

It's almost nighttime. A man carrying a shining torch patrols a two metre high, one metre wide wall. Dozens of CCTV cameras on the construction point in all directions. The barrier forms the shape of a circle, with a twenty metre diameter. Contained in the circle, are one hundred owls chained to the grassland below them. A depressed looking man collects the owl poo and puts in a bag. The guard shines his light on the other worker and starts a conversation 'Still hate your job??' The other guy responds 'Just leave me alone...' The guard laughs 'Just think of all the good that you're doing!' The collector replies 'I don't care how many madmen I'm treating, this job is the worst.' The guard chuckles once more 'The owls look like they've been violated as well. It's not a real life for them, is it?' The collector sighs 'What I don't get is, if they're so wise, why don't they do anything other than sit around and poo?' The guard shrugs his shoulders 'Who really knows what goes on in the minds of them? I bet they're doing abstract algebra right now.' The collector smiles 'You know... if they really are wise, it is possible to replace Sexy Moon Bazooka with an owl, you know? I mean it IS us who make the rules...'

Ken and Biff are still flying the helicopter over fields with the odd tree, with Ryu, Henry, Gary, Bjorn and Philip in the back. Philip has a burning question 'I'm not going to need much owl poo, right? I mean, my madness... it's only temporary... right?' Henry is warm 'Oh believe me, owls are VERY wise. Almost as cool as fish. If owls don't make you wise again, nothing will.' Philip is frustrated 'Why do I have to eat the poo anyway? Can't I just eat an owl? That would be so much better.' Gary says 'Maybe. But you can overdose on anything. If you eat a whole owl, it is quite possible you will make the situation worse. Just eat the poo, there's no shame in it, you know? It's like horse manure, sure it smells, but is great fertiliser. Think of owl poo as fertiliser for the mind!' Gary smiles. There is no reaction. Philip finally replies 'You're a weirdo. But I love you.' Henry grins 'Gary really does know his owls. Not as much as fish, sure, but his middle name IS 'Sneaky Owl'...' Philip pulls a funny face 'So his full name is Gary the Sneaky Owl, the Sneaky Sardine?' Henry nods 'Absolutely.'

Philip coughs 'Anyway, if we DO all get caught for whatever reason, perhaps because we didn't plan this mission very well, which is something I blame Ken, Biff and Ryu on, I have a plan.' Henry is curious 'What is it?' Philip replies 'We all know I have contacts all around the world.' Gary says 'Oh... we know...' Philip continues 'Right, so if we get caught I can call my shifty friend who flies fighter jets for a living. A jet show is tomorrow and it will be easy for the guy to leave the fair and blast as out of the local jail. All I do is phone him up, say 'code black' and he will know what it means. I've always feared going to jail you know? You people may be shifty, but I take things to a whole new level.' Henry widens his eyes 'Your friend will blow us out of jail?' Philip is serious 'Yes.' Henry continues 'Will all the other prisoners be able to escape??' Philip winks 'Yes. Hundreds and hundreds of deranged lunatics will escape, with absolutely no regard for minimum speed limit signs!' Henry replies 'My word...'

The owl farm is observed by the crew in the distance. Ken exhales deeply 'Looks like we're getting near our target, now.' Biff says 'Philip... With all due respect... maximum respect possible... How do you plan on raiding the place without attracting attention?' Philip sighs 'Well, I've gone mad, haven't I? Are you really expecting me to think clearly?' Biff is nervous 'I guess not. Hang on... Wasn't it Bjorn's idea to raid the farm without any real planning? Is he mad, too?' Bjorn looks shocked 'Oh no. I

guess that's the price of me being so damn friendly... I guess I lack the ability the reason properly.' Bjorn smiles warmly. Philip says 'And we all love you, anyway! Now... see the panel on the helicopter floor? Open it.' Bjorn does so to reveal a dozen or so machine guns and two loudspeakers.' Ryu coughs awkwardly 'Wow... Very subtle...' Philip says 'Exactly. Now everyone who isn't flying this helicopter, grab a weapon.' The people do so and Philip grabs the megaphone, too. He then winds down the window next to him, making things very windy.

As the helicopter hovers right above the farm and the two farm workers stare at the aircraft in a daze, Philip speaks into his device 'Give us all your owl poo, I've gone crazy! We all have weapons, too! I know you have none, I've planned things!... Kinda.' The guard shouts to the madman 'Is that a fact?? Well... I guess there's nothing I can do!! Other than comfort these owls, who are very stressed right now, obviously!' The guard shouts to his co-worker and winks at him 'You know what to do!' The collector kneels down and pets the owls, with one hand. With his other, he discretely retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call. He whispers into the phone 'Hello, police? The owl farm has been raided by an armed gang, get here ASAP.' He puts the mobile back where it came. The guard gives a thumbs up to his friend.

Philip shoots into the air, laughing like a maniac. Ken, Biff and Ryu start crying. Bjorn speaks with a calming voice 'Philip... chum... Why not take it easy, eh? You've made your point, you're crazy. We all know, we all understand.' Philip laughs some more as he fires 'Join in too! It would freak them out!' Bjorn replies 'Philip, this mission? It's a total disaster. Maybe you'd like to phone your fighter jet friend, right now?' Philip is cool 'No. You may think otherwise, but this mission is the best idea I ever had! Other than starting my gerbil farm I mean, I miss those little guys!' Philip cries uncontrollably. Henry is sympathetic 'I know EXACTLY what you mean. The day I lost my favourite fish? I was absolutely devastated. But we must move on!' There is a short period of silence. Then Henry cries too. Philip hugs Henry. Biff whispers to Ken 'This guy is flipping weird...'

Mental and SMB are still in the hospital relaxation room, sitting on a sofa and watching TV. Both hold and occasionally nibble on ice creams as more laughter comes from the tele. Mental shakes his head in disbelief 'How does he be so funny, Sexy?' Sexy scratches his head 'I really don't know...' Denise enters the room, dragging a chocolate fountain towards the seat. She then plugs it into the wall's socket to turn the thing on. She then does a happy dance 'How about that, fellas? A chocolate fountain!!' Mental is warm 'Denise, you really are a metaphorical huge ball of kindness aren't you?' Denise goes red 'No one's ever called me a huge ball of kindness before...' Sexy says 'Oh you really are. That fountain? It looks amazing is a perfect was to celebrate this historic day.' Denise does a full blown jig. SMB eventually coughs 'Ok, that'll do.'

A mobile rings from Mental's pocket. He takes the call 'Hello?... You know precisely where the SRK's gang is right now??... Well pepper my uncle!... What's pepper my uncle mean? You've never heard that phrase before? Oh. Maybe I made it up. I'm just saying I'm surprised... but in a good way... You can't send the fighter jets to the gang as they're busy, but helicopters should do? Well pepper my... whoops, I meant if you're sure they'll be fine then... wahoo?... Yes it is wahoo? Great! Bye then!'

Mental hangs up. SMB looks delighted 'This whole situation... the madness? Is it all over now??' Mental replies 'I really do think so!' SMB shakes his fists with joy 'Well pepper my uncle! That's amazing!' Denise is calm 'As this is a super special occasion... Maybe I could get you the special hospital cake?...' Mental moves his head towards Denise in fascination 'The hospital cake?' Denise replies 'Yes. It is very, VERY special. I'll be back as fast as I can, but there are... procedures...' Denise leaves the room, mysteriously.

The helicopter gradually lowers down in the centre of the area and the rotor blades slowly stop spinning. Everyone leaves the vehicle with weapons in one hand as they gather the owl poo and put it in their pockets. Apart from Ryu, who is too thin to do so, he just stands around looking nervous. The guard is more nervous 'You know... why not just ask for the owl poo?' Philip scoffs 'Ha! Without a prescription?? You must think I'm an idiot!' The guard replies 'Of course. Please forgive me. Maybe buy an owl as a pet?' Philip only gets angrier 'I need the poo right now, so stop belittling me!!' The guard speaks again 'Nice helicopter, by the way...' Philip shouts 'Shut up! What are you trying to do?? Buy time until the police get here or something??' The collector gulps 'What?? No! You really ARE insane aren't you?' The guard says 'Mad! Totally mad!' The collector continues 'You know... there is a conspiracy theory going around, that... helicopters are evil. Does that sound crazy to you? Maybe you should just shoot it up?'

Philip looks grave 'Is that a fact?' Bjorn shouts 'No! He's trying to trick you so you can't get away!' The collector replies 'What? But you all have weapons! Me and the guard have no chance of taking you lot on!' Bjorn looks mad 'You ARE buying time, aren't you!?' A group of helicopters is heard getting nearer. Everyone looks up in the sky to see ten of them, carrying a huge collection of rockets. Now a loud speaker is heard coming from the approaching aircraft 'Evil fish gang or whoever the hell you are, give yourselves up now! There is no chance of you getting away, as we are all armed to the teeth!' Philip is calm as he takes a mobile from his pocket and makes a call. He simply says 'Code black' and hangs up. He then grabs some owl poo and gulps it down 'Ah... That's better.' The whole gang then drop their weapons and put their hands in the air. The guard and collector look SO relieved.

Eight of the attack choppers hover above the area as two land. A man wearing camouflage leaves one of the grounded helicopters and speaks calmly to the gang 'As you've been so cooperative, me and the boys will go easy on you. There is no need to be concerned. Sure you'll be bored in jail, of course you will, but how does... FISH sound to you? You can have it every day...' Henry looks captivated 'Fish? What kind of fish?' The soldier replies 'Salmon. Your favourite, right?' Gary has a question 'What about sardines? Will we be able to eat them?' The soldier looks pleased 'Plenty...' Philip says 'I know we're in trouble, I'm sane now. But how much trouble are we in, exactly?' The soldier sighs 'I don't know. Now follow me into the chopper.' The gang does so and it flies away in to the distance along with the others. The guard wipes his forehead and speaks to the collector 'That Philip the Angry Gerbil used to be respected. Now? What a moron...'

The massive SRK is swimming in a huge lake, apparently one with the other fish. It jumps high up in the air to see more semi-darkness and a whole moon. Surrounding the water are more green fields. Splashing back in the water, the SRK thinks to

himself 'This really is great. You know what? Maybe this could just be my life from now on? All the hatred towards chefs for making me fat? Maybe it's time to move on. I just feel so free, I finally feel... myself...' The SRK jumps again, but this time does an incredible triple backflip. When back underwater, the other fish stare at him. As they don't have expressive faces, the staring could be out admiration, confusion or annoyance. As the saying goes in these parts 'No one likes a show-off, arrogant fish.' However, there is also the phrase 'Fish doing flips is kinda cool!'

Lightbulb, Potato Chip, Cellphone and Cheeseburger are in a rustic shed in darkness, almost looking like shadows. Some gerbils climb over the children, others enjoy the gerbil wheels. Cheeseburger starts a conversation 'Our father Bjorn Squeeze may have abandoned and betrayed us, but try ignoring us now that we have robbed from the angriest and most powerful gerbil expert in the whole world!' Cellphone gives a girly laugh 'He's going to be called Philip the super duper raging gerbil, now! Or rather Philip the raging gerbil-less guy!' Potato Chip comments 'I almost feel bad for the guy... I mean these gerbils... they're really happy. He clearly takes care of them. Or did.' Lightbulb replies 'Oh who cares what that nutter thinks? Now it's time for US to enjoy the gerbils! They're so cuddly!'