses hold on tight. SMB continues as he grips his clutches hard 'Awesome. Now... activate leg cast rocket!!' A roaring flame comes out of the foot of the cast. It launches the three right through what is left of the roof. It gets blasted into smithereens. They are now zooming through the sunny skies, getting higher and higher and passing through scattered clouds. Way below it is seen the hospital is largely on fire, but there is still hope for survivors. By the building's sides are a car park and a built up, bustling town. Flashing emergency service vehicles are all over the place. Sirens are just about heard. SMB shouts over the noise of the flame 'NOW WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T LET GO! CAST, BRING US DOWN TO SAFETY!' The flame coming from the cast's foot burns less intensely than before. The trio now hover in a strange kind of peace. A nurse comments 'You know... I've think everything will be fine...'

The three get lower, bit by bit. SMB comments 'Prime Minister Whiskers can't keep

running the country like this, this is truly terrible.' A nurse replies 'Don't you think, maybe not everyone should have such quite a large say in how this country is run?' SMB is confident 'No.' The nurse continues 'Come on. Cats! Are you crazy?' SMB frowns 'I'm sick and tired of explaining this to people. MOST cats are very successful creatures. There are millions of them, so what does that tell you? Giving power to endangered pandas is a bad idea obviously, but cats obviously have something about them!' The nurse is thoughtful 'What about cockroaches? Should power be given to them?' SMB rolls his eyes 'For the last time, yes! If anything they should be our masters. Now, as we're coming down to safety and you'll be able to think more clearly, I want you to ponder on what I said. Ok??'