

The Danger of Proverbs

by

S. J. Wiedemann

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1. Introduction

Hello, I'm BEN. I'm dead now, even though I'm only 14 years old. A good age to die I suppose, who wants to be 100 years old forever? A life fixated on knitting jumpers and casual racism? Hm, not for me. I'm glad that I've left my body behind as well, but I'll come to that soon. Very messy. What happens when you die? Well, let's just put it this way - all religions are wrong, but some are (relatively) close. I am finally at one with the universe, and I see and know everything. (Well, almost everything, I'll come to that later). A lot of my knowledge isn't particularly interesting, but music is fine. My mortal older brother was once told that the subject's 'ALL' about V - I (e.g. G to C). Er, no it's not. What a boring song that would be. Two chords? You serious?

I'm like a God I guess, just without the power. Do I want power, though? Nope. Not really. The story that I am about to tell you warns of the terrors of the selfishness, tyranny and greed associated with it. I can only pray that once you know what I know, you will look at life completely differently, and act in ways that are utterly against your present nature.

Do you look down on so called 'lesser species' of animals, and think their lives have no value? Do you even eat them, when a vast array of non thinking, non feeling vegetables are readily available? Vegetable curries are actually pretty good, if you go to the right restaurant. Well... I don't know. Or do I? Hopefully, you've been paying attention and know the answer. I'm rambling, so back to my point... The message of this story is of kindness. Kindness, kindness, kindness. (And don't eat animals, I didn't bring them up without a reason).

You may laugh when you read some of the terrible things that happened. Sure, that's human nature. There are a lot of damaged people in the world, and it's not unlikely you're one of them. If you enjoy making your own paper for example, that's a warning sign. It suggests OCD and insanity. It's completely pointless. Perhaps even more pointless is train spotting. We ALL know trains exist, we see them every day. If you're in doubt so much, ride things for Christ's sake.

Despite all that I've written about silliness and despair, I don't want you to be scared or shocked when reading this book. As I've already suggested, (repetition is key) I only want you to be enlightened in the most positive way possible. Give this book a chance, and you'll have the wisdom of someone who knows the Gods. (Gods, Gods). Furthermore, as I've already suggested, (repetition is key) I only want you to be enlightened in the most positive way possible. Give this book a chance, and you'll have the wisdom of someone who knows the Gods. (Gods).

P.S. Special thanks to Sir George. Why? Read on and find out.

Then tell a friend or two to find out, as well. It's easy to tell all of them, isn't it? Ever heard of social media?

Peace.

2. Sir George

So... This is how everything started. A borderline demented, though insignificant setting, when considering the grand scheme of things. It's not exactly a scene of all-out war. Nevertheless, it will end up having a profound effect on the world and society. These minor beginnings are why I was considering calling this story 'The Butterfly Effect'.

INT. GAMESHOW STUDIO, LONDON - NIGHT

The gameshow studio is an over-the-top and colourful room. Dark blues and greens light the glistening black floor, walls and roof of the non-filming zone (what's that called??)

Throughout the hours of tedious and at times, mindless setting up, everyone from the STAFF to the 100 strong AUDIENCE behave in a consistent, normal fashion. (Behaviour, which will later prove to be somewhat abnormal). They also act with politeness (again, savour the moment), and as expected.

The vacant panels for the CONTESTANTS and HOST are also eye catching, with red beams shining down on them. Bright and angry red bulbs signal any wrong answers.

After a looong amount of time, the GAME SHOW HOST is given the all clear. He ambles to his spot and starts the live competition. This MAN is a flamboyantly dressed, 40-something presenter. With his cheesy grin, he comes across as a cheerful individual. However, his shiny polished shoes and well groomed, graying hair suggest a degree of sensibility.

GAMESHOW HOST
(with calmness and
assertion)

Contestant A, can you tell me who
invented the lightbulb?

CONTESTANT A rises to his panel from underground. He is a middle class, 40 year old African man who wears a smart, black suit. His afro is just as well-kept. Eagerness to win a large amount of money shows in his lit up eyes.

CONTESTANT A
Alexander Graham Bell.

SIR GEORGE (CONTESTANT C) emerges in the same way as his RIVAL. He is an 80 year old man, with a white handlebar moustache and comb over. He is wearing an old fashioned, red military uniform that is without a speck of dirt or dust.

On his chest, are medals that he bought from a charity shop. (The price tags stand out, even from a distance). For efficient future reference, other than a discreet hearing aid, this is almost all he ever wears. For this one off occasion however, he is wearing tap dancing shoes, just in case the need arises. His level of mobility is surprising for his age.

This SIR GEORGE sniggers.

HOST

(ignoring Sir George)

No, it was Thomas Edison. And you shouldn't have come up yet, George... Contestant B, which 60s band had a hit with 'You Really Got Me'?

CONTESTANT B is the last one to arise. He is a 20 year old student, who proudly wears his Kingston University jumper. He emits positivity, energy and ambition from his radiant, youthful face.

CONTESTANT B

The Rolling Stones.

SIR GEORGE tries to control his laughter, but can't.

HOST

It was the Kinks. Please stop that.

SIR GEORGE

(laughing)

Sorry, but y'know...

HOST

Sir George, who wrote The Lord of the Rings?

SIR GEORGE

(with extreme confidence)

I believe that was me!

SIR GEORGE does a small dance in celebration.

HOST

Er, no, it was JRR Tolkein.

SIR GEORGE

NO.

HOST

Sorry?

SIR GEORGE

NO.

HOST

(comes to the
conclusion Sir George
is an idiot)
... Contestant A, what is 12 x 14?

CONTESTANT A

(confused by Sir
George)
172?

SIR GEORGE cries with laughter and does another dance.

HOST

(more irritated than letting on)
No, it's 168..... Contestant B, when
did the first world war start?

CONTESTANT B

(also confused by Sir
George)
1914?

HOST

Correct.

SIR GEORGE laughs, then says 'whoops', quietly.

HOST

(looking forward to the
answer, with anger)
Sir George, which band had a hit with
Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club
Band??

SIR GEORGE

TOM AND JERRY'S NO SHIT BRIGADE.

HOST

Tom and Jerry's.....??

SIR GEORGE

Yip.

HOST

(baffled)
I've never heard of them...

SIR GEORGE

They had a hit with...

HOST
 (interrupting and
 starting to lose it)
 No they didn't!!

SIR GEORGE
 Yes...

HOST
 NO!

SIR GEORGE nods his head.

HOST
 (composing himself)
 Contestant A, what is the first word
 in the dictionary?

CONTESTANT A
 (secretly amused by the
 conflict)
 Aardvark.

SIR GEORGE laughs again.

HOST
 (angrily)
 What do you think it is??

SIR GEORGE
 Jalapeno.

HOST
 Jalapeno?

SIR GEORGE
 (quietly)
 ... Yes, I just said that...

HOST
 NO, YOU'RE WRONG!!

SIR GEORGE
 (holding back anger and
 nervousness. No need
 to say his behaviour
 is extremely childish)
 Why say it then?

HOST
 You said it, and it's the dumbest
 thing I've ever heard!!

SIR GEORGE
 You said it twice...

HOST
(angry)
What?!

SIR GEORGE
You said it twice..

HOST
How can jalapeno possibly be the first
word in the dictionary??

SIR GEORGE
It is in my dictionary, I burnt it.
You didn't say whose dictionary, so
who's the idiot, now??

HOST
(confused)
So you didn't burn all of it?

SIR GEORGE
(giving the host a
deliberate, weird
look)
No... I wanted it. Well, most of it.

HOST
So why... wh?... were you keen on the
jalapeno section or something?...

SIR GEORGE
(pulling more faces)
.... What?

HOST
Doesn't matter. Contestant B, is Sir
George an idiot?

SIR GEORGE
I needed the fuel, ok!? It was winter
for God's sake!

HOST
... A few pages of fuel??

The HOST pauses for a moment, dumbfounded.

HOST
... Never mind, Contestant B, I'll
assume you'd say Sir George is an
idiot, so you get the point.

CONTESTANT B looks pleased.

HOST
Ah, Sir George. Get out.

SIR GEORGE
..... As in cake?

HOST
WHAT?

SIR GEORGE
Get out cake.

HOST
That's not a phrase!!

SIR GEORGE
Get out, you saucy lumberjack?

HOST
I'm not asking a question, I'm telling
you to get out!

SIR GEORGE
Where do I get 'out'?

HOST
(angry and trying to be
clear)
Walk towards the exit, open the exit
door, go through the door, once you're
completely out of the door, shut the
door behind you and never come here
again!!

SIR GEORGE
But where do I get the out?

HOST
Forget the out, Ok? Leave the
building.

SIR GEORGE
Ok.

HOST
(surprised)
What?

SIR GEORGE
(confidently)
Ok!

HOST
(cheerfully)
Oh! Ok! Goodbye, then!

SIR GEORGE
 (confused)
 What?..

HOST
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH
 HH!!!!!!!

CONTESTANTS A and B cover their ears.

HOST
 (calms himself down)
 Ok. Contestant A, how many centimeters
 are there in a meter?

CONTESTANT A
 Monday.

SIR GEORGE
 (impressed)
 Good answer.

HOST
 (giving up)
 Alright. Contestant B, you win,
 congratulations.

Hi, it's BEN again. You think that was weird? You haven't seen NOTHING yet. Also, it won't be last you'll be hearing from SIR GEORGE. Far from it. (That's what the future reference thing was about). Brace yourself, because next, things get a little darker...

3. The Start of Something Big

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM, SURREY - SAME DAY, CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

BEN (yes, that's me! - Or WAS me) lives (or lived... etc., etc.,) with his middle class PARENTS in a Surrey suburb. The two can be heard snoring in the next room from his. A pleasing moonlit view of lakes and trees can be seen out of BEN'S window. Here in his room, the lights are off, and clothes, guitar magazines and poorly written homework lie scattered on the floor. (I knew where they were that way). A bin at the back is at risk of tipping over.

This BEN is 14, he has spiky black hair and wears heavy metal clothes. He is eating crisps and drinking soda at his flat-screened PineApple Map. His swivel chair spins with unburned energy. Someone has uploaded the recent, live gameshow with SIR GEORGE et al, and he is watching it with keen attention. He is trying to figure out GEORGE'S behaviour, but is failing.

BEN

(thinking to himself)

God... I've been watching that stupid game show with Sir George on it for so long, I think I'm going to pass out. Hm, this soda tastes funny. What's the use by date? 5/12/2017? Ha. That's tomorrow. Well, well, well. That's the most interesting thing to happen to me all day. All Winter, if I'm honest. I have to phone someone about this.

After pulling his mobile from his pocket, BEN phones KEN and waits in suspense.

BEN

Yo, Ken! You'll never guess what! I have a beverage that's about to expire in 2 minutes, and I'm drinking it right now!

KEN, 14, is BEN'S friend. He is almost as immature as the latter (a trait that can be picked up from his mumbled voice, alone). As he isn't in the room, he can't be seen. However, for future reference once more and for the sake of curiosity, he has short blonde hair. His demeanor and ostentatious choice of clothing can only be described as arrogant.

KEN

Seriously? That's pretty hard core. Taste good?

BEN

Nope. What do you think will happen if I keep drinking it over the next 3 minutes?

KEN

You're fucking crazy. You take things way too far. Throw it in the bin right now.

BEN

Yeah, yeah, I know, I was only joking.

BEN throws his empty drink can across the room and into his bin, knocking it over. This feat was accomplished whilst sitting in his chair.

BEN

(pleased with himself)

Ah, thrown away just in time.

KEN
 (nervous)
 Er... Ben? Is your clock accurate? I mean, the clock on my phone uses the internet to get its time info... I think your clock is slow....

BEN
 (annoyed)
 Er... what?

KEN
 (nervous)
 ...Oh shit!

BEN
 (panicking)
 WHAT?

KEN
 Call an ambulance right now!

BEN hangs up and dials '999', in alarm.

BEN
 Hello? I've just drank expired soda....

The NURSE ON THE PHONE is a 50 year old woman, whose appearance is unknown. (To you). She speaks with a typical, semi-posh Surrey accent, and has a high tone of voice.

NURSE
 (alarmed)
 OH, SHIT!

BEN
 SHIT?

NURSE
 Yes. How long ago did it go off?

BEN
 About a minute ago...

NURSE
 Oh my god, that's worse!

BEN
 Why?

NURSE
 It's more embarrassing for you!

BEN

What is?!

NURSE

I'm just saying, death by drinking something that went off a year ago isn't so bad. Death by drinking something that went off a minute ago.... It will be world news. I'm contacting a newspaper right now...

BEN swipes his crisps off his desk in a fit of rage.

BEN

WHAT? WHY AREN'T YOU SENDING AN AMBULANCE RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD?

NURSE

Send an ambulance?

BEN

You mentioned death twice!

NURSE

(with a calm
rationality)

Would you want to be in a small vehicle while someone explodes?

BEN

OH MY GOD!

NURSE

Exactly. Oh and by the way... Can you imagine a world where hamsters could vote?

BEN

WHAT?

NURSE

(in a cheerful tone)

I just think it's funny that's the last thing you'll ever think about. Bye!

BEN

FU.....

BEN explodes.

... Yeah, that's right. I exploded. I warned you at the start, didn't I? This is not a nice story, but you won't learn from it if you don't have a strong stomach.

4. Justice

You may be wondering where this story is leading. Don't worry, it's all connected. I'm showing you how one event leads to another. If at any point you think this story is random, you're right, it's absolutely random. It's batshit bananas. Unfortunately, that's what life is. Complete chaos that's hard to prepare for. Don't be disheartened though, it's unlikely you'll do what this next guy does.

EXT: OUTSIDE SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE, SURREY - THE NEXT DAY, 6PM

SIR GEORGE'S house is in another suburb of leafy Surrey. It is a rather ordinary and modest middle class home. However, a massive Union Jack flag on the top of his residence catches the eye in an instant (as intended).

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Quickly moving on, his living room is tidy and many more Union Jack flags decorate the walls. Like most, SG owns a TV and all the typical furniture.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinking aloud)
 Let's see what's on the news, today.
 If it's another story about how Goths
 are more likely to be depressed, I'm
 breaking my television. That is NOT
 news... I wish I was a journalist...

The BTS (BRITISH TELEBOX SPECIALISTS) NARRATOR is an unconventionally handsome 30 year old, with a butch, square jaw and dashing blue eyes. They frequently twitch however, and there is no hiding it. His tidy, brown flat-top haircut leaves his face to be totally exposed, potentially unnerving some. His executive dress sense suggests professionalism, however.

'How do I know what he looks like, if he's a narrator? They're not shown on TV, are they?' That's for future reference. (Yep, that already old excuse). Bad writing or thoughtfulness? You decide.

BTS NARRATOR ON SIR GEORGE'S TV
 (with calmness)
 And coming up next is the news;
 someone explodes after drinking soda
 that expired only seconds before being
 drunk, and after that we have another
 quiz show. Will Sir George ever win a
 competition...

SIR GEORGE
(immediately cutting
in)

Yes!

BTS NARRATOR ON SIR GEORGE'S TV
...and indeed, will he ever understand
a question?

SIR GEORGE
(cutting in again)
Oh, fuck off.

BTS NARRATOR ON SIR GEORGE'S TV
Very exciting stuff on the BTS. I
wouldn't watch channel 4268762BF66
(can't be sued for THAT name - BEN)
right now, as the channel has very
much gone down hill lately, and
everyone behind it kicks puppies. Have
a great afternoon, bye!

SIR GEORGE turns of his TV in disgust, and it goes black.

... Even SIR GEORGE is disgusted? Eek... Things are looking
grim for the NARRATOR. Let's just see what happens, next...

INT. CHAT SHOW, LONDON - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

The chat show studio is a cozy and homely room, with burgundy
carpets and wallpaper. The STARS of the show are sitting
behind a matching wooden table, on just about visible leather
chairs. One balding 60 year old HOST, dressed in grey, sits in
the middle with dominant body language. The BTS NARRATOR and
an unknown MUSICIAN with a pink mullet are by his sides. The
MUSICIAN doesn't speak in this scene, or in the whole of this
story. That's a shame, because he has led quite a fascinating
life. Maybe his tale will get told another time.

HOST
(composed)
As our guest this morning, we have the
BTS narrator who caused controversy by
grossly insulting Channel 4268762BF66.
He is here today to explain his side
of the story. Welcome.

BTS NARRATOR
(with a calm,
respectable tone)
Thank you for having me.

HOST

Yesterday, you caused national outrage by accusing everyone who works for the channel, of committing serious acts of animal cruelty. What do you have to say about that?

BTS NARRATOR

(becoming more serious)

Things have been completely blown out of proportion, here. First of all, when I said that the channel had gone down hill, what I meant was that their programs had become more exciting. Things that go downhill move very quickly, and I'm sure you agree, going fast is a lot of fun.

HOST

Oh, certainly. Please continue.

BTS NARRATOR

Exactly. Secondly, when I said that everyone at channel 426... (etc) kicks puppies, I was being very abstract. The BTS is well known for its sophistication and its intellectual content, not just from the programs, but from the narration as well. When you kick puppies, preferably with some kind of metal shoe, you cause the dog a lot of pain. When any animal suffers, the brain produces opioids to counteract this pain. When the brain does this, the animal then starts to feel good. Therefore, kicking puppies is hypothetically a good thing, and everyone who works for channel 426..... (oh God) does good. I'm sorry if I wasn't being clear.

CHAT SHOW HOST

So you're sorry about what you said?

BTS NARRATOR

Oh, fuck you.

There is a split second of self-obliviousness.

BTS NARRATOR

(alarmed at himself)

Oh, no!

There are outraged gasps in the AUDIENCE.

CHAT SHOW HOST
 (stunned and enraged)
 WHAT?!

BTS NARRATOR
 (containing himself)
 'Fuck you' is an acronym. It means..... 'Foolish Unforeseen Cockup', on my part that is. Er..... Um. I regret what I said yesterday, basically. I didn't think it through.....

CHAT SHOW HOST
 IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT! What does the 'K' and 'You' mean, then??

BTS NARRATOR
 I'd appreciate it if you didn't shout. This is the exact kind of rubbish I'd expect from channel 3654IGUIBD4738KP. Bunch of morons. Why don't you punch a gazelle?!

Now the crowd's gasps turn to horrified moans.

BTS NARRATOR
 (alarmed at himself)
 Oh, not again!!

HOST
 (astonished)
 I don't know what to say....

BTS NARRATOR
 (composed)
 I bet you don't, you cow slapping scum.

Again, there is a sweet moment of ignorance.

BTS NARRATOR
 (shocked)
 AARGH!

CHAT SHOW HOST
 I think we've all had enough of this. Please leave the show.

The NARRATOR is silent.

... Clearly that was a disaster. Doesn't matter, though; the NARRATOR has plenty of time to get his act together. Over the next week, he practices yoga and meditation.

INT. COURT ROOM, LONDON - AFTERNOON, A WEEK LATER

The court room is an ostentatious, wooden and old fashioned structure. Not an inch of tacky plastic or harsh metal is to be seen. It looks like a room appropriate for a castle, or something. It's a little strange to imagine it was designed for housing undesirables, no matter how briefly. The 50 baffled JURORS and various FAMILY MEMBERS sit in two rows, with an aisle in-between. They face the NARRATOR and the austere, 70 year old JUDGE. His traditional attire and wig, and his daunting, manic eyes almost distract attention from the DEFENDANT.

JUDGE

You are in court today, charged with defamation and use of profanity on a daytime show. What have you got to say for yourself?

BTS NARRATOR

To be honest, I'm kind of reluctant to say anything.

JUDGE

(annoyed)

And why is that?

BTS NARRATOR

(nervous)

Please don't.

JUDGE

(more annoyed)

Please don't what??

BTS NARRATOR

(becoming very agitated)

I'm begging you!

JUDGE

Do you want to be charged with contempt of court as well?!

BTS NARRATOR

Why the hell would I want that?!

The JUDGE looks astonished.

NARRATOR

(mortified)

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

... That's no good, is it? I guess he didn't get his act together.

5. Injustice

Tragically, the JUDGE didn't handle the NARRATOR'S disrespect and apparent lack of preparation as well as he thought he would. Didn't the BTS crackpot care at all?? It's only been two days, and already the arbitrator is in therapy.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S INTERVIEW ROOM, LONDON - AFTERNOON, 2 DAYS LATER

A tidy room in London, with paintings of kittens, puppies and flowers hanging on the wall. Whether the pictures are meant to be calming or insulting is ambiguous. The only furniture of note here, is a cheap wooden table with two bog standard chairs.

The PSYCHIATRIST sitting with the JUDGE, seems to be a calm and composed man; his movements seem slowed down. Maybe he's depressed. He is 25 and has thick eyebrows and a large nose. Put simply, he has a very big face. It fits his tall, burly stature. He is well dressed, in a smart brown uniform.

PSYCHIATRIST

(calm and relaxed)

Good morning, what are you here for today?

JUDGE

(edgy)

I've just been really stressed lately. I've had to deal with some real idiots, and I don't know how to calm myself down.

PSYCHIATRIST

I see. Can you go into further detail for me, please?

JUDGE

Well just this week, a defendant was really rude to me, so I charged him with contempt of court. Then he apologised and said how sorry he was, and then he called me a dickhead and started crying! I mean how do you respond to that? Does anyone have any respect anymore?? I try to distract myself, but nothing seems to work!

PSYCHIATRIST

I see. Well, put it this way: How much does nothing cost?

JUDGE
 (with a cautious
 hesitation)
 Well, nothing....

PSYCHIATRIST
 (with an optimistic
 tone)
 Well if it costs nothing, what's the
 problem?

JUDGE
 ... Well, it's not working...

PSYCHIATRIST
 You just said nothing works...

JUDGE
 No, I mean... Nothing doesn't work...

PSYCHIATRIST
 (surprised)
 Everything works??

JUDGE
 (growing more confused)
 What?..... Nothing makes me feel
 better, as in I can't find a way of
 feeling better.

PSYCHIATRIST
 I see... Well, there must be something
 else you can try...

JUDGE
 There's nothing left....

PSYCHIATRIST
 Then try that.

JUDGE
 (stunned)
 What?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (waiting for him to
 figure it out)

JUDGE
 (still stunned)
 Er....

PSYCHIATRIST
(waiting patiently)

.....

JUDGE
Are you being serious??

PSYCHIATRIST
Of course, is there anything you are
upset about right now?

JUDGE
Can I see your qualifications, please?

PSYCHIATRIST
If you keep comparing yourself to
other people, you will never be
happy. Just accept some people are
more qualified than you.

JUDGE
What?! You can't understand simple
sentences!

PSYCHIATRIST
(with calming body
language and diction)
I'm sensing some anger issues from
you. Would you like to talk about
those?

JUDGE
You're making me angry!

PSYCHIATRIST
(calm)
And do other people make you angry?

JUDGE
Yes!

PSYCHIATRIST
(still calm)
And do you get angry about nothing?

JUDGE
Well what do you mean by nothing?!

PSYCHIATRIST
(concerned)
You don't know what 'nothing' means??

JUDGE
Not right now, no!!

PSYCHIATRIST

(with a serious voice
and face)

Well, you're clearly very confused
right now, and it's best you are
sectioned...

BEN, again. Yep. I'm sad to say that actually happened. What you are reading isn't just a story of corruption, it's also an account of just as destructive mass ignorance and incompetence. You most likely possess those two negative traits yourself, in one way or another. Unless you're omniscient. Are you a god? Unlikely. There are only two gods, and their names are Pete and Terry. Statistically, the odds of you being one of them are miniscule to say the least. Well done for making it this far, but sorry, it gets much, much worse.

6. What does justice mean?

... Sometimes things get worse when they appear to be just fine. (Fine to the JOB INTERVIEWER, at least). What you are about to read should definitely cause alarm bells to ring in your brain.

INT. JOB INTERVIEWER'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - THE NEXT DAY

This scene is in a posh flat in London. The room is so tidy, OCD springs to mind. Advanced, difficult books fill the extended book shelf and they are all alphabetised. Clearly a lot of money has gone into the collection, yet the TV is years out of date. For whatever reason, there are many garden gnomes on the beech wood floor. For the convenience of the INTERVIEWER, this odd home is just down the road from the PSYCHIATRIST'S office. #fundatamoment

Oh yeah, The JOB INTERVIEWER is a 30 year old woman, who is pacing up and down her abode. She has an analytical face that could be misinterpreted as cold. Even so, she is attractive, with long brown hair. She wears glasses and has a dress sense that is from a much earlier era. She switches on the news to try and clear her mind of thoughts. Her overactive mind has been annoying her for a while now.

The NEWS REPORTER is a news reporter. Is it important what he looks like? Do you care? If it matters so much to you, he is 32, has a blue beard and wears a yellow t-shirt with 'fuck off' written on it. No, only joking. He wears a suit, is clean shaven and obviously looks very professional. :P Just because I'm dead, doesn't mean I can't have a little fun.

NEWS REPORTER

After the BTS scandal, where a narrator tried to defend himself using a series of ridiculous arguments, it seems his way of 'reasoning' has spread throughout the country. Robbers have tried to justify burglaries by claiming their actions were innocent misunderstandings. They protested that they were simply describing how waiting for buses stole their time. Similarly, many arsonists claim to be just misguided poets describing their agonisingly irritating, burning sore throats. In other news....

The JOB INTERVIEWER switches off her TV.

JOB INTERVIEWER

(thinking to herself,
not understanding that
the robbers and
arsonists lied to try
and reduce their
sentences)

Hm, I never would have imagined that poets could be mistaken for arsonists... I guess I'm going to have to be a lot more open minded about the meanings of what people say, or people could get into trouble...

... And so, the JOB INTERVIEWER set off to work, her mind still busy and annoying. To her strange kind of relief, the bus journey was somewhat boring. That helped sedate her a bit.

INT. JOB INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE - STILL DAY

A dust-free office in London. It's the kind of office one would expect any normal professional to have. Phew. The PSYCHIATRIST from not long ago, is fidgeting on his blue-grey, velvet chair, facing the seated INTERVIEWER.

JOB INTERVIEWER

(concerned)

Hello, I'm someone who interviews workers, to see how they are getting on with their duties. I'm here today because many of your patients claim that you are incompetent. What have you got to say for yourself?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (sincere)
 I am incompetent. I have absolutely no
 idea what I'm doing, I admit it.

(Here's when things go wrong).

INTERVIEWER
 (open minded and
 thoughtful)
 When you say 'no idea', do you mean
 that as opposed to ideas, you only
 have hard facts instead?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (with caution)
 What are 'hard facts'?

INTERVIEWER
 (surprised and
 impressed)
 Wow, do you mean you only know of
 facts that are ultra-super-hard?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (confused)
 ... I mean I don't even have any
 qualifications.

INTERVIEWER
 (becoming relieved and
 relaxed)
 You don't have 'any' qualifications?
 You only have qualifications that are
 relevant?

The PSYCHIATRIST now senses from the INTERVIEWER that
 everything is fine, and that he will continue working.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (becoming hopeful and
 less tense)
 I have no qualifications whatsoever.

INTERVIEWER
 And by 'qualifications', do you
 actually mean 'reasons to be here in
 the first place'?

PSYCHIATRIST
 No.

INTERVIEWER
 ...and by 'no', do you actually
 mean 'yes' instead?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (more hopeful)
 No...

INTERVIEWER
 ... OK! I think I understand, now.
 Well, you clearly know your stuff. I
 guess the judge is going to be
 hospitalised for a very long time?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (happy and carefree)
 What's a hospital??

INTERVIEWER
 (unsettled and
 concerned)
 Jesus. Well send my thoughts to him
 and his family.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (happy)
 No!

INTERVIEWER
 Ok, thanks. Well, sorry for wasting
 your time. Also, seeing as you're such
 an expert, how do you feel about
 handling a really high profile case?
 It's to get a mentally ill American
 missile designer out of an insane
 asylum. Originally, he was sectioned
 for his bizarre perception of reality,
 but I think someone like you can get
 him free and back into work... I know
 of someone urging people to get him
 out, as well.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (with a positive
 calmness)
 Yeah, alright....

... Never just assume you know what someone is talking about.
 'If you assume, you make an ass of u and me.' That's a great
 quote, isn't it? Very clever.

7. Missile Art

Ok, the mentally ill missile designer was indeed released.
 Only this week, in fact.

What else has happened, since the fateful interview a month ago? For one thing, the JUDGE has been sent to the notorious Broadmoor mental institution. Much to his anger, and against all reason, he is being treated for disorganised schizophrenia. A tragic situation, for sure. He has tried to escape twice using only a paintbrush, and needless to say, that hasn't really helped matters. (The paintbrush thing can be done, but only really in lower security settings. If you want some tips, message me using an ouija board).

In unrelated matters, the GAMESHOW HOST is baffled by SIR GEORGE, even to this day. The latter is still larger than life, though without a doubt, in the wrong way. On the plus side, the BTS NARRATOR should be released in a few months.

Continuing with the story, here's when ineptitude becomes REALLY dangerous...

INT. THE PENTAGON, VIRGINIA - NIGHT, A MONTH LATER (TOLD YOU)

It is inside the Pentagon, Virginia. (Ooh, hello!... Yes, dead people get excited, too). Fittingly, the interior is kind of weird and mysterious. It is darkened, and dozens of harmless laser lights are fitted on the ceiling. They rotate slowly in unpredictable movements, perhaps in a random fashion or perhaps in a secret code; an enigma, that may one day be solved by an employee going the extra mile. A small to moderate amount of vapor from smoke machines is added to the room, to really make the rays noticeable and add atmosphere. The main source of light comes from computer screens, however. In this space, PEOPLE are busy doing paperwork whilst others are working hard by their PCs.

Leaning over the latter worker's shoulders, is the SECRETARY OF DEFENCE. He is an average sized, slightly chubby 60 year old. His prim, crew cut hair is a pure grey and his military uniform is just as smart and spotless. Despite his perhaps intimidating profession, he has an approachable, semi-kind face that elicits respect and obedience. His body language is self-assured but free from arrogance.

CRAIG THE MISSILE MAKER drops from a trap door in the ceiling. He lands on his chair, in front of his black screened PC and the SECRETARY. He holds a spilt cup of coffee in his lap. This time for immediate reference, this man is a 30 year old, with the energy of a teenager. His speech often has a heightened sense of emotion to it, and it is somewhat infantile. He is shorter than average, but his sizeable pompadour hairstyle makes him look a bit bigger. He makes an effort to appear responsible, so dresses the way everyone else here does - with dignity.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE
Hello, Craig, how is your anti-
ballistic missile coming on?

CRAIG THE MISSILE MAKER
 It's nearly finished. I'm just
 designing the paint job, and then it
 will all be ready to launch.

CRAIG moves his mouse to activate the monitor. He then clicks
 off the comedy website, and opens up his CIA issued program.

SOD (YES, I KNOW. SOD. :S NOT MY FAULT)
 (impressed)
 Wow, you've really put a lot of effort
 into that paint job. It's like
 Renaissance art mixed with cubism
 mixed with surrealism. From an
 artistic point of view, it's really
 quite something.

CRAIG
 (awkward but pleased)
 Why, thank you!

SOD
 (with a jolly smile)
 Shame it's going to have to be blown
 up soon, isn't it!?

CRAIG
 (almost speechless)
 Uh... excuse me?

SOD
 (in a more serious
 tone)
 .. Well it IS a missile...

CRAIG
 (still shocked)
 It's not for display??

SOD
 Of course not, why do you think it
 will be armed?

CRAIG
 (very annoyed)
 As a joke? To deter thieves? I don't
 know, do I?!

SOD
 (frustrated)
 Oh my God, Craig, I heard the rumours
 about you, but I never believed
 them...

CRAIG
 (surprised)
 What rumours??

From a nearby corner, the OTHER DEFENCE WORKER walks into the room, letting some steam out of it. He is a neurotic and shaky geek, who is 25 years old. He is clean shaven and has a neat and tidy hair cut, similar to the SOD. Given the opportunity, he would dress the same way as him, too. However, he doesn't yet have rank to do so. He has a phone in his hand, that is in danger of dropping from his weakened grip. Occasionally, lasers go in his eyes. However, he hides his annoyance.

ODW
 Here... You better take this phone call.

The ODW hands the phone to SOD, growing pale.

SOD
 (in a serious tone)
 Hello? Who is this?

It's VLADIMIR PUTIN, himself. I'm sure he needs no introduction.

VLADIMIR PUTIN
 (also in a serious tone)
 It's the Vladmeister.

SOD
 What do you want?

VLADIMIR
 If you don't agree to our demands, I will launch a nuclear missile to you in 10 minutes.

SOD
 (angry)
 Then I will blow your missile out of the sky! Won't I Craig!

With defiance, the SOD hands the phone to CRAIG.

CRAIG
 (in a friendly voice)
 Hello, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR
 (irritated)
 Who is this?

CRAIG

This is Craig. I build, design and launch missiles. How are you today?

VLADIMIR

(angry)

I'm not very happy! Give us a billion dollars right now, or I will obliterate an entire American city!!

CRAIG

(trying to find the right words)

... Er... Well then, I'll have to send a missile to blow up your missile....

VLADIMIR

(with caution)

.... You have a missile to destroy my missile??

CRAIG

.... Er..... No.... Well, maybe. What city don't you like?

VLADIMIR

New York!

CRAIG

(relieved)

Oh thank God, we're in Virginia!

SOD

(cutting in, agitated)

How's the phone call going, Craig?

CRAIG gives a nervous thumbs up to the SOD.

CRAIG

(relieved, but still trying to reason with Vladimir)

Look, Vladimir... Can't we all just get along?

VLADIMIR

(angry)

Listen! If you don't give us the money now, I will blow up New York AND Virginia!!!

CRAIG

(stunned)

OH MY GOD!

SOD
 (alarmed)
 What is it??

CRAIG
 (sweetly)
 Nothing!

CRAIG TO VLADIMIR
 (trying to be nice)
 I'm sure we can come to some sort of
 an agreement. Have a billion dollars.
 Hell, take two!

VLADIMIR
 (skeptical)
 Why the change of mood? Just
 yesterday, the Secretary of Defence
 called the whole of Russia a joke!

CRAIG
 No, no, no, he was just messing with
 you. I believe it's called a 'roast'.

VLADIMIR
 Well, I didn't find it very funny!

CRAIG
 (trying to find the
 right words)
 Please don't shout. The Secretary
 of Defence will be very upset if
 you're angry with him!

VLADIMIR
 (still skeptical)
 And why is that?

CRAIG
 (saying the first thing
 that comes into his
 head)
 He loves you!

VLADIMIR
 WHAT?!

CRAIG
 (stunned by his own
 stupidity)
 It's crazy, isn't it?! Take the two
 billion dollars and don't send any
 missiles.

VLADIMIR
 (angry and not
 believing Craig)
 Ok, Craig.... I won't send any
 missiles.... But I will send a few
 bombers round, how do you like that?!

CRAIG
 (relieved)
 Ok, that's great, thanks, bye!!

CRAIG hangs up the phone with a satisfied smile.

SOD
 (nervous)
 Craig?.... What's going on?....

CRAIG
 (still relieved)
 Russia is going to bomb us soon...

SOD
 (stunned)
 And that's fine?!

CRAIG
 Of course it is, we'll just send some
 missiles to shoot down the bombers...

SOD
 Phew! Oh, so you're finished with
 those missiles?

CRAIG
 (nervous)
 You want to use MY missiles?

SOD
 Yes, of course...

CRAIG
 .. Oh, God Dammit!

SOD
 Craig, why did you want to become a
 missile maker?

CRAIG
 (annoyed silence)

... Do you see now, how one small error of judgement at an interview can lead to the doom of a whole planet? Any right-minded individual could see that the PSYCHIATRIST shouldn't have been allowed to work... But anyone can make errors. Will YOU destroy the world?

8. The Pizza Man

If you do end up destroying the world, rest assured your actions were probably unintentional. Some people want to. Like this nutter I used to sit next to. Anyway, (a good word, that is. You'll hear it from me a lot), what has CRAIG been up to lately?

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE, VIRGINIA - THE NEXT NIGHT

CRAIG'S house lies in an affluent part of Virginia. He is lying on his living room sofa, with floppiness. His head is facing upwards so he can gawk at his extensive art collection. The room is like one big art gallery. No era of artwork has been neglected.

CRAIG
(with a content
relaxation)
Aahhh!

After gazing for a few hours, CRAIG'S thoughts turn to the PIZZA MAN and the various adventures they had, together. FYI, this PIZZA MAN likes to wear leather trousers and sleeveless shirts, with studs on them. He thinks they're cool (and so do I). On every part of his exposed body, are needle puncture marks. (Ok, not so good :S) There, he also has a number of scars of varying lengths. (There's more). A few additional wounds are on his rugged face. He is only a couple of inches taller than CRAIG, but is muscular and ripped. Like CRAIG, his body often shows a visible excess of energy. (Too much info, now??) However, unlike him, this energy is aggressive and explosive.

Coincidentally and in reality, the PIZZA MAN rings the doorbell and is soon seen through the door spy hole. He tries to stand with calmness, but he is far from peaceful. Not wanted to give off a weak image, he over-compensates; his resulting uncharacteristic and robotic stillness looks peculiar. The cold gives him goosebumps all the way up his arms, and makes his wounds look more pronounced and hardcore. The door gets answered and the PM enters, shutting it behind him.

PIZZA MAN

(to Craig in a friendly
tone, with a
threatening
undercurrent)

So Craig, I hear you left your job as
a missile maker?..... The thought of
all your work being destroyed get to
you? You know, there's no loss in the
pizza trade. And the money is good....
for those who like to.... bend the
rules....

CRAIG

(he is angry, and fear
shows in his eyes)

I'm not interested!

PIZZA MAN

(towering over Craig,
and being threatening)

Oh, yes you are... I know all about
your dodgy past... Doing 75 miles an
hour in a 50 mile an hour zone?

CRAIG

That was years ago!!

PIZZA MAN

Yes, but speed is still in your blood.
You know there is some serious money
for those who can deliver pizzas in
under ten minutes? The tips are more
than double what you would normally
expect....

CRAIG

(filling with rage)

I'm not in that game any more, now get
out!! GET OUT!!!

PIZZA MAN

I'm not going anywhere! We pizza men
need you. We are the only people who
need you. Do you think The Secretary
of Defence appreciates your art? He
doesn't care about art, I bet he's
never even heard of Albert Gleizes!

CRAIG

(reminiscing)

Albert Gleizes..... My favourite....

PIZZA MAN
 (offering support)
 I know that Craig, I remember!... I
 hate to tell you this, but the missile
 industry thinks art is fucking stupid.

CRAIG
 (ignoring him)
 You liar!

PIZZA MAN
 (with a matter-of-fact
 firmness)
 I'm not a liar, Craig. You need to
 face reality. Is this how you like to
 live your life? Waking up every day
 and remembering the fact you're a
 fucking lunatic who worked in the most
 pointless job on the planet - missile
 art?

CRAIG
 (hurt)
 I bring a moment's pleasure to people
 just before they die!

PIZZA MAN
 (annoyed)
 Only to those not running away!

CRAIG
 (dismissing the idea)
 They wouldn't. Some say my art is
 rather eye catching...

With an innocent facial expression, THE PIZZA MAN pulls a pen
 from his trouser pocket and draws a smiley face on his hand.

CRAIG
 (confused)
 What are you doing?

The PIZZA MAN casually punches CRAIG in the face.

CRAIG
 (shocked)
 OW!

PIZZA MAN
 (with a calm voice)
 Did you care about that drawing?

CRAIG

(upset)

I admired the simplicity of it, I thought it was thought provoking...

PIZZA MAN

(irritated)

No, you didn't. You just thought you got punched by a maniac. If anything, the drawing made it worse.

CRAIG

(angry but upset)

You ARE a maniac!

PIZZA MAN

(also angry)

The pizza industry NEEDS maniacs! The pizza industry needs you! Now come with me, there's money to be made RIGHT NOW!

The TWO leave the house with their heads somewhat in the clouds.

EXT. OUTSIDE CRAIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT, A FEW SECONDS LATER

CRAIG'S neighbourhood looks civil and is blessed with many trees by the empty roads. There are 5 detached houses spaced apart. Everything is very quiet, almost silent. However, there is a nervous energy in the air. So much so, the cold breeze becomes unnoticed by the two oddballs. The pavement mounted super-scooter emboldens the PIZZA MAN further.

PIZZA MAN

(whispering)

See this little babe? It does 70 miles an hour!

CRAIG

(whispering, shocked, but secretly impressed)

Holy shit! That's 40 miles an hour faster than what's legal!

.... And now it emboldens CRAIG...

PIZZA MAN

(annoyed but whispering)

Quiet!

CRAIG
 (warming to the idea)
 Oh my god. We must be the fastest
 delivery drivers in town!

PIZZA MAN
 The whole of the USA! This is the high
 life - Only this week, I bought two
 pairs of sneakers.

CRAIG
 (slightly impressed)
 Ooh, very nice. How's the collection
 coming on?

PIZZA MAN
 (pleased with himself)
 It's massive. Now let's go!

EXT. CRAIG ON A SCOOTER DRIVING THE PIZZA MAN - A MINUTE LATER

For the sake of cutting out an awful string of unjustified expletives, the last 60 seconds have been cut. Already, the nervous energy has evolved into fear for CRAIG, and manic anger for The PIZZA MAN. Perhaps for the best, CRAIG is driving. The small group of houses are fading into the distance, and a traffic light at a crossroads is coming up. To the left and to the right of them, is the odd (a fitting word, right now) home, and its land. In front of them and where they are heading, is a more built up community. It features well-kept front gardens, separated by short walls.

PIZZA MAN
 (manic)
 See that orange light?!

CRAIG
 (scared)
 Yes....

PIZZA MAN
 Go through it!!

CRAIG
 What?!

PIZZA MAN
 GO!

CRAIG
 You're fucking crazy! We'll never make
 it!

CRAIG
 (going through the
 orange light)
 AAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PIZZA MAN
 (exhilarated)
 Feel good, huh?!

CRAIG
 No!!

PIZZA MAN
 (not listening)
 Good, now do a wheelie!

CRAIG
 NO!

PIZZA MAN
 Don't piss me off, Craig!

CRAIG freezes in terror.

PIZZA MAN
 DO IT!

CRAIG
 (doing a wheelie)
 OH MY GOD!

CRAIG and the PIZZA MAN are approaching another crossroad, at an uncontrollable speed. In front of them, are more well-off houses with the same layout as before. The view to their right now mimics what's ahead. Those lazy town planners. To the left of them however, is a large grassland area that goes well off into the distance. The OUTLAWS really shouldn't be looking there, though, no matter how briefly. They need to concentrate.

PIZZA MAN
 (laughing with
 hysterical mania,
 referring to the front
 garden walls on their
 right)
 Now do you see that wall?!

CRAIG
 (terrified)
 Yes!?

PIZZA MAN
 Go through it! It's not really there!!

CRAIG
WHAT?!

PIZZA MAN
Go through the fucking wall!

CRAIG
ARE YOU CRAZY?!

PIZZA MAN
GO THROUGH THE FUCKING WALL!!!!

The PIZZA MAN grabs hold of the handlebars and forces the scooter to its side.

CRAIG
(just as about to crash
and terrified)
OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!!

CRAIG and The PIZZA MAN violently crash, flip off their scooter, and fall into a house's front yard.

CRAIG AND THE PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
(lying on the ground in
agony)
Ohhhhh fuck....

PIZZA MAN
(in severe pain, and
sincere)
Craig.....?

CRAIG
(in despair)
What?!

PIZZA MAN
I'm not really a pizza man....
Remember when we were in hospital, and
I told you about my crazy pizza man
days?

CRAIG
Yes??

PIZZA MAN
I lied... I've just spent my life
trying to prove gravity doesn't exist.
I've broken my legs over 20 times. I
also don't believe in walls. They said
I was crazy, so they locked me up. I
only got out of the insane asylum this
week, after one of England's top
psychiatrists got me out.

CRAIG

(understanding)

Oh, I know the one.... Are we going to go back, now?

PIZZA MAN

I don't know..... They say that psychiatrist is pretty good.... I mean I feel pretty great right now, all things considered.....

A Police car pulls up beside CRAIG and the PIZZA MAN.

CRAIG

(tired and apathetic)

Oh, God dammit.....

Yo, yo, yo, it's BEN, again. Remember, schizophrenia is no joke. 'Then why are you joking about it?' Are you serious? How many times have I told you, this stuff really happened! I had schizophrenia, myself, and it was shit. Am I complaining? Nope, don't think so, thought that would be mental.

9. Insanity Becoming the Norm

Alright, coming up next, things get a little more morbid. In fact, you may want to have a bucket near by to contain the sick. :(

EXT. STILL IN AN AFFLUENT SUBURB OF VIRGINIA - SHORTLY AFTER THE CRASH

No surprise, CRAIG and The PIZZA MAN didn't manage to crawl far away from the POLICEMAN, when he got out of his car. Many bones are broken. The duo are now slumped over the wall they crashed into.

(Here comes an info dump :D) The at least temporarily, outdoorsy POLICEMAN 1 is 40 years old, and tall. He has lots of muscle, but he is mostly fat. He wears a black, short sleeve shirt, despite the weather. However, his powerful body doesn't feel the chill as much as the average person would. Tattoos cover every inch of his arms, and some are on his neck. His thick beard and unneeded sunglasses cover the majority of his face. Because of this, even his friends could have difficulty recognising him in the right circumstances.

Without any hint of concern, POLICEMAN 1 starts to drag CRAIG and THE PIZZA MAN to his standard, American police car. He treats them like a bag of chips (or 'french fries'... or even 'liberty fries'. Come on, really?). CRAIG is soon dumped in the back and the PIZZA MAN is forced next to the crazed OFFICER.

In curiosity, the LAWMAN lifts the PM'S trousers to get a look at his nerve exposed injuries. The latter should never have drawn any attention to them... The COP then starts to drive his groaning PASSENGERS to the police station, now feeling peckish. Lovely chips.

POLICEMAN 1
 (in a cheerful mood)
 Wow, you have some real good lacerations, there! I've never seen nerves hanging out of a wound, before. I bet it hurts when I do this, doesn't it?

With childish excitement, The POLICEMAN hits PIZZA MAN'S mess of a leg with his nightstick. This is done whilst driving with one hand.

PIZZA MAN
 (in excruciating pain)
 AAAAAARGH!!!! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

POLICEMAN 1
 (impressed with himself)
 I knew that would hurt! I guess I've got the gift. But then again, I did study biology in school...

PIZZA MAN
 (not so impressed)
 What?! Even Craig understands the concept of pain!

POLICEMAN 1
 (ignoring him and still cheerful)
 Hitting people with guns hurts, too, look!

CRAIG
 (trying to contribute)
 I believe that's called a pistol whip...

POLICEMAN 1
 (with enthusiasm)
 Yes, that's right!

PIZZA MAN
 (alarmed)
 NO!!!

POLICEMAN 1
 (getting annoyed)
 Did you just threaten me?!

PIZZA MAN
 What?! No!

POLICEMAN 1
 (with a firm look and voice)
 I'd keep quiet, if I were you.
 Swearing in the presence of a traffic
 light is a serious offense; I saw
 that, you know, so don't make things
 worse!

PIZZA MAN
 What? No it isn't!

POLICEMAN 1
 (still firm)
 Are you the law?

There is a moment's silence.

POLICEMAN 1
 (with a menacing grin)
 That's right!.... Now tell that weird
 looking man with a moose head to stop
 singing, I'm trying to concentrate!!

The MOOSEMAN is an imagined man with a moose's head. A cocky and disrespectful hybrid who doesn't seem to ever stop smoking. CRAIG thinks to himself 'moose head??' then looks around the car. There is no MOOSEMAN.

CRAIG
 (under his breath, and
 trying to distance
 himself from the
 situation)
 Oh, fuck...

POLICEMAN 1
 Either tell that mooseman to shut the
 fuck up, or you're going to die in
 jail!

CRAIG AND PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
 (both nervous)
 Shut up.... mooseman....

POLICEMAN 1
 (edgy)
 That's better! Now sing him to sleep,
 it's past his bed time!

Without thinking, the PIZZA MAN sings a White Zombie song over the top of the POLICEMAN. The former's uncharacteristic fear shows in his voice; it simply can't help but fluctuate pitch. For whatever reason, he does a weird dance in his seat. He moves what body parts he can.

POLICEMAN 1
 (very happy)
 La, la, la. la, la, la. La, la, la...

It's been a few minutes, and the tranquil and respectable urban areas have come to an end. Out of all car windows, houses that are pretty much falling apart can be seen. Because of total neglect, some buildings have even been reduced to rubble. This is a place no one cares about. Even the many drunken TRAMPS that are visible are very unhappy with it. This road goes straight, far off into the distance.

POLICEMAN 1
 (still edgy)
 Ok, we're going through a really bad part of town, right now. People are poor round here. Most people can't afford safe, pre-sell by date food, so there are going to be a lot of spontaneous combustions... We only just had the warning about eating gone off food, today. It's taken a while for the government to spot the pattern of what's going on. It was previously assumed the deaths were freak accidents...

CRAIG
 (under his breath and
 anxious, not believing
 the policeman)
 Oh, God...

The PIZZA MAN stops singing, but keeps dancing.

PIZZA MAN
 What do you think of LSD? Or do you have mental problems or anything like that? If not, do you believe in walls? Because I'm kind of skeptical.... I mean when you think about it, walls..

POLICEMAN 1
 (angry and cutting in)
 If you threaten me again, I swear to God!

A couple of TRAMPS explode with a violent noise, causing tinnitus for all nearby. The force of these unspeakable events knock down the walls the VAGRANTS were sitting by. Bloody shrapnel very nearly puts the police car off course, into the ruins. Now the GROUP have travelled further, they can see houses in front of them turning to the left.

CRAIG

(astonished)

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?!

POLICEMAN 1

(focusing on the road
and driving as safe as
possible)

Oh God, here we go!

PIZZA MAN

(stunned)

.... Did those people just explode???

POLICEMAN 1

People are desperate round here. It's either they take their chances with the food they find, or starvation. Many of the people round here are crazy, too. Who knows what's going on in these people's heads.... Like you Pizza Man!

The PIZZA MAN looks confused.

POLICEMAN 1

(in a disapproving tone
of voice)

'No walls'.... Dear God....

Wub wub dubstep music can just about be heard. It's getting louder.

POLICEMAN 1

(in a serious tone)

Oh God, it's a party....

CRAIG

Do you mean..... that more people are going to just... explode??

As the POLICEMAN turns in the deprived ghetto, many DRUNKARDS can be seen. Perhaps to get away from the music, they are outside of the house party. For whatever reason, they are celebrating. Maybe they are just trying their best to get through these unbearable times. The GROUP is around 80 meters away but the POLICEMAN is driving fast.

POLICEMAN 1
 (ignoring him, in a
 grave tone)
 Oh no...

CRAIG
 (shocked)
 WHAT?!

POLICEMAN 1
 Unopened white wine. Everyone's
 drinking it. That stuff goes off
 straight away! Cover your ears and
 don't look! I know what I'm doing.....
 Don't you worry....

One by one, the partying PEOPLE start exploding. They do so
 with the same forcefulness as before.

CRAIG AND PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
 (shocked)
 HOLY FUCK!!!!

The POLICEMAN ploughs his car straight through the PARTIERS.
 Loud thuds are heard inside.

CRAIG
 What are you doing?!?!?

POLICEMAN 1
 It's what they would have wanted!! Now
 tell that moose to shut the hell up!
 It's inappropriate!!!!

PIZZA MAN
 (starting to cry)
 I can't handle this shit! I want to go
 back to hospital!

The PIZZA MAN sings another White Zombie song in a traumatised
 tone of voice. Much to everyone's relief, the ghetto is now
 starting to fade into the distance. Ahead, are nicer houses.
 However, even if the slums disappeared in no time at all, the
 haunting memories of them will last a lifetime.

CRAIG
 (trying to comfort
 Pizza Man)
 This is really happening, Ok? It will
 all be over soon though, won't it,
 officer?

POLICEMAN 1
 (concentrating)
 No....

CRAIG
 Ok, it will be over eventually,
 won't it.... officer?

POLICEMAN 1
 (being practical)
 No...

CRAIG
 (fearing the worst)
 When.... will it be over?

POLICEMAN 1
 (getting annoyed)
 It's never going to be over, alright?!
 Jesus! Give the Pizza Man's leg a tap
 for me, will you?

PIZZA MAN
 (still crying and
 stopping singing)
 WHAT?! WHY ME?!?!

After around 5 minutes of misery and reckless driving, the
 POLICEMAN pulls up by the police station.

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE
 AROUND 5 MINUTES.

A pristine, two-storey police station is now a few paces from
 the GROUP. It is painted a brilliant white and even has
 balconies. One could be mistaken for assuming the building was
 a hotel. Crazy times, right? Next to the station is a well-
 placed skate park. Not a lot of trouble will ever go down,
 there. This whole neighbourhood is similar to CRAIG'S
 uneventful street in most ways. The only real difference is
 that it's the other side of town. Thus, the doomed ghetto is
 in between these two places. Just some data, for you.

POLICEMAN 1
 (trying his best to get
 through the situation)
 Alright, here we are. Get out of the
 vehicle and come with me...

There is an icy silence as the CROOKS dive out of the car.

POLICEMAN 1
 (getting angry)
 That includes you, mooseman!!

Getting icier...

POLICEMAN 1

(raging)

I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOU,
MOOSEMAN, COME WITH ME RIGHT NOW!!!!!!

The OUTLAWS are in luck. Out of the corner of their eye, they spot a nearby lost or discarded skateboard. It's the perfect escape vehicle for someone who is crippled. After dragging his body to it, CRAIG lies on top of the thing in extreme pain, and screaming his head off. His shouting doesn't attract attention, as sporadic outbursts have been commonplace for the last five minutes. Yeah, the pain's really kicking in, now. Nevertheless, he can't go shrieking off into the distance or he will get caught, in the end. From his leather shirt pocket, the crawling PIZZA MAN pulls out a needle loaded with heroin. That will ease CRAIG'S pain, and his own. Time for some injections. They soon prove successful, but doing any activity with broken bones is extremely difficult. Once the drugs have taken effect, the PIZZA MAN lies on top of the numb and spaced-out CRAIG to the sound of bones cracking. They then slide away, barely making any further sounds. Their last act is to give the POLICEMAN a 'you're mental' look, in secret, whilst the COP rants at someone who doesn't really exist.

Fun insight: Three schizophrenics in a car: Did you know the odds of that happening are roughly one in a million? I've also seen my initials on car number plates a few times. The odds of that happening are one in 17,576. :O Well, that's assuming all initials are as common as each other, which they're not. I hope those tidbits cheered you up. I'm sorry you had to read such gruesomeness.

10. Proverbs

A jail full of psychopaths, however, is not so unlikely. In fact they're everywhere. Anyway, (I told you it's a good word), we're back in England, now. Remember the BTS NARRATOR? He's here, again. What has he been getting up to these last few weeks? Well, (another favourite word), I'll tell you. He's learnt how to play chess and has found out how to lose a game in two moves. He never tires of using the so called 'fools opening' with his fellow CONVICTS. However, no one else finds it funny. With complete certainty, nobody finds it hilarious. Has prison life made him change his ways?....

INT. BTS NARRATOR'S PRISON CELL, LONDON - THE AFTERNOON AFTER THAT GRAPHIC INSANITY

A stale, pale blue turd of a room with little sources of sustainable interest in it. There are nothing more than a few non-violent books on the table, and letters from friends and family on the hard bed.

There is a inexpensive bulb on the ceiling, but a lot of the light comes from the metallic prison pathway, shining through the steel cell gate. Some natural light comes from the gated window. The NARRATOR paces up and down.

BTS NARRATOR
 (thinking to himself
 with a calm mind)
 God, prison is boring. Maybe if I read that philosophy book, I can change my perception of reality and find some sense of happiness in this place.

He opens the book and sits on his mattress, still thinking to himself. (That's right, he should read books, yet he still always screws up. Kind of makes my previous words of wisdom look a little weaker. Never mind, I know everything now, remember).

BTS NARRATOR
 Ok, what have we got here, a list of proverbs? Fair enough. So, 'fortune favours the brave?' Hm, ok. I wonder how that can relate to my situation here... I'll think about it later. Ok, I wonder what else we have! 'Curiosity killed the cat?'....

The NARRATOR is now starting to get anxious...

BTS NARRATOR
 Oh no! I'm curious about proverbs, and I'm the metaphorical cat!

.... and confused...

BTS NARRATOR
 But wait... If I'm brave about reading this book and risking death, fortune will come to me.... But then again, if I keep thinking about the book, curiosity will kill me.... Er....

... He's gaining some confidence in his thoughts now...

BTS NARRATOR

Of course! There is no way way those two statements make any sense when combined, so they must be taken literally! Curiosity kills cats and no one else! Of course curiosity won't kill me!

Now he's rather excited...

BTS NARRATOR

Fortune favours being killed? I'm sure the authors weren't suggesting mass suicide!

He is starting to form a plan.

BTS NARRATOR

Ok. I have to be brave to get my fortune and I want to be curious, otherwise I won't learn anything. Maybe I should kill cats whilst being brave and inquisitive. That will prove curiosity killed the cat.

Eureka!!

BTS NARRATOR

Of course! I'll kill the prisoner's pet cats by kicking them in their face, while their backs are turned. That's REALLY brave!....

... Even though he's inspired, he's still bitter...

NARRATOR

Channel 4268762BF66 might even employ me, afterwards...

The NARRATOR spends the next few hours studying chess. Maybe he'll strike gold and figure out how to lose in one go. Some of the world's greatest minds have tried, but none have succeeded. Will the NARRATOR? He DOES have a lot of time on his hands...

INT. BTS NARRATOR TALKING TO A PRISONER, JUST OUTSIDE HIS CELL - LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

A depressing first-floor pathway, that surrounds the outskirts of the two-storey prison building. An identical pathway is above them. Cells are next to the PAIR and the CAT that is hanging around. In the middle of the whole jail structure is a section dedicated to recreational time. Everything is bare and made mostly of metal bars, grids and plates. A few PEOPLE are in the distance and JEFF is up close.

But what does JEFF look like??

BTS NARRATOR
(excited)
Hello, Jeff!

JEFF is a fellow PRISONER of the BTS NARRATOR. He has much difficulty regulating his emotions, due to his unfortunately sized amygdala. To the convenience of all that cross him, no brain scan is needed to show this deficiency. Everything is written on his Latino, 30 year old face. To match his terrifying icy eyes and constant scowl, his body is equally fearsome. He is 6 foot of pure brawn.

JEFF
(moody)
What do you want??

BTS NARRATOR
Look over there!

JEFF turns around as if his actions required quite some effort. Out of his view, the BTS NARRATOR kicks JEFF'S cat in the face.

JEFF'S CAT
MIAOOOW!!!!

JEFF
(stunned)
... What the fuck was that??

BTS NARRATOR
(pretending it didn't
happen)
Excuse me??

JEFF
You just kicked my cat right across
the room!

BTS NARRATOR
(starting to get
nervous)
..... Yes..... brave, wasn't it?

JEFF
(starting to get
enraged)
No, it was fucking stupid!!!

BTS NARRATOR
(nervously)
..... Does fortune favour the
stupid?

JEFF
 (baffled and getting
 angrier)
 What the FUCK are you talking
 about?!?!

The BTS NARRATOR punches JEFF in the face.

JEFF
 (gobsmacked)
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!

BTS NARRATOR
 (nervous from apparent
 lack of fortune)
 Being brave?.....

The BTS NARRATOR nervously hits JEFF again.

JEFF
 (really angry)
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BTS NARRATOR
 (scared)
 Oh, shit!

The BTS NARRATOR legs it whilst trying to think up more witticisms. His time is running out, fast. His uncontrolled stamping on the metal grids beneath him makes loud clanging sounds. JEFF has now been somewhat energised, and isn't going to let him get away. His stamps are far louder.

BTS NARRATOR
 (trying to calm Jeff
 down, in desperation)
 Two heads are better than one!!

This observation gets no reaction.

BTS NARRATOR
 (rather scared)
 ... Leave mine alone, if you know
 what's good for you!

JEFF soon catches up to BTS NARRATOR. Without any effort or hint of mercy, he pins him to the cold floor.

JEFF
 (very angry)
 I wonder what happens when I do this!!

JEFF is about to punch the BTS NARRATOR hard in the face...

JEFF'S CAT

MIAOW!

... But JEFF'S cat falls over and dies.

JEFF

(shocked)

Fluffy! What happened?!

CAT IN THE DISTANCE

MIAOW!

PRISONER IN THE DISTANCE

(confused)

What the?!

CATS IN THE DISTANCE

MIAOW! MIAOW! Miaow!

GRIEVING PRISONERS

Snuggles! Spot! Jasper!

BTS NARRATOR

(thinking to himself
whilst the other
prisoners are
distracted)

Of course! You are what you eat!

The BTS NARRATOR just about manages to reach into his pocket and get an extra strong mint into his drying mouth. This is despite the fact a very large, though dumbfounded MALE is sitting on top of him. He swallows the mint, then with an insignificant effort, punches JEFF in the face once more. JEFF doesn't much an inch and goes red.

BTS NARRATOR

(anxious)

Oh, fuck....

Yes, more violence. I can only apologise. To try and make you feel better, we can take a short trip to Australia.

EXT: AUSTRALIA - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

A warm, starry night in the Australian countryside. Scattered, lush green trees and long, healthy grass stretch almost as far as the eye can see. The area is mostly flat, though hills are in the distance. Every now and then, a bouncing deer is seen. HANNAH and TONY are alone in the middle of this area. HANNAH is a very happy and foppish 25 year old woman, in love with TONY. She has large feet.

HANNAH

Oh Tony, I love you so much!

TONY is also very happy, 25, and in love with HANNAH. Like HANNAH, he is wearing trendy clothes.

TONY
I love you, too!

Alright, back to the story. All that soppy loveliness make you feel good? Don't get used to it... And no, I guess prison life hasn't changed the NARRATOR. Speaking of him, he's a bit of an obdurate so and so, isn't he? 'I guess so, but why use such a weird word?' Study the book hard and you'll find out. Just one of the few hidden 'secrets' this book has to offer. So, you know... tell everyone.

Anyway, (again) from troubled England, back to troubled America...

11. A Search for Answers

INT. POLICE STATION, VIRGINIA - DAY, A FEW HOURS LATER

The police station interior is far from an intimidating place. Without the posters warning of the dangers of expired food, it would look somewhat like a mid-range living room. Neutral colours are applied to the furniture and the surroundings in general. Many desks, chairs and computers can be seen and around 20 busy STAFF are fulfilling their various duties; mostly filing and entering data.

Despite the relaxing environment, the WORKERS are on alert; all of the spontaneous combustions are filling their minds. The police station CAT is nervous, and is worried he could be next to die in mysterious circumstances. There is a vague sense of horror in his eyes.

POLICEMEN 1 and 2 enter, whilst conversing with passion. The latter can't be seen yet, as he is for some reason wearing a huge, black, sleeved cloak that goes from head to toe. The two make their way to a bare table and place two cups of piping hot tea in front of them. P2 removes the costume so he can now be described in a logical order.

POLICEMAN 2 is a lot thinner than his CO-WORKER, though about the same height. He wears a badly-kept, crowbar mustache that makes him look masculine and tough. His unemotional, deep set eyes heighten these traits. Like POLICEMAN 1, he is wearing a standard black uniform, though with longer sleeves. The weather affects him quite a lot more.

POLICEMAN 1
 (very frustrated)
 I can't believe this! Two criminals
 have run away! Both of them were
 crippled, one, largely by me,
 admittedly, and the mooseman has
 turned invisible!

Although POLICEMAN 2 believes in the Mooseman, he is not
 mentally ill or of subnormal intelligence. In a world where
 people are exploding more and more, who knows what other crazy
 things could happen?

POLICEMAN 2
 (impressed)
 You told me, you hit him right on the
 nerve!

POLICEMAN 1
 (reminiscing)
 Yeah....

POLICEMAN 2
 (concerned)
 I definitely can't see the mooseman,
 though, but it's too dangerous to look
 for the criminals round here. People
 are exploding all the time,
 nowadays.... When will this horror
 end?

POLICEMAN 1
 (brainstorming)
 Why would people eating expired food
 explode? And why has this only started
 happening recently? And why is it
 getting worse?

The POLICEMAN'S CAT falls over dies.

MIAOW!!!!

POLICEMAN 1
 (angry)
And why did my cat just die
 for no reason?!.....

POLICEMAN 1 just about manages to pull himself together.

POLICEMAN 1
 ... We need the help of someone
 special. Someone with more than
 qualifications, someone good. But who?

POLICEMAN 2
 (hopeful)
 I think I've got it!

POLICEMAN 1
 (listening with care)
 Go on...

POLICEMAN 2
 Throughout history there have always been people who are immune to certain diseases. Not everyone on Earth can be affected by AIDS, for example, as some are born with magic AIDS fighting genes. If we could find someone who doesn't explode whilst eating gone off food, we may be able to find the answer.

POLICEMAN 1
 (inspired)
 Of course!... But where could we find such a person?

POLICEMAN 2
 (with a brave voice)
 In the roughest part of town! The places where people ONLY eat expired food!

POLICEMAN 1
 Are you insane?! You just said it's too dangerous to go out!

POLICEMAN 2
 (toughening up)
 It's our only choice....

POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 leave the station, trying to repress their emotions. They somewhat succeed and get into their police car, with a bold attitude. It's time to go back to the ghetto.

EXT. ROUGHEST PART OF TOWN - AFTERNOON, 10 MINUTES AFTER GETTING IN THEIR CARS

After driving through miles of despairing PEOPLE detonating, the LAWMEN reach the most deprived, grimeiest part of town. Now the sun is shining bright and hot, the true scale of destruction can be seen. It looks less like somewhere to live and more like a war zone. Buildings collapse before the OFFICER'S eyes, filling the air with a noxious, yellow-orange dust. Breathing the thick powder is not only difficult for the surviving VAGABONDS and RESIDENTS, but agonising.

For many reasons, there is frequent wailing and cries of pain in the distance, as well as up close. With reluctance, the POLICEMEN get out of their car with tortured expressions on their faces. They have seen things no man should see.

POLICEMAN 2
 (with a quiet drive)
 Ok, let's look for some survivors.
 There has to be some somewhere...

There are booms in the background.

POLICEMAN 1
 (scared)
 God, this is horrible... I've never
 seen such destruction...

Yet another home disintegrates in front of the POLICEMEN'S eyes. Once the residue clears, a surprisingly intact house is revealed behind it.

POLICEMAN 2
 (hopeful)
 Look! That building is barely damaged
 at all! Let's go inside and have a
 look.

The POLICEMEN kick the house's rotten wooden door down and enter, after knocking and receiving no response.

INT. WISE OLD MAN'S HOUSE, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The lights are turned off and all curtains are drawn. Because of this, visibility is minimal. It is heated and stuffy and all doorless rooms appear to be almost bare. A black CAT greets the OFFICERS with a curious 'miaow', before darting upstairs and out of sight.

The WISE OLD MAN, is heard from upstairs. He has the slow, croaky voice of an 80 year old bald man with a long grey beard, a walking stick and a wrinkled face.

WISE OLD MAN
 (fearful and
 aggressive. His voice
 echoes)
 Who is this?! I'm not hungry, now go
 away!!

POLICEMAN 2
 (trying to calm him
 down. His voice
 echoes, too)
 It's okay! It's the police!

WISE OLD MAN
Oh, thank God!

POLICEMAN 1
(with an open tone. His
voice doesn't echo.
No, only joking, of
course it does)
We would like to talk to you!

With watchfulness, the WISE OLD MAN makes his way goes down the stairs. It is seen by the LAW that his eyes are intense and intelligent. Due to malnourishment, he is mere skin and bones. His weakness shows in his long, drawn-out movements. The reason why those traits couldn't be picked up by his voice are very complicated.

This OAP leads the POLICEMEN to the living room. He turns on the light switch to reveal nothing else, but a cheap pine wood table with three tacky wooden chairs. The wallpaper is a sinister blood red, with the word 'why?!' written on it with extra-large writing. The WOM pulls out a seat to sit down, and the POLICEMEN join him.

WISE OLD MAN
(pleased to see people
not exploding)
What do you want from me? Why are you
here?

POLICEMAN 1
(hopeful)
We want to know how you're still
alive. This is the roughest part of
town, you are poor and can't afford to
eat safe food. What's your secret?

WISE OLD MAN
(edgy)
I'm not going to able to last much
longer. It's only a matter of time
before I starve. However, I believe
there is hope for humanity, and I
think I know what's going on.

The POLICEMEN pull in their chairs and listen closely.

WISE OLD MAN
(with a suffering tone
of voice)
I tried to contact several food
industries so I could stop this
madness, but they all threatened to
kill me and all of my friends and
family if I didn't keep quiet.

You see, there is a lot of money in it for supermarkets etcetera, if people are too scared to leave food hanging around too long; in all of this insanity, people are constantly panic buying. This whole situation we're in now with people exploding and God knows what else, is something the ancient Greeks predicted thousands of years ago. It's a phenomena called 'proverb strengthening'; the more people say proverbs, the more likely they are to become reality. I guess proverb strengthening has finally reached the point of disaster over the millennia. Don't you see what's going on? Cats dying for no apparent reason? It's because curiosity kills cats, it was on the news. There is a jail in England where cats died every time someone was curious..... And people dying when they eat expired food? That's because you are what you eat.... Gone off! I'm sure there are others who know of the wisdom of the ancient Greeks, but people in general are being intimidated into silence. Reasonable Food's new slogan is 'You Better Keep Quiet', for example, and their new logo is a knife.

POLICEMAN 2

(excited)

Of course, it seems so obvious now!

POLICEMAN 1

(hopeful)

So how can we stop it?

WISE OLD MAN

(with a scowl)

Leave my cat alone!

POLICEMAN 2

(with respect)

Yes, of course, I'm sorry.

POLICEMAN 2 coughs.

POLICEMAN 2

(rewording himself)

Something needs to be done about this, and we need your help...

WISE OLD MAN

(driven)

On the news report I was telling you about, there was one man, a BTS Narrator, if I remember correctly, who doesn't seem to be affected by proverb strengthening. We must travel to England to find out his secret.

POLICEMAN

(also driven)

Yes, you're right! We must go as soon as possible!

There you go; knowledge potentially saving the day. What did I tell you? If you ever find yourself in a nightmarish, apocalyptic world, use your noggin!

12. Hope

So, will noggins be used again, and if so what will the outcome be? Read on.

Anyway, ('please, no more'... ok I'll try) so the two POLICEMEN and the WISE OLD MAN have travelled to England by plane. They got to their destination in 7 days. A long time, but air travel is in chaos right now, and flights have become rare and ultra-secured. What did they do in the meantime? Well, it was awkward having the WISE OLD MAN hanging around American jails, to say the least. He certainly likes his privacy and didn't at all appreciate his extensive background check, carried out by the CIA. Ok, so he once told a policeman he was a fool, so what? Respect goes out to him for not telling anyone to 'fuck off', at any point. It couldn't have been easy for him.

INT. BTS NARRATOR'S PRISON CELL, LONDON - DAY, A WEEK LATER, AS EXPLAINED

Can't remember what the cell looks like? Ask your doctor about dementia. I don't mean to alarm you, but it's best you face up to your problems. Yeah, and that's coming from me. :S

The PRISON WARDEN is in the unfortunate position of being in this open room, with the NARRATOR. He is a strict and unemotional 40 year old man who loves order. You can sense that by looking at him. He just has one of those faces. More obviously, he is of average height and build. He is wearing well-ironed black trousers and a white, long-arm shirt.

PRISON WARDEN

(in a serious tone, to
the narrator)

There are some people here who would
like to speak to you... Don't even
think about 'being brave' this
time....

POLICEMAN 1, POLICEMAN 2 and the WISE OLD MAN enter the BTS
NARRATOR'S cell with optimism and sit on his bed. The PRISON
WARDEN shuts door, glad to be out of the NARRATOR'S company.

POLICEMAN 2

(with a friendly tone
of voice)

You know everyone here thinks you're
an idiot?... Well not us! See this
man?

POLICEMAN 2 points to The WISE OLD MAN enthusiastically.

POLICEMAN 2

He thinks you are very special. Why
don't you have some of his food. It's
his way of saying 'thank you'.

BTS NARRATOR

(confused)

.... For what? I have no idea who he
is...

POLICEMAN 2

Never mind who he is. Why don't you
just enjoy his lovely extra
soft 'crisps?' Mmmm...

(POLICEMAN 2 didn't say 'chips', well done). He strokes his
stomach in excitement.

POLICEMAN 1

(whispering and
concerned to policeman
2)

Are you sure about this?

POLICEMAN 2

(also whispering, but
serious and reassuring
to policeman 1)

Trust me...

With guilt and shame, the WISE OLD MAN gives the BTS NARRATOR his expired crisps from his pocket. As the BTS NARRATOR eats the food, the three VISITORS take cover by the corners of his bed and pretend to look for dropped change.

POLICEMAN 2
 (pretending to be
 annoyed)
 Oh, where the hell did my money go? I
 know it's not where you are...

BTS NARRATOR
 (very confused)
 What's going on?!

POLICEMAN 1
 (nervous and hiding his
 feelings)
 Wait a minute. Just enjoy the food...

BTS NARRATOR
 (still confused, but
 also hungry)
 Ok.....

POLICEMAN 1
 (commenting to
 policeman 2, casually
 and quietly)
 I don't like the sound of soft chips
 being eaten, it's not natural.

POLICEMAN 2 nods in agreement.

BTS NARRATOR
 (pleased)
 Ooh, prawn cocktail...

The WISE OLD MAN looks at his watch, after spending a very emotional half a minute sheltering himself.

WISE OLD MAN
 (relieved)
 He's fine!

POLICEMAN 1
 (also relieved)
 Oh thank God!

BTS NARRATOR
 (baffled)
 Can someone please explain what the
 HELL is going on?!

POLICEMAN 1
 (excited)
 You didn't explode!

BTS NARRATOR
 (more baffled)
 ... Why would I explode??

The NARRATOR gasps.

BTS NARRATOR
 (very angry)
 Were those crisps expired?!?!

POLICEMAN 1
 Never mind that! What's your secret?!

BTS NARRATOR
 I don't know! You can go fuck
 yourselves, you cow tipping lunatics!
 You goose stepping ponces! You.....

As the BTS NARRATOR thinks of more insults, The WISE OLD MAN notices letters from SIR GEORGE on the desk.

WISE OLD MAN
 (shocked)
 What's this?!

BTS NARRATOR
 (still angry)
 ... Letters from Sir George. I was the
 one who gave him his big break. He
 started out as an eccentric nobody,
 but I'm thinking of making him one of
 game show's biggest stars... You bunch
 of...

WISE OLD MAN
 (cuts in, becoming
 hopeful)
 Yes! I've heard of him!

BTS NARRATOR
 (finishing his
 sentence)
 ... pricks.

POLICEMAN 2
 (intrigued)
 Is that significant?

WISE OLD MAN

(inspired)

Don't you see? Sir George is an idiot! Proverbs are for the wise, the intelligent, the intellectuals! It WAS only those people who exploded and died young after eating expired food, because they said wise things so much more! Everyone knows that geniuses have shorter life spans and are prone to 'blowing their tops'. It's not because of their arrogance, and it's not just a figure of speech! And because of Proverb Strengthening, now even the average are dying. The BTS Narrator.... sorry what's your name?

BTS NARRATOR

(with obvious
bitterness)

Chad Macalpine....

WISE OLD MAN

(continuing)

.... Chad must have had so much contact with Sir George, that his stupidity rubbed off on him and made him super human! We need to make watching Sir George mandatory, so that proverbs can be weak once again!

CHAD

(angry, but becoming
excited)

Ignorance is bliss!

CHAD slowly starts to expand.

WISE OLD MAN

Spit out those crisps, while being philosophical!

CHAD does so and returns to normal size.

WISE OLD MAN
 (forming a plan)
 We must write to parliament! We must
 make sure that education gets worse
 every year! That way, the effects of
 proverbs will die much faster.

Ok. Here's where things get confusing. It's wise to be stupid?
 That makes no sense, right? Hmm...

13. Part 2: Sir George for Prime Minister

This is part 2 of the story. The first section merely
 explained what was happening. This segment however, is a
 wiiittle bit different.

Anyway, (whoops) love him or hate him, SIR GEORGE is back. His
 character is questionable and his personality wrestles with my
 previous words of wisdom. However, we can all learn from even
 him at times.

INT: GAMESHOW STUDIO, LONDON - NIGHT, A WEEK LATER

In the same colourful studio, where SIR GEORGE made his first
 appearance (aaah memories. Or maybe not), wires lie across the
 offstage floor. With help from additional white lighting, a
 range of TECHNICIANS dressed in black are setting up. They
 have amused expressions on their faces and some are
 mouthing 'fucking hell!', to each other. Half the AUDIENCE are
 talking amongst themselves in horrified disbelief, whilst the
 other half show excited encouragement. Rumours are spreading
 quickly. Those with fine-tuned hearing will be able to hear a
 few exclamations in the crowds. Awful, horrid words. Ignoring
 them, GEORGE is behind his panel along with two other
 CONTESTANTS. In his spot, the same GAMESHOW HOST from before
 is burning up inside, though showing an unnerving quiet. After
 a few further minutes, the all clear is given to the HOST and
 the live filming starts. The white lights go off and leave the
 multi-coloured ones on their own.

GAMESHOW HOST
 (hiding intense rage)
 Sir George, I understand that not only
 have you never won a competition, you
 have never scored a point...
 understood a question, showed any sign
 of respect....

SIR GEORGE
 (reasonably good mood)
 Yes, that's right...

GAMESHOW HOST
 ... Well, this time you've WON...

SIR GEORGE
 (gaining self
 confidence and mood
 improving, fast)
 Jalepeno! I told you!

GAMESHOW HOST
 (in utter disbelief)
 And now you're the prime minister
 of the United Kingdom...

Someone in the AUDIENCE claps.

GAMESHOW HOST
 (mouthing to cameramen)
 What the fuck is going on?!

SIR GEORGE
 (impressed with
 himself)
 Wow, that is a good prize! I never
 realised getting hold of dictionaries
 was so difficult...

GAMESHOW HOST
 (pause)
 No. I'm not tolerating this bullshit
 anymore. Not anymore, I'm not. No. I'm
 going home, I quit. Bye!

Turning away from their cameras, the FILM CREW encourage the AUDIENCE to chant 'Go George' over and over. They do this by mouthing (yes, they like mouthing) the words to them, and raising their arms up and down with awkward, unsure movements.

AUDIENCE
 (half excited, half
 astonished)
 GO GEORGE! GO GEORGE! GO GEORGE!

SIR GEORGE
 (shouting over the
 audience, and
 ecstatic)
 YES! YES!!! YEEEEESSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The CAMERA MAN is another FILM CREW MEMBER dressed in black. He is 20 years old and has a small tattoo of a rubber chicken on his boyish face. Other than that, he kind of blends into the environment. So much so, that I forgot to write about him in the gameshow studio scene description. Something about his look just exudes averageness. He is average height, build, looking, etc.

CAMERA MAN
 (with strong
 enthusiasm)
 Sir George! What are your new
 policies??

SIR GEORGE
 (overwhelmed with
 excitement)
 Well, I don't know.... mandatory cup
 cakes for Chinese librarians?

CAMERA MAN
 That's BRILLIANT! What else???

SIR GEORGE
 And I was thinking these cupcakes
 should contain blueberries, with
 different words written on them...
 Like 'wunderbar!' and 'schnell!'

CAMERA MAN
 Of course! What else??

SIR GEORGE
 (gaining confidence and
 very excited)
 The blueberries should be extra salty!
 And when you eat them, you should feel
 excited!

CAMERA MAN
 Perhaps they should contain large
 quantities of caffeine?

SIR GEORGE
 Exactly!

CAMERA MAN
 (to the audience)
 Let's hear it for George! Our saviour!

The CAMERA MAN corrects himself with awkwardness.

CAMERA MAN
 ...I mean the king of gameshows! GO
 GEEEEEOOOOOORGE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AUDIENCE
 GO GEORGE! GO GEORGE! GO GEORGE!

SIR GEORGE cries with happiness.

CAMERA MAN
 (to audience, excited
 and smiling)
 And because you've been such a
 great audience, you can all go home
 early!

AUDIENCE
 (confused and stopping
 chanting)
 Huh?

CAMERA MAN
 (irritated)
 Yeah, now piss off.

The CAMERA MAN remembers he is heard live on air, after getting carried away.

CAMERA MAN
 ... Yeah, piss off.

The filming stops and SIR GEORGE faints with excitement. His fall onto the hard studio floor causes a few cuts and scrapes, but there doesn't seem to be any need for concern. It isn't long before he recovers from the drop, but he is put on a stretcher, heading for hospital. This is just in case he has any injuries to his valuable brain. He leaves the building to the muffled sounds of AUDIENCE chanting; things like 'go George, you're so mighty!' can be heard. For whatever reason, the CAMERA MAN makes a series of communicative, enigmatic winks to many of the other STAFF.

INT: HOSPITAL WARD, LONDON - NIGHT, 1 HOUR LATER

The hospital ward is a white room with 5 beds in it. Blue curtains separate the mattresses, in a poor effort to create privacy. There is little space in GEORGE'S mini section, as a desk with inedible food on it covers much of the floor. On the plus side, a small television is fixed to the ceiling on GEORGE'S favourite channel, 'UIGHHIOH989HG9IYUGTY78T78'.

In peace and filled with curiosity, GEORGE rests in this ward for the rest of the night. He does so, not having a clue what the future will bring. In the morning, he is greeted by strange, massive MEN in black suits and sunglasses. They are surrounding him and the PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR, whilst looking vigilant and poker-faced.

This PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR is a stone-faced 55 year old, whose eyes suggest a lifetime of sadness. He has dark grey, mop-like hair that partially covers his large ears. He is quite tall and a little over-weight. However, his deep blue suit does a good job of hiding his body fat.

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
 (with a serious tone)
 Hello, George. The Prime Minister has
 been sacked. You have one Hell of a
 responsibility coming up.

SIR GEORGE
 (tired)
 Banging...

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
 If you like...

SIR GEORGE
 Wonderfantastular.

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
 Excellent. You're a strong willed so
 and so, George. I think you'll bounce
 back in no time. Come with us...

SIR GEORGE slowly but surely starts to get out of his bed.

SIR GEORGE
 (still rather tired)
 Eurgh... God dammit... Ok.....

A little weak, SIR GEORGE takes the hand of one of the
 BODYGUARDS (he realises what they are, now). He then follows
 them with a limp, through the bare white corridors to the
 outside of the building.

EXT: OUTSIDE OF THE HOSPITAL, LONDON - 2 MINUTES LATER

From the outside, obviously the hospital exterior can be seen.
 It is a well designed and attractive building, that shames the
 council estates in the distance. Its construction almost looks
 fragile, but is stylish. It has more deep blue windows on its
 outside than white concrete blocks. The warm sun centred in
 the clear blue sky shines on the panes, making them sparkle
 like diamonds. Because of this, there are some who envy the
 sick.

Where the GROUP are standing however, is the not so pleasing
 hospital car lot. GEORGE and CO.'s space is close to the
 clinic, adjacent to the disabled parking section. This is
 lucky, as walking the area's length would take quite some
 time. However, many VISITORS are doing so. This grey place is
 packed with every kind of car imaginable. Little else is seen,
 other than the odd parking meter and stressed out TRAFFIC
 WARDEN.

The PARTY make their way to the PMA's limousine, (I nearly
 said 'limousin'. That would be a completely different
 story!... :S).

Once everyone is seated, the CHAUFFEUR drives the GROUP to the Houses of Parliament. At the wish of the PMA, the whole journey is silent. There is only so much of GEORGE any man can take.

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON - AFTERNOON

Once at the centre of his thrilling new career, GEORGE spends the next few hours getting settled into the alien building. He is given a tour which ends at the Houses of Parliament meeting room. The TOURISTS (the BODYGUARDS and the ADVISOR) then leave him there with the latter.

This room is a design so large and imposing, one could be forgiven for calling it totally unnecessary. The ceiling is around 3 storeys high, priceless chandeliers dangle from it and it's composed of historical woods and golds. The same design applies to the grandiose doors, walls and its cupboards. The carpet is a brilliant red, with regal silver patterns on it. In the middle of this gigantic hall is the large oak debating table. Without a doubt, the aesthetics on the whole were considered to expert standard. SIR GEORGE certainly doesn't want to leave the organisation, now he's seen this spectacle.

Dozens of MPs are sitting around the aforementioned table and are debating with fierce intensity. The atmosphere is hopeful but pressured and uncertain, as SIR GEORGE sits down and lies back on his special seat. With out-of-place mannerisms, the recent RECRUIT wears his newly awarded hat, with the word 'king' written on it. It's a shame it's only made of paper, but it will do. The PMA remains standing with dominance.

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR

(with a serious voice)

Prime Minister George, we need stupidity on a mass scale or we're all doomed. We need something everyone will see, a dumb TV program, maybe. Any thoughts?

SIR GEORGE looks blank and can't think of anything to say.

PMA

(trying harder)

..... do you have any good ideas?...
Hypothetically speaking?

SIR GEORGE

(unsure)

.... I was thinking the other day about writing a soap opera.....

PMA

Go on....

SIR GEORGE

.... It's a soap opera filled with action. It's called 'Carnage!....'

.... That was a weird set of circumstances, wasn't it? Well, reality is indeed sometimes stranger than fiction. I once saw someone dressed as Sherlock Holmes have an argument with a duck. That was strange. Schizophrenia is also very strange and real, but at the same time the delusions are fictitious. Get your head around that one.

14. Carnage!

What can we learn from this soap opera? Why don't you work the message out for yourself?... But first, let's see how the GAMESHOW HOST is handling the far-out situation that he's become a part of... Just out of curiosity...

INT: GAMESHOW HOST'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - ONE WEEK LATER, DAY

A semi-well kept living room, in a cream tiled London flat. White leather furniture is laid out with perfect symmetry, behind a state-of-the-art flat screen TV and a beige, granite table. To the right of the room, is one massive window that lets in all of the glorious sunlight. However, cans of energy drinks lie on the floor, cheapening the overall vibe. The GAMESHOW HOST sits with rigid anger, muttering the same words over and over, again.

GAMESHOW HOST

(clenching his teeth)

Sir George... Sir George... Sir George....

Oh, he's handling it badly.

The HOST takes a break from his obsessive hatred and opens up another energy drink can. He hopes it will improve his mood, but it doesn't. It's too weak. Soldiering on, he turns on his TV. He is about to watch the much talked about soap opera, 'Carnage!' This new type of television better be good.

'CARNAGE' SOAP OPERA CREDITS

The sun is radiant and the sky is crystal clear. PEOPLE are smiling with excessive, toothy grins whilst frolicking in the pool. Even their playing is exaggerated. The ELDERLY give warm smiles to each other and the theme tune is happy and optimistic. However, the singing suggests some kind of weird bitonality. Most likely, unintentional.

INT: CARNAGE STREET, BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Here goes...

STACY is a 40 year old, with a laid-back voice and hope in her eyes. She is very attractive, with natural long blonde hair and chestnut-brown eyes. For this occurrence, she is wearing an expensive black and white tuxedo.

BRAD is clearly a warm hearted 65 year old; his eyes are quite puppy-like. He is fat and bald, but for his age he is quite attractive. He is wearing a slightly cheaper tuxedo than STACY because he doesn't want to show her up.

These two are chatting to each other, whilst sharing a meal the former prepared herself. They are in the cozy, warm coloured dining room, using the kind of cutlery reserved for special occasions. The sun is shining through the pretty Edwardian windows, making the dyed glasses they drink wine from twinkle. Everything looks very elegant and well-prepared. Not a hint of dirt is in sight.

STACY

(with genuine warmth)

Brad, I've known you my entire life, and I don't think I've ever said how much you mean to me. Everyone on Carnage Street loves you. If anyone has a problem, you're the first person they go to...

BRAD

(also with genuine warmth)

Oh, Stacy. You are so kind, saying that. However, I don't need your thanks, because I'm so fortunate. There are many poor souls who are starving in this world. Give some of your warm heart to them.

STACY

Brad. You are so wise and thoughtful, too! This town would be so empty without you. I hope you are enjoying my dinner...

BRAD

(with a warm smile on his face)

... It's delicious...

BRAD

Forgive me, but I must pick up my children from horse riding lessons.

STACY

Let me come with you. It's the least I
can do.

BRAD smiles.

EXT: HORSE RIDING SCHOOL - DAY

The sun is still shining. Vast green fields stretch for miles,
and horses gallop with free spirits. BRAD, STACY and GUS are
plonked by the stables. GUS is an attractive and tall 20 year
old blonde man, with a goofy bowl-cut hairstyle. His smile
goes from ear to ear and his teeth are a brilliant white. He
wears fashionable clothes and trainers.

BRAD

(with a cheerful face
and voice)

Gus, my dearest son! How good it is to
see you!

GUS

Father, I am so excited! And I love
the tuxedo!

BRAD

Thanks. What's the good news?

GUS

I'm getting married!

BRAD

(Brad's mood darkens)

..... You're what?...

GUS

(confused)

You're not happy for me?

BRAD

Gus, there is something you need to
know.

GUS

.... What is it?...

BRAD

When people get married here.... bad
things happen....

GUS

(with a nervous smile)

You're scaring me...

BRAD

You should be scared. The first time someone got married in this street, the bride didn't turn up...

GUS

(with a light heart,
and interrupting)
.... But Sharon loves me!

BRAD

(starting to get
irritated)
Son, I haven't finished!

BRAD tries to calm himself down.

BRAD

.... The second time someone got married here, two people died in a tractor accident...

GUS

(interrupting)
You're being silly!

BRAD

Quiet!.... The third time someone got married round here, the church exploded and nine people were decapitated by flying cutlery..... And the fourth time..... Someone detonated a nuclear weapon underground this very village, flattening everything..... That was only months before you were born. We never speak about it, because it haunts all our minds constantly and we just want the pain to end.

GUS

Superstitious nonsense!

STACY

(with a firm voice)
Your father is right, Gus. If you get married, this town isn't going to make it.

GUS

I'll get married abroad!

BRAD

(getting angrier)
... And risk a plane crashing into our beloved town?!

GUS
I'll travel by ferry!

STACY
... And what if the rats onboard the
ship carry plague? You will doom us
all...

GUS
(now he's getting
angry, too)
Listen! Me and Sharon are getting
married and there is NOTHING you can
do about it!

BRAD and STACY look grim.

INT: GUS AND SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY

GUS AND SHARON'S house is small and well-groomed, but
tasteless. Weird, modern furniture which they sit on looks
random and unplanned. In a way fitting to the darkness in
their souls, the curtains are closed, blocking the sunlight.
Block-like artificial lights are turned on, however, showing
the pink, yellow and green wallpaper.

GUS
(smiling, but
frightened inside)
Sharon, I can't wait to marry you. I
look forward to driving with you in a
stylish bullet proof limousine, after
having a charming wedding service in a
bomb proof church with extra thick,
metal walls.

Oh deary me, I forgot again. SHARON is a petit, 50 year old
woman with greying-brown hair. For whatever reason, she has a
small rubber chicken tattooed on her wrinkled though still
attractive face. Her choice of clothing fits the warm weather,
at least. But let's face it; it's awful.

SHARON
Gus, I feel exactly the same!

INT: BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dirty, empty and moonlit dinner plates, lie on the table, BRAD
and STACY are sitting at. This is not the time for chores, but
for action. They are still wearing the same clothes.

BRAD

(with a sad face)

Stacy, I do love my son, but I can't have him putting this whole town in danger...

STACY

I agree. If Gus and Sharon get married, the whole world might end!

BRAD

It breaks my heart to think this, but I think I have an idea....

EXT: CHURCH GARDEN - DAY

It is a gorgeous, sunlit day. Birds sing together in harmony, in the tall church garden trees. By their sides, a diverse and abundant group of immaculately dressed INVITEES are laughing with each other. Out of many people's eyes, a well turned out GUS is seen in his rented, white limousine (not limousin). He un-buckles himself, jesting with his fellow seated FRIENDS. In the anticipation he is (almost) without a care in the world. He greets the GUESTS then promenades into the picturesque, fairytale-like church. This is to the sound of universal, excited cheers.

INT: INSIDE OF THE CHURCH - SECONDS LATER

The inside of the armoured church elicits ethereal and holy emotions into its VISITORS. It has stunning stained glass windows on its sides, letting in the sunlight with wonderful golden beams. Even though the seats are now very old, they are comfortable and not worn at all. Holy pictures decorate every inch of their robust cloth. There are two rows of pews in this building, with a red-carpeted aisle in-between them.

Wearing cleaned tuxedos, BRAD and SHARON are seated at the rear-left of the room. They make an effort not to show any emotion, making them look somewhat comical. To their relief, the church is rowdy and just about full. This stops the DUO from standing out too much. Especially as GUS and the WEDDING BAND are getting most of the attention at the front.

Rubbing his hands with enthusiasm, the PRIEST is waiting for the service to start. He is a 60 year old man with a kind demeanor. Looking into his deep blue eyes is like looking into warm honey. In part because of his lofty height, he uses a walking stick to aid himself. He is dressed neck to floor in a magnificent purple gown, making him look very important. As he walks up and down the aisle, he drags his clothes with him.

GUS soon spots his FATHER and skips across the building to approach him.

GUS
 (with a happy smile)
 Hello, father!

BRAD rises from his seat, with a sad face.

BRAD
 Son, it breaks my heart to do this...

GUS
 Do wh.....

BRAD
 (pulling a shotgun from
 under his suit)
 CARNAGE!!!!

PRIEST
 (lost for words)
 Wh....?

BRAD
 (shouting at the priest
 and firing)
 EAT LEAD, PUSSY!

PRIEST
 (with empathy, as he
 falls)
 I know you must be going through a
 hard time right now, but it's not
 worth it!

BRAD
 THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE!

With a rampant fury, BRAD shoots at the WEDDING BAND. Despite their distance, they are far from safe.

BRAD
 YOU SUCK, NOW SUCK MY LEAD!!!

Everyone who can, takes cover in the gaps underneath their seats, whilst crying. They cover their ears to block out the screams and pray in horror.

PRIEST
 (terrified)
 Oh my God, this is a blood bath! Call
 the police!

BRAD
 THEY'RE TRYING TO CALL THE POLICE,
 STACY, DETONATE THE FUCKING BOMBS!!!

Everyone in the church makes deafening cries.

ENDING CREDITS

The theme song from before plays as the credits roll. Happy PEOPLE playing volleyball on a sunny beach are shown.

... You learnt something valuable about life there, didn't you? Well done, the moral wasn't easy to pick up on. I won't say what it is though, because doing so would take some of the power out of it. Did you know Gaahl from Gorgoroth never writes his lyrics down, as that would make them less potent? If you're curious, I'm guessing (it isn't clear) most of his songs are about slowly drinking wine with Satan.

Search engining 'Gaahl' and 'Satan', together, it's very funny. Next however, the moral is more obvious and needs no explanation.

15. Special Case

... The moral coming up riight, now... Hang on? Isn't this the Houses of Parliament? How could there be any morals there? Ohhhhhh! Satire! Badum tish!...

But first... Again... Has the GAMESHOW HOST cheered up after watching that program? Let's find out.... Holy moly, what foul language. On the other hand, let's not.

Moving on, what has SIR GEORGE been doing since the showing of 'Carnage! '? Good question. He's basically been writing more dramas and offering his wisdom. His insight is highly valued to his fellow MPs, which is lucky because in secret they can't stand him...

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON - MORNING, 2 DAYS LATER

... Nevertheless, excitement fills the special meeting room, as Carnage! is a big hit. Its reviews are terrible, yet people feel compelled to watch it. The program has also got everyone talking on social media.

SARAH is sitting at the epic table with SIR GEORGE, the PMA and a huge group of other MPs. She is a 30 year old politician with an air of responsibility. She dresses in a very smart grey suit and has piercing eyes on her hard face. Her bouffant hairstyle makes her look rather old-fashioned. Her voice is also deeper than the average woman, though smooth and calming. Because of all these characteristics she can be described as tomboy-ish.

SARAH

Sir George, we are extremely impressed with your policies. People are exploding less and less and cats are thriving.

SIR GEORGE

(pleased with himself)

Why thank you!

SARAH

No, thank you. I have to go to see a specialist doctor, but when I come back, there are a few things I would like to discuss with you.

SIR GEORGE

(loving the power)

Great!

Beneath all the positivity, however, SARAH is nervous. Something isn't right... She leaves the building with dignity and gets into her modest and dated car. She drives in a sensible fashion to the DOCTOR'S, obeying all laws with respect. However, her negative thinking is starting to impair her basic judgement skills.

INT: DOCTOR'S OFFICE, LONDON - 2 HOURS LATER

A pure white, box-like room with coordinating plastic chairs and a table in the centre. Its cleanliness and hygienic nature are reassuring; at least in part. Nothing here suggests any kind of unprofessionalism. All files are neatly contained in drawers, fixed to the walls. Relevant documents can be seen, slightly hanging out of the cabinets and they're ready for use. A mid-range computer running a pinball program lies on the DOCTOR'S desk, which the PRACTITIONER sits at.

This MAN is a 55 year old with white hair. His bearded face shows wisdom, but something about his eyes just isn't right. Luckily for him, his thick old-fashioned spectacles partially cover them. He is also wearing a spotless white suit. He is very tall and moves with big, jerky movements, even when seated.

DOCTOR

(excited)

Hello, Sarah! Please take a seat with me...

SARAH sits down, not knowing what to make of the situation.

DOCTOR

I have some very exciting news for you...

SARAH
What is it?

DOCTOR
You are a very special person,
Sarah...

SARAH
I don't understand... I'm just here,
because I have a very persistent sore
throat...

DOCTOR
No, no, no. What you have isn't just a
sore throat, it is something highly
unusual. I'd never think I'd see
something like this in my lifetime...

SARAH
(confused)
What is it?

DOCTOR
(with positivity)
Well.... looking at the blood tests
we've given you... I don't know how to
put this... You have a disease that
only 100 people have ever had in the
history of the world. We're talking
about millions of millions to one
here!

SARAH
(panicking)
I have a disease?

DOCTOR
(excited)
Yes, an extremely rare one! And very
painful, too. The amount you will
suffer is quite unusual in itself!

SARAH
Oh my God!

DOCTOR
You must be very pleased!

SARAH
Why the hell would I be pleased???

DOCTOR
(confused)
.... Because of millions and millions
to one?....

SARAH
What's going to happen to me??

DOCTOR
(with a dismissive
voice)
Just a typical explosion...

SARAH
Like what happens to people when they
eat expired food??

DOCTOR
(excited)
Very similar, yes!

SARAH takes a deep breath and brainstorms in her mind. After what seems like flipping ages, she has an interesting thought.

SARAH
..... Is it really true that an apple
a day keeps the doctor away?

DOCTOR
It used to be. But with the proverb
strengthening you were telling me
about (cheeky, she shouldn't have done
that - BEN) fading... I'm not sure
that's true any more...

SARAH
So there is no hope for me??

DOCTOR
Sure there is! With Sir George as
prime minister, you can have peace of
mind knowing that you will die a very
fascinating death! Good day!

She was tense before, but she's a heck of a lot more tense, now. She makes the same journey back to parliament, but this time drives with recklessness. Red lights mean nothing. Poor OLD LADIES waiting at zebra crossings mean less.

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, NORWICH (JOKE, JUST TESTING IF YOU'RE PAYING ATTENTION) - AFTERNOON, 2 HOURS LATER

PEOPLE are still exchanging views with SIR GEORGE; what direction should the country should take? How much funding can we take away from schools without causing uproar? Etc., etc. However, most are calmer and more adapted to the situation than before. Often distracted from discussion, GEORGE gazes up at the impressive ceiling in wonder. He thinks no one notices, but they do.

SARAH bursts into the room, banging the wooden doors loudly against the wall. Her excessive effort was unintentional.

SARAH
(with nervous defiance)
Everybody, listen up!

The MPs stop talking.

SARAH
Is proverb strengthening REALLY such a bad thing? Sure, people might explode every now and then, but what if everyone eats an apple a day... to keep doctors away? Most people be completely fine! Better off, even!

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
Are you insane? Who knows what chaos that would create?! Can you imagine a world where people could literally be sons of guns, for example?? Half human, half weapons going around the place wreaking havoc??

SARAH
That's true, but think of all the possibilities! What if people were literally born with silver spoons in their mouths, for example? Think of the economy! Britain would easily be the largest exporters of silver in the whole world!

SIR GEORGE
(intrigued)
Ooh!

PMA
(astonished, but still open to the idea)
.... You're not thinking??

SIR GEORGE
That IS a lot of silver....

PMA
You are right, that is a lot of silver. Ok. I guess we can give it a try, at least. But if things go badly, which they very well might, we can always put Carnage! back on the air...

SIR GEORGE
Agreed!

'That IS a lot of silver'. When you have finished reading this book, I urge you to remember that phrase in particular. Everyone likes silver, sure, but when material goods become a main motivator, bad things WILL happen. Bad, crazy things.

16. Out of control

Go on, try to imagine how crazy things get... We're not in parliament this time, but we're close. Walking distance, in fact.

INT: SHADY MP'S APARTMENT, LONDON - LATER THAT NIGHT

This scene is set inside an ultra-apartment in London. Its quality and features are reminiscent of a five star hotel. Just about everything in sight is gold or silver plated. The floor is tiled with alternate golds and silvers, the table is plated with gold, as are the TV frame, the wall tiles, the sound system, etc. Even the couch is spray painted with a thick 24 carat gold shell. Here, sitting in not enough decadence, a SHADY MP thinks to himself with dark excitement. He is 70 years old, average height and thin.

If you like more details you'll probably forget, (I don't really care, either), this INDIVIDUAL has a 'mental institution' look about him. His eyes are crazed, his wrinkled face is white and his lips are bright red. Whenever he speaks or drinks his scary brown teeth are shown. There you go.

Relaxed, he is sipping fine whisky. He turns the lights off to help him concentrate and shut out any distractions. Obeying the laws of physics, the whole abode is now in a sinister pitch black. As a result of the mild sensory deprivation, the taste of the beverage is accentuated. However, in the MP's euphoria he barely notices.

SHADY MP

(thinking to himself)

Now that proverb strengthening will
grow again, I can do anything I
want.... There are so many proverbs to
make reality... So much power I can
gain. But what direction should I
take?...

SHADY MP takes a big sip and strokes his chin, in thought. GENGHIS, the puppy GERMAN SHEPHERD enters the obscured room and paces around, trying to get the MP'S attention. He yelps in desperation every few seconds. However, the MP is way too self-absorbed to realise. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of Cuban cigars. He lights one and continues plotting.

SHADY MP

(still thinking)

... Of course! Cleanliness is next to
 Godliness! Or even Cleanliness IS
 Godliness if you use modern cleaning
 methods. We're not in Biblical times,
 now, things have advanced. I'm going
 to record that phrase and play it in
 the background, constantly!

From his other pocket, the SHADY MP picks out his special idea recorder, given to him by Sir George. He then records the magical phrase into it. Next, he connects it to his sound system, so he can blast the words out at full volume. He has set his device to repeat them, over and over. Without any doubt, he has no regard for his neighbours. His table and glass of whisky shakes in the cacophony, whilst he head bangs as hard as he can manage. Arthritis makes these violent movements difficult and painful, but his overwhelming compulsions are too difficult to resist.

SHADY MP

(manically repeating
 himself over and over,
 whilst cleaning his
 apartment with a
 hoover)

CLEANLINESS IS GODLINESS! CLEANLINESS
 IS GODLINESS! CLEANLINESS IS
 GODLINESS!

GENGHIS looks even more concerned. Dogs are clearly very smart; maybe they should fly planes... No, no. Of course, not. Sorry about that. What happens between this time and next morning? After washing, the MP goes to bed. However, he finds it hard to sleep in the elation. (And indeed, the almost unbearable noise). I could have described how he brushes his teeth if you really wanted me to, but I thought better of it... Oh, alright then: Up, down, up, down. Sideways, sideways, down, up, down. (Every brush lasts an equal amount of time). X 20. Happy now? Freak.

Anyway, ('AAARGH!!'... Alright, alright) did you notice how he brushes in one bar of 4/8 and one bar of 5/8? When combined with the standard 4/4 phrase in the background, this creates an interesting polymeter. Very prog. He does that unique brushing pattern again in the morning. The same expression is still playing and it isn't going to stop any time soon. After cleaning his mangled elderly teeth, he leaves his house with a swagger and strides to work. It is a while until his sound system is too far away to be heard.

EXT: STREETS OF LONDON - MORNING

Looking up, dismal grey-black clouds are everywhere. The rain falls down in blankets and creates puddles. It seems the sunny times have gone, both real and fictitious. The streets, shadowed by tall historical buildings are very crowded and grumpy PEDESTRIANS are minding their own business. However, the wind occasionally pushing them, makes them look slightly silly. The SHADY MP is smirking to himself as his villainous plans are about to become reality...

SHADY MP
 (shouting, with his
 arms raised in the
 air)
 MAY IT STOP RAINING!!!

Everyone in the busy street has their eyes fixed on the SHADY MP, with quiet uneasiness. One OLD LADY runs away.

SHADY MP
 MAY IT STOP RAINING, FOR I AM GOD!!!

The rain stops dead and most gasp in amazement. Many drop their suitcases, soaking them in water.

SHADY MP
 (with open arrogance)
 Yeah! How about that?! Now give me a
 fucking burger with large fries!

From the sky, the requested meal homes into the SHADY MP's hands. This miracle makes a neat hole in the cloud the objects dropped from. Everyone looks stunned, especially as light beams through the gap.

SHADY MP
 Oh, fuck yeah! Who's the King??

The SHADY MP leaves the zombieified WITNESSES like nothing has happened. Inside however, he is very pleased. He walks the rest of the journey to parliament in a typical fashion, but he can't resist skipping up the steps of the building.

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS) - SOON AFTER

A group of inconspicuous, water drinking MPs are sitting around the debating table. This is along with the equally hydration-conscious and more dominant PMA and SARAH. SIR GEORGE is busy elsewhere, however. The SHADY MP parades into the area, proud of himself and larger than life. Once through the hefty doors, he shuts them as if they are his own.

SHADY MP
 (with overt confidence)
 Hey, guess what, everybody? I'm God
 now!

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
 (irritated)
 What are you on about Thomas? We're at
 work, we have no time for your
 stupidity, here!

SHADY MP (THOMAS)
 No, no, I'm totally God. Look, I can
 fly and everything!

The SHADY MP zooms across the spacious room, with a smug satisfaction. He knocks over cupboards by the walls and glasses of water on the table in the process. He just about avoids the priceless chandeliers. However, he doesn't care and neither does anyone else. The BYSTANDERS aren't quite as surprised as you'd might expect, though, as he makes a landing.

PMA
 Oh, Jesus Christ! I knew this would
 happen! Who else has been screwing
 around with proverb strengthening??

As THOMAS isn't holding everyone's concentration anymore, some other PMS finally become noticeable. This is as they put their hands up, trying hard not to draw attention to themselves. Sadly, that is impossible.

PMA
 Edward? What have you been up to?!

EDWARD is another MP. He is 50 years old and fat. His hair is red and flows down to his shoulders in curls. His face is studious, and pockmarked.

EDWARD
 (with clear
 awkwardness)
 Well, you know only the good die
 young...

PMA
 (awaiting his response,
 in anxiety and anger)
 Yes, Edward....

EDWARD
 I've been slapping people and
 running away.... So I live to a ripe
 old age...

MARK is also an MP and he blends in AMAZINGLY well. He is 40 years old, toweringly tall and has the body of a WWE wrestler. He is half human, half lizard. His skin is like a patchwork of scales and flesh. His face is sharp and masculine and his sad eyes are a shining yellow. His tongue is snake-like and his voice hisses with a depressed tone.

MARK

(with a nervous hiss)

I've been repeating 'accidents will happen'...

PMA

What good would that do? That's just cruel! Dear God, this is not acceptable behaviour for people in our professions! No more proverb strengthening! What the hell was I thinking? Get Sir George in here now, we need more stupidity!

THOMAS

What if he doesn't agree? He's the Prime Minister, not you!

PMA

Oh, shut up! We'll make him agree, the whole world will be in chaos if this madness doesn't stop!

SIR GEORGE strolls into the room after being phoned by one of his ASSISTANTS. FYI, the ASSISTANT didn't sound happy.

SIR GEORGE

(with a cheerful smile)

Hello!...

PMA

(angry)

George, this is insanity! Proverbs MUST be weak once again, there is no other choice.

SIR GEORGE

(annoyed)

So the sun can never shine on both sides of the hedge? Imagine how great that would be... to have the peace of mind....

SARAH explodes. The whole room is traumatised, but unsurprised.

PMA
 (in despair)
 Oh, Jesus Christ!!...

The PMA soldiers on...

PMA
 .. I know this must be hard for you,
 but there really are no other
 options.... We need more stupidity and
 fast. Do you have any more... 'good'
 ideas?

SIR GEORGE
 (repressing the
 situation)
 ... Actually....

..... The MPs are starting to realise how easily it is for people to be corrupted, and how dangerous corruption can be. That's a start. They also don't have to worry about SARAH. She's with me, now. (She's really annoying, she keeps pointing out my flaws).

As the next scene is entirely fictional, you're free to laugh at it, but only because it's so bad. Can you believe people used to watch what's coming up, next?? I bet you're going 'Hey! The message of this story is kindness! Laughing at things isn't kind!' Well, it's SUPPOSED to be bad, so it doesn't matter. 'But what about the people watching it? Aren't you insulting them?' No, I'm not, just move on.

17. Remorse

That's right, another episode of Carnage! Get the popcorn ready!! At this point in the story, this is what millions of viewers watch on their TVs...

TV: CARNAGE STREET! CREDITS, SHOWN A WEEK AFTER THE GOVERNMENT MEETING

The same silly credits. The theme tune has since been updated, but not improved.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A hospital ward local to Carnage Street. Blood stains are on the vinyl floors and NURSES dressed in blue are mopping them up. They do so with a facial expression that implies this kind of work is routine. There is no sense of solitude; here is an open room, filled with patient beds and bleeping medical equipment.

Everyone can see everyone else and all the SICK are moaning in torment - that includes GUS, SHARON, the PRIEST and the WEDDING BAND. BRAD stands over them.

BRAD

(with genuine remorse
and tears in his eyes)

Gus... Sharon... The band who so
brilliantly sang at our wedding and of
course Jim, my favourite priest...
Words cannot describe how sorry I am.
Can you find it in your hearts to
forgive this old fool?

GUS

(with a weak voice)

.... Why... did you do it?....

BRAD

(crying)

I thought it was the right thing to
do, you know that!...

GUS

The wedding band will never walk
again!

BRAD

I know son, I know! But I
incapacitated them out of love!

GUS

To save this town from disaster? It
was you who caused the disaster!

BRAD

But what if it wasn't me? It could
have been much worse!

GUS

(starting to lose
control of his
feelings)

Someone probably would have just
fallen down a hole, or something!

BRAD

(crying harder)

Again?! Half of everyone in Carnage
Street has fallen down a hole at some
point!

GUS

Do you think that matters here?!

BRAD

No, but there are now no more holes to fall into!

GUS

Rubbish! There's always a hole! This whole place is one big shithole, which I fell into!

BRAD

You can't say that word! If anyone watching a recording of us before 9PM, heard that, they may complain to Channel 56786H55UIHUI78!

GUS

What?

BRAD

(confused by himself)
 I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. I haven't been thinking straight these past few days...

GUS

Just go...

BRAD

Yes, of course. Bye Gus, bye everyone. So sorry.... Ciao!

JIM AND THE WEDDING BAND

(weak)

Bye, Brad... God... bless you!....

INT: SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A high school classroom in Carnage Street. The room and almost everything in it is a shade of light brown. However, there is a blank whiteboard and projector at the front of the class, providing its only up-to-date technology. There are also colourful, attention-grabbing anti-proverb posters on the walls, and a funky old clock. Less excitingly, there are 30 small wooden tables and chairs. All but one are occupied. The 29 teenage PUPILS in grey are gossiping amongst themselves, in a loud clamour. Some are throwing books at each other and in the excitement, someone is even getting ready to throw his seat. That nonsense stops in a flash however, once the HOLE EDUCATOR walks into the room. The general mood is now nervousness.

The HOLE EDUCATOR is a 40 year old with black hair and a full walrus moustache. His upward slanting eyebrows are just as bushy and manly. His stature borders on dwarf-ish but his voice is deep and powerful.

Everything he says sounds serious and dramatic. He is holding a switch in his hand, to change slides shown on the whiteboard.

HOLE EDUCATOR
(with urgency)
Holes..... are no joke.... Ok?

There is silence in the classroom.

HOLE EDUCATOR
See this well?

After a click, the HOLE INSTRUCTOR points to a stone, moss covered well.

HOLE EDUCATOR
Looks pretty safe, doesn't it? How can anyone fall down a well, when there is a clear warning sign right next to it?

The clock can be heard ticking.

HOLE EDUCATOR
Well.... It is safe, now.... But only because the thing is so full of bodies, it's impossible to fall from a significant height.

The HOLE INSTRUCTOR clicks his switch, again. A picture of several rotting dead bodies in the hole is displayed. The SCHOOL CHILDREN gasp with dread.

HOLE EDUCATOR
Not good, is it?... See this cave?

The HOLE EDUCATOR changes slide, to the Carnage Street cave.

HOLE EDUCATOR
Some say even THINKING about it will cause an early death! So don't even think about it, ok?!

The SCHOOL CHILDREN freeze in their seats.

HOLE EDUCATOR
That got your attention, huh? Well it damn well should have done. Some say every time you recall the cave of death in your mind - as it is quite rightly known - your life will shorten by a day. Every single thought, a day lost. The cave of death, the cave of death, the cave of death.

That's three days gone, just now, so
listen up or pay the price!

An air vent cover falls from the ceiling, neatly onto the HOLE EDUCATOR'S face. A PUPIL laughs, but stops once he sees the EDUCATOR'S intimidating scowl.

HOLE EDUCATOR
(extremely irritated)
What the HELL was that? Jesus Christ,
I'm going to have to have a look
inside, now! If any pupil from this
school thinks crawling around in an
air vent is 'cool', there will be
serious consequences! That's right!
Just from THINKING it's cool!

The HOLE EDUCATOR drags the class's only unused table under the opening. Once the awful screeching is over, he then climbs on top of it. Due to to the furniture's cheap, poor design, it shakes. Ignoring this, the TEACHER jumps up to grab the edge of the gap. He then starts to pull himself up, and climbs into the bothersome hole. A random PUPIL in the back of the class shouts a halfhearted encouragement.

PUPIL
You can do it, Sir!

HOLE EDUCATOR
Ok, where are you, you little
punk?!..... AAARGHH!! IT'S A RAT!
IT'S COMING RIGHT AT ME!

The HOLE EDUCATOR jerks backwards with a powerful reflex. He then falls from the air vent onto the floor. Soon after, the ending credits are shown.

18. Film Class

Okey dokey. We're going to find out what secondary school students in Surrey thought of that episode. Just for fun, what did YOU think of it??

INT: SCHOOL CLASSROOM, SURREY - THE MORNING AFTER CARNAGE! WAS SHOWN

A secondary school film studies classroom in Surrey. The room is laid out like a traditional cinema, just on a smaller scale. An awesome plasma screen TV, almost as big as the wall itself is at the front of this theatre. The room is well kept and pretty much entirely dust-free. The air is clean and fresh. The wallpaper, velvet seating and plastic desks are a pleasing combination of different blues.

The 30 uniformed STUDENTS and their books are respectful and silent. I know what I said, yes, respectful books. They are listening carefully (yeah, right. Well, they might be) to the ever more uninterested TEACHER ahead of them.

MRS JOHNSON is a 35 year old, plump woman. Her glasses are modern and fashionable and they lie crooked on her masculine, strong-jawed face. She has shoulder-length, straight black hair that seems to be dyed. She is wearing a red and white polka dot dress and vintage shoes. In her left hand is a pencil and in her right is a notebook.

MRS JOHNSON

So, class... After watching the latest episode of Carnage!, what are your comments?

Once GARY speaks out, he stands out amongst the crowd and could be noticed by you, if you were there. Ultra experimental writing on my part, I know. He is a 15 year old pupil with a long and spotty face. Much of his lengthy brown hair covers it, to one side. His frame is chubby and his height is moderate. His rolled up sleeves show his hairy arms.

GARY

Is it supposed to be a joke or what?

MRS JOHNSON

Why do you say that, Gary?

GARY

Are you serious?! Brad just shot up a church and he got away with it?! His victims even said 'God bless you' after he shot them! Why was a well filled with dead bodies? Why were they just left there?

MRS JOHNSON

You make some good points, Gary. BUT... say you ignored those flaws? Wouldn't you enjoy Carnage! a lot more, then?

GARY

What, do you mean like ignorance is bliss?

MRS JOHNSON

(panicking)

No!

MRS JOHNSON snaps the pencil in her hand in fear.

MRS JOHNSON
 (composing herself)
 Gary, you should never use proverbs
 after watching TV... Or ever, for that
 matter.

GARY
 Why not?

MRS JOHNSON
 Because ignorance is bliss!... I mean
 because stupidity is good... Or even
 better, 'dumb is good stuff'.

GARY
 Are you having a mental breakdown,
 Miss?

MRS JOHNSON
 No, of course not! Dumb good, think
 equals 'aargh', enjoy life, be not
 think.

GARY
 I think you are, Miss...

For no reason, a PUPIL throws a book at GARY. His face is
 smiling.

GARY
 OW! Miss, someone just threw something
 at me!

MRS JOHNSON
 Who did that?!

The AGGRESSOR proudly puts his hand up.

MRS JOHNSON
 Well done, you can go home early.

The PUPIL leaves class as if he won the lottery. As he goes
 through the door, he sticks his middle finger up at GARY.

GARY
 Miss, why are you allowing this?!

MRS JOHNSON
 Gary, I've had enough of you! You have
 a week's detention!

GARY
 Wh.... wh.... wh?!

MRS JOHNSON

Those weren't real words, Gary....
Well done. Now you just have three
day's detention.

SIR GEORGE kicks open the classroom door, with a dramatic martial arts move. As no one is in the frame of mind to stop him or even say anything, GEORGE starts singing Elvis songs. This is whilst strumming a steel string acoustic guitar, with tremolo picking.

GARY

Miss, none of this makes sense. I'm
frightened!

MRS JOHNSON

Stop thinking and enjoy the music! Do
you like Elvis?

GARY

Not really.

MRS JOHNSON

Why?

GARY

Because Bach and Mozart's music is so
much more sophisticated.

MRS JOHNSON

Yes, and that's why you will one day
explode after ignoring a sell by date!

GARY

You are having a mental breakdown,
Miss!

MRS JOHNSON

That's enough of you! Everyone who
didn't do any work today, go home!
Gary, write out 'proverbs are bad'
1000 times!

All STUDENTS apart from GARY get ready to leave.

GARY

Miss, why?

MRS JOHNSON

Silence, Gary!

SIR GEORGE
(trying to calm her
down)

Er... Don't be so hard on the boy,
Mrs. Johnson. I'm sure that
troublesome young man has learnt his
lesson...

MRS JOHNSON
If you say so, Sir George. Ok, off you
go, Gary. Think long and hard about
what you have done.

GARY storms out of the room, confounded. All other PUPILS
leave normally. Once gone, SIR GEORGE shuts the classroom
door, making it splinter. He then starts to converse quietly
with the 'TEACHER'.

SIR GEORGE
Ah, I see the dumbening program we
agreed to is working well, Mrs.
Johnson. It's not perfect, but
significant progress is being made
throughout this school and indeed the
country. Can't we all just enjoy
Elvis, instead?

MRS JOHNSON
Yes, everything is going great. How
many others know of proverb
strengthening?

SIR GEORGE
Only the people I know I can trust.
Imagine if everyone had your
knowledge!

MRS JOHNSON
Quite. I shudder to think...

.... The lesson coming up is: Conspiracies are COMPLICATED. If
possible, it's probably best to leave conspiring well alone.
At least SIR GEORGE'S heart was in the right place, though.
(Well partly).

19. Oh Shit.

We're still in Surrey. If you're ever in the area, drop by
Longcross and go for a walk. Very nice.

Anyway, ('DON'T YOU FUCKING DA...' Ok! Last time!) in the time between the last scene and this, GARY stamped his way home. A lot has been going on in his mind, but none of it conclusive.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE, SURREY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

A darkened, messy room with the curtains open. Clashing colours add to the disorder; white pizza boxes, multi-coloured posters, green bed covers, etc. As planned, the un-homely surroundings keep other people out. A basic water-filled booby trap on top of the door makes sure of this. GARY is sitting at his PC, with the lights off. (As I said before, the room is darkened. I'm getting particularly experimental with my writing, now. I could have deleted the 'lights off' bit, but let's see where this goes). He overheard SIR GEORGE and MRS. JOHNSON plotting once he left the room, and is trying to make sense of the conversation.

GARY

(thinking to himself)

I knew Mrs. Johnson wanted the class to be stupid, but why?... And what the hell is proverb strengthening?! Why am I not allowed to say proverbs?? Let's search engine a saying and see what happens when I say one....

GARY search engines the phrase 'the truth will out', with his mind racing.

GARY

(still thinking)

Hm.. that's funny. No results found... How about if I just type in 'proverbs'...

GARY enters the word 'proverbs' into the browser.

GARY

(thinking)

That's even weirder... The word isn't recognised... Ok, I'll have to think of a proverb, myself... How about...

'no man is an island'... Ok, good. I'll keep saying that and see what happens. Screw you, Mrs. Johnson!

GARY rewards himself with a packeted chocolate biscuit, produced from his pocket. He knows he is doing something wrong and maybe even scary. With crumbs still in his mouth, he goes somewhere very dark.

GARY
 (chanting aloud with
 nervous defiance)
 No man is an island! No man is an
 island!

GARY chants this phrase with a booming voice, about 50 times. Once he is finished, there is an eerie quiet and a palpable sense of evil. His mind freezes and terror fills his body. It is unknown by him why. After experiencing the exact same chilling sensations, his MOTHER calls him down.

GARY'S MOTHER has the voice of a short and obese 50 year old, with half brown, half grey hair. Her lips sound (and are) thin and her face sounds saggy. She seems like she's dressed in a black dress with white patterns on it. On her bare feet, there are surely black sandals.

GARY'S MOTHER
 (with urgency)
 Gary, come down, quick! This is BIG
 news!

GARY
 What is it??

GARY'S MOTHER
 The Isle of Man has disappeared!

GARY
 WHAT?!

GARY'S MOTHER
 It's on the news, right now!

After disarming his weapon of mass irritation, GARY runs down the winding staircase as fast as he can. He creates loud thumps as his feet slam against the wooden steps. He bursts into the respectful, pale blue living room not caring about the just un-packaged furniture, phone and DVD player. He sits down, muscles stiff with tension. This is with the rest of his dumbfounded FAMILY. Everyone stares at the TV and the NEWS REPORTER, on it.

Remember him? He's back in black. (By this I mean he's outside in the darkness). Sorry to disappoint you, but he still looks as one would expect. He's now wearing a raincoat, however and he is in a helicopter with its door open. The rain pours down hard, and into the vehicle. He is hovering above where the Isle of Man used to be.

NEWS REPORTER
 If you have just tuned in, we are
 sorry to announce that today's episode
 of Carnage! has been cancelled.

Why? Because the Isle of Man is gone!
 As I'm already in the area, I can
 bring you news, right now! The story
 about the criminal Manx cat will have
 to wait.

GARY
 (traumatised)
 No man is an island! There is no Isle
 of Man, because no man is an island!

Straight after saying that dreaded phrase, ominous flashes
 from the TV light up the room.

NEWS REPORTER
 (in terror)
 What the fuck is going on?! Excuse my
 language, but who cares, right now?! I
 don't know what that loud rumbling is
 about, but I'm getting the FUCK out of
 here!

The TV screen turns black.

GARY
 (horrified)
 Mum?.... I think I've destroyed the
 Isle of Man!

GARY'S MOTHER
 (laughing it off)
 Oh, Gary! How could you have possibly
 destroyed the Isle of Man?

GARY
 I kept repeating 'no man is and
 island', even though I was told not
 to.

GARY'S MOTHER'S face darkens.

GARY'S MOTHER
 (with clear bitterness)
 I see.....

GARY
 (nervous)
 Mum? Are you ok?

GARY'S MOTHER
 Is that all you have to say for
 yourself?

GARY
 (upset)
 Well, not really, I was just asking a question..

GARY'S MOTHER
 (enraged)
 Gary!! First detention and now this?!?
 Go to your room, right now!!!
 Wait till Mrs. Johnson hears about this!

GARY
 Mum, it wasn't my fault!

GARY'S MOTHER
 You've killed a countless number of people, and it wasn't your fault?!

GARY
 (crying)
 Mum!

GARY'S MOTHER
 Go to your room right now!

GARY'S MOTHER phones MRS. JOHNSON, ashamed. GARY disappears.

GARY'S MOTHER
 You'll never guess what Gary has done, this time!

MRS JOHNSON
 What?

GARY'S MOTHER
 He's only gone and destroyed the Isle of Man!

MRS JOHNSON
 (laughing it off, but secretly slightly anxious)
 Don't be silly! How could he have done that?

GARY'S MOTHER
 He kept repeating 'no man is an island'...

MRS JOHNSON
 (shocked and with darkness)
 Oh...

GARY'S MOTHER
 (with strong anxiety)
 Mrs. Johnson?...

MRS JOHNSON
 I'm coming over right now. Make sure
 he doesn't say a word.

GARY'S MOTHER
 Mrs. Johnson, what's going o....

MRS. JOHNSON hangs up the phone.

GARY'S MOTHER
 Gary?! I'm coming up to see you!

GARY
 (still traumatised)
 What do you want?!

GARY'S MOTHER
 It's ok! Just don't say another word!
 Mrs. Johnson is coming to see you!

GARY'S MOTHER hurries up the stairs in panic and opens the door of GARY'S room. Water falls on her. Whoops. I guess the trap was activated out of habit.

GARY'S MOTHER
 (ignoring the water and
 the teacher's advice)
 I know none of this is your fault, but
 can you wish the Isle of Man back?

GARY
 All I did was repeat 'no man is an
 island' over and over. I think the
 reason I was told not to say proverbs
 in school, is because saying them
 seems to make them reality.

GARY'S MOTHER
 (trying to withhold
 anger)
 Well, then say a proverb to fix
 everything! How about 'a word to the
 wise is enough?'

GARY
 Ok, we need to say one word to someone
 who is wise. But who?

GARY'S MOTHER
 Mrs. Johnson will be coming over
 shortly.

GARY

(annoyed)

Mrs. Johnson is an idiot! There was one time the whole class stacked a load of tables on top of each other and everyone kept leaping off them. She didn't even do anything, she just looked at the people with a bored expression on her face!

GARY'S MOTHER

Don't you see? That WAS wise! Would you say building a stack of tables was unusual?

GARY

Yes, that's why it was funny...

GARY'S MOTHER

... Well familiarity breeds contempt...

GARY

(with thoughtfulness)

.... Oh yeah...

GARY'S MOTHER

Exactly. Now when Mrs. Johnson comes to visit, say one word to her and close the door in her face.

GARY

(excited)

Great!

The doorbell rings.

GARY'S MOTHER

Perfect timing! Now, you know what to do, Gary.

GARY

Ok!

After walking down the stairs and through the hallway, GARY'S MOTHER opens the front door to reveal the TEACHER.

GARY

(before MRS. JOHNSON
has a chance to say
anything)

Piss!

GARY shuts the door in her face, with a broad smile.

GARY'S MOTHER
 Gary! Out of all the words you could
 have said!

GARY
 (pretending to be
 sorry)
 It just came out!

GARY'S MOTHER
 (with hope)
 Never mind. Let's see what's on the
 news, now.

GARY and GARY'S MOTHER enter the living room in anticipation and watch the reappearing news. They are prepared for the worst and the MOTHER is already considering therapy for her SON.

NEWS REPORTER
 (almost speechless)
 Huh... Everything is fine now...

GARY
 (in disbelief)
 Well I'll be damned... Mrs.
 Johnson is wise...

GARY'S MOTHER
 (embarrassed)
 I'd better phone Mrs. Johnson and
 apologise.

... Yeah, the shit really hit the fan there, didn't it? What would you do to make this whole situation better? Go on, have a go, you might be right...

20. Big Brother

Here's what the government did. It shouldn't come as a surprise...

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, STILL LONDON. WHAT, DID YOU THINK IT MOVED?? FUCK IT, MAYBE IT WOULD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Here, there is an aura of dread and every now and then, someone faints and falls off their chair. Lower level and lone MPs are talking loudly amongst themselves, but no idea can extinguish the anxiety. The PMA prowls in the room with a fiery expression on his face. He moves closer and closer to the debating table with domineering body language. The room turns mute.

PMA
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!

The collective mood disintegrates further.

THOMAS
I think...

PMA
(cutting in, with rage)
I know exactly what's going on, you
imbecile! What are we going to do
about it?!

THOMAS
.... Sir George says even school
children know of proverb
strengthening, now. We need to outlaw
all proverbs, ASAP and we need to
monitor everyone. No one must ever say
a single one!

PMA
Good thinking. How ARE we going to
monitor everyone?

THOMAS
.... We kind of are already...

PMA
Good point.

THOMAS
(with respect)
Yes. We need to list every insightful
sentence known to man and find a way
of detecting the things, once they are
spoken. It shouldn't be too difficult.
Almost every computer and mobile phone
in the world has an internet
connection and a camera. Once a
witticism is picked up, a police car
will go round to their house or
wherever they are standing, in five
minutes.

PMA
And what will be the penalty for
saying a proverb? Won't people
question why they are being arrested?

THOMAS

(with a smile on his
face)

First time offence: A week in stupid
school. Repeat offenders will face
longer sentences. Proverb
strengthening won't stand a chance,
because we'll say they cause cancer!

PMA

(inspired)

What will be taught in stupid school?

THOMAS

Film class taught in institutions
didn't work. It was too intellectual.
We need to teach something super
hardcore. We need to get people
talking about a special TV show Sir
George was discussing with us. A TV
show hosted by a man called Kyle
Jeffreys.

... So there you go. That's why you're being spied on. You're
most likely being spied on, right now. Makes you feel nice and
safe, doesn't it? Well, I'm glad you're happy.

21. Kyle Jeffreys

Moving on... Did you consider Carnage! mindless? Well, this
next scene takes things a whole lot further. Sure, SIR GEORGE
had the best intentions in commissioning this program, but is
goodwill enough?

..... No wait, before all that.... What has been going on over
the week? Lots of hysteria in parliament, to put it mildly. In
fact, people were breathing so heavily it sucked most of the
oxygen out of the building and several more PEOPLE fainted.

As I'm sure you can understand, GARY has also been very upset.
He has spent the week off school, in bed, trying to recover.
His MUM, although normally conscientious, has been sleeping
her worries off as well. MRS JOHNSON however, has no choice.
She has been teaching, but teaching at a substandard though
consistent level. I'm sure it's because of the stress. Hm.

Ok, let's go...

INT: THE KYLE JEFFREYS SHOW, LONDON - DAY, A WEEK LATER

The KYLE JEFFREYS show is shot in front of an AUDIENCE of
proverb strengthening OFFENDERS. GARY is sitting in the front
of five rows, still shaken.

He's there for punishment, but the PSYCHIATRIST managed to secure a place, for fun. Remember him? After his reported success with many CLIENTS, he is now quite an influential character.

In view of the cameras, is a bare rosewood stage with two empty, small, ordinary chairs on it. They have the word 'scum' written on them and are for the GUESTS of the show. In the middle of these two seats is a much better quality, vacant dark green swivel chair, covered in leather. It could easily fit in the head office of a leading organisation. It has the word 'cool' written on it in a glistening gold, old English font. As you may have guessed, this is where KYLE JEFFREYS sits. After the funky and inappropriate intro music stops playing, KYLE strolls onto the stage with dignity and begins the show.

KYLE JEFFREYS is a rectangular-faced 40 year old with a hard and intense stare. He has party balding though neat, monk-like hair. He wears round glasses and is kind of lanky. He dresses in total black, like an undertaker. His ebony-coloured boots are shined so much you could see your face in them.

KYLE JEFFREYS
(with a warm-hearted
voice)

On the Kyle Jeffreys show tonight, we have two people who shoplifted. Let's meet them and find out how we can help them.

The AUDIENCE cheers with encouragement, though mostly because they are obliged to. This is as PETE and TERRY lumber on stage.

PETE is a stocky, 18 year old troublemaker. He has scruffy facial hair on his cold face and his eyes are dead. Other than his army boots, he is wearing only denim.

TERRY is another 18 year old troublemaker. Not a shred of emotion can be seen in his peepers. He has tattoos on his massive arms and neck, and they are as scary as his face. He has several piercings on both ears and is wearing short-sleeved denim.

KYLE JEFFREYS
Nice to meet you, and well done for seeking treatment. What's your name?

PETE
(with a quiet voice)
I'm Pete, nice to meet...

KYLE JEFFREYS
Oh fuck you.

PETE

What??

KYLE JEFFREYS

Fuck off!

There are offended mutterings in the AUDIENCE. KYLE knows this, but isn't too bothered. PETE doesn't know what to do, so he just stands still.

KYLE JEFFREYS

(composing himself)

.... And who are you?

TERRY

(also quiet)

I'm Ter....

KYLE JEFFREYS

Fuck you, too!... Go on, fuck off!

TERRY walks towards the exit, confused. As he is about to leave the stage, KYLE takes off one of his hardened shoes and throws it at him.

TERRY

What the fuck is your problem??

KYLE JEFFREYS

Running away from your problems already?!

TERRY

What??

KYLE JEFFREYS

Prick. Doofus. Cheese spoiler.

PSYCHIATRIST

(excited)

How about 'coconut face'??

TERRY

How is this helping me??

KYLE JEFFREYS

Milk dodger. Coconut face.

KYLE JEFFREYS

(to the audience, with
uncontrolled
excitement)

Who here wants Terry and Pete to
fight?!

The PSYCHIATRIST shouts crazed encouragements.

KYLE JEFFREYS
Go on, fight you scum!

TERRY and PETE jog up to each other and start trading blows. This is with an ever increasing level of violence. The PSYCHIATRIST chants 'KYLE!' over and over.

KYLE JEFFREYS
Look, he lost a tooth!

As PETE and TERRY batter each other, KYLE JEFFREYS slips out a specialist ninja headband from his pocket. He does so in a calm fashion which parallels famous onscreen bad-asses. He then puts it on his head, making sure he doesn't spoil his carefully arranged hairdo. After a few moments of trance-like meditation and being as still as a rock, he does larger than life backflips right across the stage. This is whilst making karate noises you'd expect to hear from some kind of wild animal. He finally attacks TERRY and PETE with a series of impressive kicks and punches, still screaming like a maniac. After about half a minute of spectacular gymnastics, PETE and JERRY lie on the floor, defeated and motionless.

KYLE JEFFREYS
(out of breath and
panting)
Anyone else want some therapy??
HUH!?!?

The AUDIENCE is disturbed and outraged, though as quiet as a mouse. This is once again apart from the PSYCHIATRIST, who applauds very enthusiastically.

PSYCHIATRIST
You're the king!

KYLE JEFFREYS
Well that's enough from me for the
day! Please tune in tomorrow, and warm
regards from Kyle Jeffreys! You've
been Jeffered! Good day!

... Surely watching brainless, highly ignorant television is harmless? Maybe it is. What happens next isn't, however...

22. The APR Centre

It's been a (long) week since the filming of the first rather theatrical KYLE JEFFREYS show. GARY has been recovering with the help of his internet-psychiatry-informed MOTHER.

It was certainly an intense shock he felt a couple of weeks ago, when he killed and brought back to life countless thousands of people. Has the trauma broken his spirit, though? Not really. He definitely wants to stay far, far away from proverbs, however.

Since the incident, that special STUDENT has been in close contact with MRS. JOHNSON. The former has been ordered by her never to utter a single word about the whole thing. As one might expect, he wholeheartedly obliges. However, he doesn't understand why everyone seems to want him to be stupid.

INT. APRC CLASSROOM, SURREY - A WEEK AFTER THE FILMING OF K.J.

There are no seats here on the cold stone floor, or even radiators. All there is, is a very old TV by one of the grey walls. All of them are peeling before everyone's eyes, creating just about audible slurping sounds. The controversial KYLE JEFFREYS show has just ended, to the joy of all 30 ANTI PROVERB STUDENTS. Among them are GARY and KEN(!). Yes, they are forced to sit on the ground as stale water drops from the ceiling, onto them. The ANTI PROVERB TEACHER stands at the front of the room.

This man is a bald, 70 year old man with a sharp, pointed and evil face. Looking at him for too long will cause most to feel ill. However, he is frail and hunchbacked, making him look short. He is aided by a monocle and a sword-shaped walking stick.

APT

(with positivity)

Ok! That was the latest episode of the great Kyle Jeffreys show. Gary, here was lucky enough to be in the audience as it was filmed! Who here didn't enjoy that TV masterpiece... Come on... hands up...

25 MEMBERS of the class, including GARY and KEN put their hands up. This is in part, a very light form of exercise intended to generate warmth.

APT

(his mood darkens)

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear... Looks like you're going to be here a while.. Come with me. The rest of you, keep watching the TV.

The ANTI PROVERB TEACHER leads the 25, through a mangy corridor towards another squalid room. He does so whilst limping and struggling. His arthritic pain shows in his eyes.

The room the GROUP enters is similar to the previous one, indeed it is similar to the whole building; it's decaying. There is also a strange smell, that one can't quite put one's finger on. Posters of SIR GEORGE hang on the flakey walls and the aged TV sides. Small posters are even glued to the radio. This adds to the punishment for many of the GROUP. Again, there are no chairs.

APT

(with angry sarcasm)

As so many among us are clearly snobs,
I think it's time you gave your
overactive and superior brains a rest.
Let's watch something a little less
mentally taxing, shall we?

The CHILDREN sit down and try their best to make themselves comfortable. GARY and KEN are opposite each other. The APT turns on the telebox whilst humming a Megadeaf song. He flicks through the channels with an eerie glee in his full, brown-tooth grin.

APT

(in a satisfied tone of
voice)

Aaaaha!

The APT settles on a program called 'Greatest Soap Moments'. (SIR GEORGE often says the title with a silly, adolescent voice). The TEACHER then totters out of the room to the sound of deafening gunfire and explosions. His last act is to half-close the door behind him, with a careless push. GARY waits about a minute before speaking. This is to make sure the APT can't hear him.

GARY

(whispering to Ken)

What the fuck is going on?!

KEN

(also whispering)

I don't know. One of my friends
exploded after drinking expired soda,
and they brought me here because I was
asking too many questions. They said I
was causing cancer.

GARY

Ah, sorry, man. I lost an uncle in a
similar way. Let's just pretend we're
listening to that freak of a teacher,
so we can get out of here.

From the TV, the words 'EAT LEAD, PUSSY!' can be heard. The ANTI PROVERB TEACHER then starts to open the ajar door with his walking stick. After around half a minute of effort it is seen by the CLASS, that he is now also carrying a straw hat. Once again, the APT looks angry for no apparent reason. After making sure everyone knows how pissed off he is, he finally puts on his special headpiece. This time, he just leaves the door open.

APT

Ok, class. What have we learnt from the Greatest Soap Moments? All the action, but none of the story!

GARY

Why did the narrator just mumble 'schnell' and 'wunderbar', repeatedly?

KEN nudges GARY gently.

KEN

(whispering)

Gary!

GARY

Sorry. I mean I loved it, teacher!

APT

(with suspicion)

... And what was it you loved, Gary?..

GARY

(nervous)

..... The German.... good...
gunfire?...

APT

(pleased)

Well done, Gary! I was wrong about you, you're making some real good progress... Or should I say, 'Good you, Gary!'

The ATP winks at GARY.

An Anti Proverb STUDENT at the back of the classroom throws a small part of the wall at GARY, whilst giggling.

GARY

(angry)

Oh, not here, as well!

APT

Well done, that man! I'm getting the feeling teaching here will be a piece of cake!

GARY

Yeah, well done.

GARY sticks his finger up at the BOY whilst the ATP's back is turned.

APT

(excited)

Anyway, I'm back here for the exercise class! Who here likes to dance?? Let's empty our minds and go crazy!

The APT turns on the radio with his stiff, inflamed hands. Repressing his pain, he blasts out some very loud 90s techno music. The TV is still on, but it can't be heard.

APT

(shouting and dancing with rigidness)

Techno, techno, techno! Techno, techno, techno!

KEN

(trying to get himself heard)

That's great, Sir! I'm so happy, now!

GARY starts dancing.

APT

(with enthusiasm)

That's right, Gary! Let's all dance! Just empty your head and peace out! You'll love it!

KEN

(thinking to himself)

Fuck my life...

One by one, the other 23 class STUDENTS start to dance.

APT

(going for an industrial-death metal vibe)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH
HHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

At this point, the JOB INTERVIEWER who examined the PSYCHIATRIST a while ago, knocks on the opened door with quick, light movements. She has a polite smile on her lightly made-up face. The APT turns off the music and welcomes her into the room with large, almost comical arm movements.

APT
 (calming down, in a
 strict tone of voice)
 Everybody, listen up! This is Mrs.
 Carty. She is going to interview each
 of you one on one, to see how you are
 getting on.

MRS. CARTY waves to the terrified CLASS with a weird, incongruous innocence.

MRS. CARTY
 (with a sweet voice)
 Hi. Can I speak to Ken, please?

KEN catches his breath and re-adjusts his clothes. This is so that he can meet MRS. CARTY with an aura of respectability. He walks with her out of the opening with a slight, but far from complete sense of relief. After a few seconds of roaming through corridors, the WOMAN stops by a blue, decomposing wooden door with the sign 'interview room' on it. With little choice, KEN follows her, enters the room and shuts the door behind him. This action creates a small grey cloud of bitter tasting dust. He sits down on the splintered chair, behind a splitting table. A cheap light attached to the ceiling by a thin wire, rocks from side to side. Every now and then it makes worrying buzzing sounds.

MRS. CARTY
 (with a casual voice)
 Hello, Ken. How are you, today?

KEN
 (hiding his suspicion)
 I'm fine, you?

MRS. CARTY
 (in a positive tone)
 I'm great thanks. So, Ken, how are you
 getting on, here?

KEN
 I'm really enjoying all the great TV.
 I also have completely lost the urge
 to say any proverbs. I also never
 question why saying them causes
 cancer. I love it here and wish I
 could stay longer.

MRS. CARTY
 (stroking her chin)
 I see. You say you have lost the urge
 to say 'any proverbs'. Is the
 word 'any' an acronym?

KEN
 Sorry, what do you mean?

MRS. CARTY
 Does 'any' stand for 'a new yoyo', for
 example? I know you young'ns love
 yoyos...

KEN
 A new yoyo proverb?

MRS. CARTY
 Yes.

KEN
 Is that a phrase?

MRS. CARTY
 Wasn't there a yoyo fad a while ago?

KEN
 There was before I was born, I think.
 You just sounded a little random,
 there...

MRS. CARTY
 (thinking hard)
 Of course I did, please forgive me.
 Does 'any' stand for.... 'angry
 nihilistic youth', perhaps? You're not
 an angry boy, are you Ken?

KEN
 ... I mean I can't even imagine what a
 new yoyo proverb would be...

MRS. CARTY ignores KEN and her face looks offended.

KEN
 Anyway, no... I have no need for
 such nihilistic proverbs. Or yoyos.
 I'm very happy, here. As I said, I
 have no need for any proverbs at all.

MRS. CARTY
 (stopping thinking and
 amusing herself, out
 of anger)
 And by 'any', what do you mean now?

KEN
 (confused, but trying
 to hide it)
 ... Still angry nihilistic youth. Same
 as before, always will be the same...

MRS. CARTY
 Excellent. But what does 'any' mean,
 now?

KEN
 What?

MRS. CARTY
 (with a mischievous
 grin)
 Only joking.... But what does it mean,
 now?

KEN
 Er....

MRS. CARTY
 Go on...

KEN
 (annoyed)
 Angry, nihilistic... No, actually
 'action, noon, Yiddish'. There you
 go.

MRS. CARTY
 (surprised)
 Ken! That made NO sense, whatsoever!

KEN
 (trying to calm
 himself)
 I'm sorry, what I meant was...

MRS. CARTY leans back in her chair, with nonchalance.

MRS. CARTY
 I think you are ready for release,
 right now! You've made great progress!

KEN
 (surprised and faking
 disappointment)
 Oh, really?... Ok, if that's what you
 think is best.

MRS. CARTY smiles with reassurance.

KEN
 (with a casual voice)
 ... Oh, and by the way...

MRS. CARTY
 Yes?

KEN
 (still casual)
 Can I ask what the fuck is going on
 inside your head?

MRS. CARTY
 (stroking her chin, and
 thinking hard)
 Is the word 'head' and acronym
 for 'horse ear and dolphin'?

KEN
 (annoyed, but amused)
 Doesn't matter! I hope you have a
 great day, bye!

KEN leaves the room gobsmacked, but relieved. He waves MRS. CARTY a brief goodbye.

... Are you wondering what the consequences of these teachings are? (Or rather lack of teachings). You should be. So, the next time you see someone skiving off school to film his friends going down hill in a shopping trolley, don't forget what happens in the following part of the story...

23. Part 3: 5 Years Later

You are now reading part 3. It is a Winter, five years since KEN left the 'antiproverb rehabilitation centre'. Because of such institutions, the country's collective IQ has plummeted. (Well, technically it hasn't as the average IQ will always be 100, no matter how clever people are on the whole, but you know what I mean). And don't think you can give yourself peace of mind by thinking that the APRC is now the only such place around, because that's a million miles from the truth. To compound even that, the normal education system isn't much more challenging. In fact you might as well just stay at home and play pinball on your PC.

Part 2 dealt with the fact that anyone with the ability to speak could strengthen proverbs. Needless to say, that was a very scary time and it's great that proverb strengthening is a thing of the past. However, now there are new problems and it doesn't take a genius to work out what they will be.

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, 5 YEARS LATER - AFTERNOON

This room and its contents appear as grandiose as usual. Sitting at the table are the members of STAFF and the PMA. The latter is now 60 years old, he has put on a bit of weight and is still angry. He also has a few more wrinkles, mainly caused by constant frowning. More importantly, on the super desk there is a special but small cake. 'Goodbye George' is written on it with icing, and its candle glows with vigour. However, its intended recipient is ungrateful as he paces up and down the room, with all eyes on him. The unhappy SIR GEORGE is now 85 years old but is still as active as always. As he has come into some money, he wears lots of rapper styled, gold jewelry. This includes a Lolex.

PMA

(with an awkward but firm voice)

We at the Houses of Parliament are really grateful for all you have done for us, but proverb strengthening is history now, and you are not needed any more. In fact, keeping you here would be fucking MENTAL. I mean Jesus Christ, George, dogs do not need flying lessons! Not now, not ever!

SG continues his flustered walking.

SIR GEORGE

(very upset)

Sure, they don't NEED them, but it's an industry that..

PMA

(interrupting)

Yes, yes, yes. An industry that would amuse millions and potentially have a slightly positive influence on the nation's mental health.

SIR GEORGE

(still upset)

.... Yes!

PMA

I see. And we would train the dogs by investing in computer chips that make them smarter.

SIR GEORGE

Yes!

PMA

(with a calm voice)

Mhm... Being a Prime Minister isn't easy, George. Sure, you may or may not be onto something with your idea. Ok. But there are an infinite number of BETTER ideas. Don't you see, George?

SIR GEORGE

(quietly)

.... Funnier ideas?

PMA

(irritated)

We've been through this a hundred times, now. Being a funny part is not one of our priorities. In fact, we're drastically trying to get away from the silly image we have. Even the poorest and most undeveloped countries laugh at us, when they hear some of the shit you've come up with.

SIR GEORGE

A dog is a man's best friend.

PMA

(getting angry)

Listen to me! All you ever do is make people feel uneasy. Remember that lunatic who broke into this place and threw shit at us? He couldn't wait to get away from you!

SIR GEORGE

(laughing)

Yeah...

PMA

(annoyed)

Just go.

The PMA pauses for a moment.

PMA

(slightly
mischievously)

... But first... Why don't you enjoy your cake?... And blow out the candle?...

SIR GEORGE

(feeling apathetic)

... Alright...

The MPs move out of SIR GEORGE'S way. He empties his lungs on the candles, but without much effort. Everyone in the room then bursts out with uncontrollable laughter.

PMA
(excited)
We got you, George! These candles never go out! Isn't that great??

SIR GEORGE
.....

PMA
(still waiting for a response)
....

SIR GEORGE
.....

PMA
George?

SIR GEORGE comforts himself by gazing at his showy wristwatch.

SIR GEORGE
(still annoyed, however)
... Oh, God dammit. I don't need work from you. I've just decided I'll become a poet. I always wanted to be one. I'll make more money than all of you people put together. You'll see!

In hysterics, SIR GEORGE leaves the already missed grand architecture.

.... So GEORGE can no longer influence the UK, and being next in line, the PMA is now the PRIME MINISTER. That's good isn't it? Everything will be sorted out, as very, very clever men and women are now running the country. I mean, obviously it will all be ok... Right?

24. Reaching for the Stars

That's for later. In the meantime, how's GEORGE handling his recent firing?

EXT: OUTSIDE SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE, LONDON - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

SIR GEORGE'S house is now a large, elegant property in central London. It's four storeys high and is crafted in the style of Buckingham Palace.

Even though the sky is dark, the lights are off, making the building stand out from the ones beside it. The Union Jack flag characteristically sticking on top of the roof's grand clock, has only this day been hung at half mast. It's time to enter and be given a super quick and vague tour.... What's the point? Dunno.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE, LONDON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The indistinct, darkened insides are a perfect example of neoclassical excess. No wait, the insides would be a perfect example of neoclassical excess, if they could actually be seen properly at this time. There you go. Did you think my writing style was weird, before?? In all ivory coloured ground-floor rooms, switched off diamond chandeliers give an impression of nobility. All closed curtains are awesome. The other first-level decorations are unusual for a man of GEORGE'S age, however. Deftones posters hang on all walls and golden statues of Chino Moreno in different poses, are always in sight. The assembly room of this super-construction is perhaps the most impressive spectacle. Thirty foot high pillars!!

Let's go upstairs... SIR GEORGE is trying to unwind and mull things over in his bedroom. Along with the PC he sits at, a small neighbouring candle provides the lighting, in a somewhat hazardous manner. The flame reveals some furniture and decor to be styled in beech wood. A pen and paper are also shown next to GEORGE.

SIR GEORGE

(thinking to himself)

I'm going to be the best damn poet the world has ever seen. It's a shame I have no education on the subject, but what about the Jabberwocky? Don't tell me a lot of thought went into that rubbish! I don't need an education! Ok, here we go...

SIR GEORGE starts to type at rapid speed, whilst thinking.

SIR GEORGE

Sir George is a borge.
There's a korge on Sir George's forge.
Borge with the horge of morge
And horge the great lorge torge.
Zorge.
Sorge.
Sir George should still be prime minister.

SIR GEORGE continues to write pure drivel using a constant stream of homemade words. Inside, he is very excited and unhappy emotions stemming from his recent rejection are now nonexistent.

In fact he is even using his failure to come up with ideas. (Like 'yorge rorge'. I never said the ideas were good, did I? Or indeed, that they made sense).

After writing five pages of material, he begins to research publishing companies. This is one of the more boring parts of the tale. He finds a relevant list of establishments from an online helpful centre. He then starts to note the companies beginning with 'A', then he moves onto 'B', then 'C', etc., etc. Despite his mostly erratic behaviour, he is actually quite methodical at times. Following 30 minutes of search engineing and jotting down website addresses in pen, he starts to email his work to publishers.

SIR GEORGE

(thinking to himself)

Ok, here we go! Open up the emailing site and send to as many publishers as possible. I'll just type in the emails of these people in this box, here....

Told you. With his only working pen, free from the local bank, he ticks off the addresses one by one. More boringness ensues. However, this time he starts with 'Z' and works backwards. That adds at least a little excitement. Finally the moment arrives; he has finished 'A'.

SIR GEORGE

(speaking aloud)

Aaaand.... done!

As SIR GEORGE waits for someone to respond, he opens a can of an energy drink and lies back in his chair with confidence. He then watches the whole album of White Pony on a video sharing site.

SIR GEORGE

(contented)

Ahhhh.... Fuck yes... Think I might order myself some new curtains to celebrate my oncoming success, too...

During this period of optimism nothing much really happens, again. That's just life though, isn't it? Every now and then, there are simply times where no interesting events take place, whatsoever. Unless you think online purchasing is worthy of writing about. Do you want me to lie and say something fascinating happens in this part of the story? Or do you want to face reality? Maybe we should visit HANNAH and TONY, back in beautiful Australia.

EXT: AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

HANNAH and TONY, now 30, have visited the countryside once again and are head to toe in hiking equipment.

For a little variety however, they are high up in a more mountainous region. Even though this place is a very rocky area, it is still rather green and trees are on the flats of the sierra. The mountain walls on the other hand, are bare and golden.

HANNAH

Oh, shit! It's a hole!

TONY

Aaaarrrggghhhh!!!!!!!!!!

Oh yes, of course. I've just remembered what happens at this point in the tale. I'm sure they'll be fine...

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

After a few minutes, a small bleep signals that an email response has been sent.

SIR GEORGE

(excited)

Ooh, that was quick... This person must be really impressed with me.

SIR GEORGE opens the email with a happy outlook. It simply reads 'fuck off'.

SIR GEORGE

(irritated)

Aha...

Almost immediately after, another bleep sounds. SIR GEORGE opens the feedback and it says 'prick'.

SIR GEORGE

I see...

Again, mere moments later, another innocent bleep is heard. GEORGE opens the message to see directions and flights to Dignitas.

SIR GEORGE

Oh fuck this. I'll be a writer, then.
I'll phone someone up about my book
I've been thinking of recently...

Quick thinking. Excellent. SIR GEORGE goes back to internet researching and before long, finds an appropriate phone number to ring. However, he just wants to listen to 'Knife Party', first, the best song on the album... Or is it 'Passenger'? Hm... At this point, I encourage you to listen to KP, as well. That will really get you into the story. Not only that, if you haven't heard it before it will become your favourite song.

:O

A few minutes have passed and without fear, SG calls a well established book publishing company. In patience, he waits for someone to pick up the phone.

The PHONE OPERATOR is a positive 30 year old woman with an amiable, posh voice.

PHONE OPERATOR
Hello, how can I help you, today?

SIR GEORGE
I have a great idea for a book, and I was wondering what you thought of it.

PHONE OPERATOR
Ok, what's it about?

SIR GEORGE
It's a crime drama called Captain Mental's Sausage Experiment.

PHONE OPERATOR
Oh God Dammit!

The PHONE OPERATOR hangs up the phone in frustration.

SIR GEORGE
(confused)
.... What?....

SIR GEORGE keeps up his spirits with delighted, lit-up eyes. However, he takes a rest from his self promotion and tries to regroup his thoughts. Ok, back to HANNAH and TONY, then, I guess.

EXT: AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

HANNAH AND TONY
.....

Oh, dear... They're not fine. How silly of me. Even dead, omniscient people forget things, sometimes. Let's just hang around here for a bit....

..... Ok, still nothing.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON, A FEW MINUTES LATER

Back to GEORGE, then... GEORGE search engines the news, in curiosity and boredom.

SIR GEORGE
 (reading to himself)
 'Man dies after stabbing'.

There is a short pause.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinking to himself)
 ... No one cares about that story,
 there's nothing interesting about it.

Many things are happening, fast. SIR GEORGE emails the BTS to get his opinions across, hoping they will lead to a career in journalism. I mean he was once prime minister, right? Surely he could work for a news company.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinking whilst
 typing)
 Dear BTS, your headline 'Man dies
 after stabbing' is extremely boring,
 and you may be losing potential
 readers because of it. As I read the
 article, I noticed the victim had only
 been stabbed once in the leg; far from
 brutal. May I suggest the title 'Man
 dies after GENTLE stabbing', with the
 sub headline 'not your common thug'.
 If I was a viewer, I know I would read
 that article, ASAP. Best wishes,
 George.

SIR GEORGE stops typing and turns the computer off. All of a sudden, his mood takes a turn for the worst.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinking to himself
 and coming to his
 senses)
 Oh, what's the point? I'll just get
 myself a proper job.

... Here's a little something for psychology students: Did you notice how SIR GEORGE seems to be displaying hypomanic symptoms? You may have observed the following traits...

Super self-esteem.

Loads of ideas.

Increase in goal setting.

(Thank you, psychologyforthewin.com)

How's that for value for money?

25. Reasonable Food's Hidden Agenda

You psych students are in for a real treat, now... Research 'antisocial personality disorder, and you will find many A.S. traits in the REASONABLE FOOD'S BOSS. He easily makes the criteria for the affliction. In fact many bosses and CEOs do. So watch yourself, or they might getcha. :S

INT: REASONABLE FOOD'S HEAD OFFICE, LONDON - THE NEXT DAY

This room is large, with huge, well-cleaned windows facing the outside. They provide a rainy and unattractive downtown view, which far from matches the interior. Modern art paintings hang on all the walls, you know? Some are original Picassos in fact. The whole workplace is contemporary-themed, full of the most up to date furniture on the market. Most of it is toned in a combination of blacks and whites. Everything is well-polished and looking like new. The BOSS'S excellent glass and wooden table is seating him and 10 other PEOPLE.

This BOSS is a 45 year old business man. (Strange, right?) His clean-shaven face is stern and his eyes are narrow and focused. He is 6 foot 8, with the odd bulge of fat. He wears a suit, tie and a solid gold watch. Want to know what the others look like? That will be a surprise!

Despite all the privileges and fancy jewelry, there is a palpable sense of unease around the desk. For the 5th year in a row, profits have crashed.

RF'S BOSS
(in extreme
frustration)

Now that people have stopped panic buying our foods, our profits haven't stopped falling for five years! What the fuck are we supposed to do?!

(Ok, here goes...) RF'S ADVISOR NO.1, is another business man, though in his early 30s. His face is rounded and inquisitive. On it, he has a symmetrical and black goatee beard and a furrowed brow. He is 6 foot tall and thin. He also is wearing a suit and tie, but makes an effort not to stand out too much. He sometimes states the obvious because of some obscure, mild mental condition.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
(with caution)

Well, we certainly don't want the government on our backs, so we can't try and strengthen proverbs.

If they didn't accept our bribes all those years ago, we would have been totally finished. The MPs were really pissed we didn't tell them of proverb strengthening in the first place! We had people working underground, trying to remove all traces of the PS legend, but I guess it wasn't enough.

RF'S BOSS

(annoyed)

Don't remind me. That Sir George has really screwed things for us...

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

(continuing)

Indeed. People aren't scared of food any more. We need to get that urge to buy new food back into people.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2, (oh, there's another one!) is a 50 year old professional. His resting facial expression is a morbid frown, with apathy in his brown eyes. He is short and built like a sumo wrestler. He wears a suit and tie as well, though specially made for his unusual size.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

How about we change our slogan to 'buy from us, we know where you live'? I mean technically, it's not really a threat.

RF'S BOSS

(impressed)

Interesting. Do some research into whether or not that's legal. It was really hard to convince the legal system our 'knife' logo was just a joke.

RF'S RESEARCHER (a third? Fucking hell :0) is a 21 year old male. He has blonde, curtained hair covering the sides of his grey, expressionless face. He is clean shaven and has superficial razor cuts on his jaw. He is average height, athletic and dressed like everyone else.

RF'S RESEARCHER

I'll get onto it right away.

The RF'S RESEARCHER leaves the room with a sense of duty.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

(stroking his chin)

No, I don't think that will work. We need to really focus on what the customer needs and I think I know what that is...

RF'S BOSS

(pulling his chair further into the table, with eagerness)

Go on...

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

(excited)

Learning drugs!

RF'S BOSS

Please explain...

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

The education system in England is truly awful. We need to get people to think that taking our products will make them and their families smarter. The learning drugs WILL work, but proverb strengthening won't ever be a problem because today's students have no idea what to learn about. All school kids do today is play pinball on the class computers. Sure, they will be smarter, but smarter at nothing other than gaming. Have you heard about Sir George, recently?

RF'S BOSS

No, but I bet it's good....

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

Yes. He has gone bat shit crazy and has been coming up with absolutely ludicrous ideas. It's all over the news. If we can make him a success and say it was because of our drugs, we may start making the money we made during the proverb strengthening era.

RF'S BOSS

(energised)

That's it! You've got it!

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

(pleased with himself)

Thank youuu....

... Big things going down in Reasonable Foods, then. SIR GEORGE however, doesn't have the faintest idea. It's kind of strange to think of all the action and randomness you're completely unaware of, isn't it?

26. Milder Ambitions

GEORGE, however, is a magnet for randomness. He is also skilled at attracting disaster. But will this be a turnaround for him? He HAS had a whole day to get his act together. He has genuinely tried to appear knowledgeable but don't think he has lost his trademark, red military uniform. In fact, he has added more medals to it to look extra impressive.

INT: JOB CENTRE, LONDON - THE NEXT MORNING

The job centre is a very busy building in central London. It is a pleasant and open space, but kind of boring. It consists mostly of the features one would need; rows of locked filing cabinets for some people presumably, and occupied computers for the chatting STAFF. Adjacent to the latter, is furniture for the CLIENTS. There are also one or two NUTTERS in the CONGREGATION. Largely because of them, the resulting hubbub is quite loud and it's only a matter of time before it gets annoying. Extra STAFF members frequently hurry across the building carrying food and some are even sprinting. In the corner of this room, SIR GEORGE is sitting behind MRS. CARTY'S golden desk, and MRS CARTY is behind a golden PC that is thrice the size of the others. (Yes, she's top dog, here, which also explains her highly sought after room position - at least to me; nice and out of the way). She is now 35, and even though she is older, her dress sense hasn't caught up with her.

MRS. CARTY (AKA JOB INTERVIEWER)
 (trying to ignore
 chaos, with
 positivity)
 Hello, Sir George! I believe we last
 met in the proverb rehabilitation
 centre, in Surrey.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinking hard, and
 stressed from the
 noise)
 ... I may well have come across you, I
 did many tours of such places and
 schools, back in the day. Thanks for
 seeing me at such short notice, by the
 way.

MRS. CARTY

That's not a problem for someone like you. Most people don't just swagger in and expect to be seen, though. I hope you are well.

SIR GEORGE

(casually)

No.

(Depression symptoms).

MRS. CARTY

(ignoring him)

Ok, so what sort of work would you like to do?

SIR GEORGE

(with a confident pose)

Journalism.

SIR GEORGE has a flashback and remembers the email from the BTS. It simply read 'tosser'.

SIR GEORGE

(pauses)

... No, actually, I think maybe something where I can help people in a similar situation to me. Something where I can give hope to people less fortunate, or something like that?

MRS. CARTY

How about support work?

SIR GEORGE

(becoming positive)

Yes, that sounds great...

(Rapid cycling moods).

MRS. CARTY

Excellent, I can give you the details of care homes in this area with no problem. In fact, looking at this computer, I can find someone who should be willing to interview you, tomorrow. I mean with your experience in politics, you should move up the career ladder with ease! Most people who apply for these sorts of jobs can barely even read, nowadays.

SIR GEORGE
(excited)
Ah!

MRS. CARTY
(continuing)
Just remember, before the interview,
research the subject really well and
when you get there, always be positive
and enthusiastic. No matter what.

SIR GEORGE
Ok, that sounds simple enough. Thanks
a lot for your help and good day!

MS. CARTY
(with a light hearted
smile)
Good day to you, too! Oh, and please
don't wear the military uniform!

All of a sudden, GEORGE'S demeanor changes. He takes a while
to process the painful information, as he exhales deeply and
leans back in his chair.

SIR GEORGE
(in shock)
..... What?....

MRS. CARTY
(with a firm but
surprised voice)
I'm quite sure that wouldn't be a good
idea. Just wear a normal suit and tie.

In silence, SIR GEORGE continues to lie far back in the seat.
His hands grasp the back of his head and he refuses to answer.
After a few long drawn out seconds he climbs out of his chair,
his eyes never leaving MRS. CARTY'S. He turns his back on her
with one swift movement and leaves the building, sulking from
head to toe. With many bewildered PEOPLE staring at him, he
drives back home in his brand-new, black supercar. He just
about battles the urge to speed in frustration.

Once he arrives at his mansion, he pulls out his sunglasses
from his pocket. He then wears them, to give the effect of
comforting darkness. He drags his boots from the seemingly
darkened hallway, up the darkened stairs to the darkened
bedroom. He moves at a depressed speed, barely seeing a thing.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S BEDROOM, LONDON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

By GEORGE'S computer, a burnt out and useless candle can be
seen.

No light is provided anywhere, but from his PC's screen and the sunlight that manages to penetrate the new window coverings. As they are extra thick, special bedroom sleepytime curtains, this illumination is next to none.

Glasses no longer needed, he begins to play online chess with complete strangers. Without exception, he uses the 'fools' opening' and never gets tired of it. Not in the slightest. He got the immature idea from fellow eccentric, the BTS NARRATOR, AKA CHAD MACALPINE, and is using it like it's his own. (So, someone else DID find the technique funny. Very much so, in fact. Even after all these years, the two still keep in touch).

Sadly however, GEORGE has not managed to take on CHAD'S challenge of losing a game in one move. In the process of achieving the goal, everyone except children and the mentally ill find him extremely annoying.

Many hours pass, and SIR GEORGE'S room is still in total darkness. No change there, (why would there be? It's now night), but just this minute he has decided to research the care industry. 'You'd Prefer an Astronaut', by Hum is playing in the background.

SIR GEORGE

(thinking to himself)

I've been listening to this album for years, and I still think it's one of the best damn albums of all time. If only someone was listening to my thoughts, right now. I'd SO recommend that masterpiece! Alright, researching this job shouldn't be too hard, all I have to do is memorise these info sheets that have been sent to me.

It's time to be sensible. This is an odd concept for GEORGE; especially as wackiness was encouraged in parliament, of all places. After 45 minutes and 54 seconds of laid back studying and indie rock head nodding, SIR GEORGE pulls off his deliberately patronising bed covers. This act reveals his just about discernible and hopefully embarrassed clothes for tomorrow's interview. He looks at his suit and tie with disgust, about to prepare them.

SIR GEORGE

(to his clothes)

Fuck you.

After that unpleasantness, he sneaks to the bathroom using his hands to find his way around. He then cleans his teeth without much care or labor. When finished, he fumbles his way back to his bedroom, to rest on his magnetic floating bed.

(Wow, that was floating all that time?? At night, the world is full of surprises). As SIR GEORGE gets up in the morning, he squeezes in some time for more online gaming. He's getting quite the reputation. Even people from the other side of the world are getting familiar with his ironic alias 'VictoryIsMine'.

Following a completely pointless hour or so, he sees sense once more and does some more job research. He actually studies quite hard for a few hours, though accompanied by some more music. After this time, he leaves for his sure to be glorious interview, and makes sure his amazing car gets seen in the care home parking lot. He beeps his horn and shouts 'SIR GEORGE IS HERE!!!!'

INT: CARE HOME RECEPTION, LONDON - DAY

The RECEPTIONIST with such a small role she's not worth describing, welcomes him into the building as professionally as is possible. She then sits him down in the waiting room. Now is the time to strategise about chess. How the HELL do you lose a game in one move?? Before long, 15 frustrating minutes have passed. The emerging CARE HOME INTERVIEWER gets ready to lead GEORGE into the office, after greeting him with a polite smile. This INTERROGATOR is a sour-faced 50 year old woman, with a double chin. She is wearing bright red lipstick and an extra-large, green blouse. She is of average height. The RECEPTIONIST shakes her head with two dramatic motions at her, whilst GEORGE isn't looking. She reacts by clearly thinking 'oh God', and then leads him upstairs.

INT: CARE HOME OFFICE, LONDON - SECONDS LATER

The care home office is a small and rather uninteresting room - a desk, a computer, some seating, a glass of water, who cares? I digress... The CARE HOME INTERVIEWER sits behind her boring desk with you know who, facing her.

CARE HOME INTERVIEWER

(with politeness)

Hello, I'm Mrs. Hetfield. First, just tell me about yourself...

SIR GEORGE

(trying to show interest)

Well, as a young man I was a guitarist in a blues rock band. However, back then the music was very mild and nowhere near brutal enough for my tastes. I mean Chuck Berry and such artists are a million miles away from bands like Cannibal Corpse and Kill Murder Kill. That's the real stuff right there.

Therefore, I had to give that profession up. After that, I worked in a music shop for a while and nothing too interesting happened. More recently, I tried to earn a bit of extra cash on TV game shows, but sadly that didn't really go as well as I hoped. My luck then changed however, when I became prime minister. I even ended up saving the world. I have been involved in politics until very recently.

MRS. HETFIELD

Wow, you have some really interesting experience. Why do you want to become a support worker?

SIR GEORGE

Well, as I said, I once saved the world and doing so was really satisfying for me. I understand that saving the world in this sort of profession would be very optimistic, but I am getting old now and have milder ambitions. Maybe I could save people's lives or something. I know first aid.

MRS. HETFIELD

That's a great answer. Is there anything in this line of work which you are not willing to do?

SIR GEORGE

No, not at all. Everything about this job really inspires and motivates me.

MRS. HETFIELD

What about helping people go to the toilet and things like that?

There is a pause.

MRS. CARTY INSIDE S.G.'S HEAD

... Always be positive and enthusiastic. No matter what...

SIR GEORGE

(enthusiastically)

Er... Oh, certainly. I love that kind of stuff, I really look forward to doing that.

There is an awful pause that builds with tension.

MRS. HETFIELD
 (becoming afraid)
 ... Excuse me?...

SIR GEORGE
 (trying hard to be
 interested in the job
 and becoming
 desperate)
 ... I'm just saying that kind of stuff
 really interests me... It sounds
 really exciting...

MRS. HETFIELD looks mortified.

MRS. HETFIELD
 ... Get out, now.... Go on, go. Do you
 want me to call security?

SIR GEORGE
 (upset)
 I don't understand!

MRS. HETFIELD
 Get out, now!!

SIR GEORGE leaves confused, trying not to make eye contact.

... No, today won't be a turnaround for SIR GEORGE... Don't
 worry though, GEORGE. I'm sure everything will be fine...

27. Or maybe not...

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE, LONDON - NEXT MORNING

The hallway is as tidy as ever and all partially sunlit,
 normal thickness curtains are still closed. Alarming
 however, a Deftones poster is starting to peel from the wall.
 It hasn't been corrected, so things must be bad. The creaking
 sound of the silver letter box opening and closing, wakes up
 SIR GEORGE and gets him out of bed in extreme annoyance. It
 sounds like he's getting out of bed, here, anyway...

SIR GEORGE
 (heard by you, from
 upstairs, if you were
 in the hall. I know.
 I'm weird)
 Oh, for God's sake. This mail better
 be good.

SIR GEORGE walks down the staircase with a lack of concern and
 opens the letter.

The mail is from RF and it says the following:

RF LETTER

Dear Sir George, we understand that your recent attempts at becoming an author have failed miserably, and you have received excessive negative attention in the media. We at Reasonable Foods however, believe that with our special learning drugs we can make you a success. We can guarantee you a place at our company in head office, if you accept our offer. Why are we offering you such a great opportunity? It's because we can see your potential and we believe you can really contribute to our organisation. If you are interested, please call us immediately. Kind regards, Mr. Hammett.

SIR GEORGE

(excited)

BANGING!

Time for some online chess to celebrate. Minutes become hours and soon the day is gone. Sound senseless? Maybe it was. But rest assured, music was once again playing in the background. SIR GEORGE has gone on a heavy metal/industrial odyssey. Pretty Hate Machine, by NIN was played, a few Candlemass albums, Rammstein, etc, etc. Time for sleep, now. But first, it's time to brush his teeth with his expensive toothbrush, only used on special occasions. Titanium, gold, silver, platinum, you name it, it's in there.

It is now morning. It's time to be rational and muse, again. But wait... How can you prepare for a situation you don't really know much about? I guess he might as well play some more chess. His internet ranking is atrocious. He has lost thousands of games and has won only ten. Not only that, these 'victories' were merely resignations by irritated competitors. But hey, it's all in the name of fun. Alright. Time to quit the games.... Time to get in the George mobile and drive to the new job! Super fun, fun, fun!

INT: RF'S HEAD OFFICE, MEETING ROOM - DAY

This room is as newfangled as ever. The only difference, is now there is a novelty cup on the BOSS'S table. It is a present for the new EMPLOYEE. Both the BIG CHEESE and GEORGE are alone by the door. They are standing, facing each other.

RF'S BOSS
 (trying to be friendly)
 Hello, Sir George, I hope you are
 well. I'm Mr. Hammett.

MR. HAMMETT puts his hand out to shake SIR GEORGE'S. The
 latter stares at it confused and with a fixed, non-blinking
 gaze.

SIR GEORGE
 Thanks, I hope you're well, too.

GEORGE sticks his leg out and points it at MR. HAMMETT. There
 is a long, strange pause so he waggles his foot, as well. The
 action receives no reply.

MR. HAMMETT
 (trying to be
 professional)
 Anyway, all me and my company
 want you to do here, is sit in our
 office. You don't even have to talk to
 us. In fact, please don't. Do we have
 a deal?

SIR GEORGE
 (confused)
 ... Well, alright...

MR. HAMMETT
 (with a rude
 dismissiveness)
 Great. You start work tomorrow. And
 just remember to take one learning
 drug every morning. That's it. Ok, you
 can leave now, good day.

SIR GEORGE
 (puzzled)
 Er...

MR. HAMMETT
 You just have to sit in that chair,
 over there... You can go...

SIR GEORGE
 (trying to be helpful)
 I think I may understand why you have
 been losing money...

MR. HAMMETT
 (angry)
 Do you want to run this company?!

SIR GEORGE
 (with obvious sarcasm)
 .. Yes, please..

MR. HAMMETT
 Look, get out now or I'll kick you
 out!

SIR GEORGE
 Jesus Christ, alright!

Under his breath, SIR GEORGE mutters 'nut job'.

... It's about half way through the story now, and you have learnt much already. Thus, I think you deserve a reward; here are some jokes I made up.

Narcissistic personality disorder: The best personality disorder.

Red sky at night, shepherd's delight. Green sky at night, nuclear holocaust.

Why did the criminal Manx cat cross the road? To lose the tail. (That's a nice and inoffensive one, isn't it?)

I never moan. Why? Because no one gives a shit.

Here are some home cooked insults:

Pudding faced goon.

You are a fool, and you smell of oranges.

Your taste in music is questionable and the elderly laugh at you.

Your hands are massive and your swimming is average.

And finally, here are some innovative band names:

I met your uncle.

Who is your uncle?

Your uncle swindled me out of a handbag.

Your uncle won the egg and spoon race.

Enough of that... Let's move on...

28. A Country in Decline

Can you imagine a world full of mini SIR GEORGES? Well, now you don't have to. The WISE OLD MAN from before kind of messed up a bit, even though he did save countless lives. Today, KEN is another individual who has to deal with the mistakes of those in power.

KEN (my old homie! How's it going?) is now 19 years old. His blonde hair is much longer and he has stubble on his face (lol, prick). What has he been doing these last few years? Actually, he's been doing refreshingly everyday, typical things for the most part. He's been learning about philosophy, biology and psychology at A level, and has been doing so with a work-ethic that's the cat's pajamas. He is studying at one of the very few remaining respected colleges, with vacancies mainly reserved for aristocracy and the like. (Almost everyone else has to make do with an education system that isn't quite so challenging. In fact, it's terrible).

Why did he put so much effort into getting into such a great establishment? Because at his core, he desires an understanding of everything weird in the world. In particular, the absurd things he encountered at the antiproverb rehabilitation centre. He also wants my death explained, so he can move on with his life. (Ah, that's nice).

INT: KEN'S HOUSE, SURREY - THE NEXT DAY

KEN is still living with his parents (lol prick), and his room is just as cramped and messy as ever (prick). Wires going into a portable recording studio and hi-fi lay all over the floor. A computer and electronic drum kit take up much of the space. Hanging on the wall by the bed he sits on, are a V-shaped guitar and a guitar that looks like it's been designed by Satan. Deftones posters hang on the other walls and one is signed by Chino Moreno. (Oh yes, I almost forgot. He also went to a Deftones concert). To create as much darkness as possible, the curtains are closed. Good man.

KEN

(concerned)

Hm.. That's a funny looking rash on my hand. It looks like a bullseye rash.
Fuck. Probably best to call a doctor.

KEN walks down the carpeted stairs at a hurried pace and enters the hallway. A further group of electric guitars hang over the skull patterned wallpaper. In suspense, he dials the phone fixed to the wall.

KEN

Hello, can I book a doctor's appointment, please?

The DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST is a 21 year old man. He has a lively and outgoing voice, but it is impossible for almost anyone to tell what he looks like. His voice just isn't descriptive, enough.

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
You would like some of the doctor's ointment?

KEN
(confused)
... No, I would like to book an appointment...

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
Oh, I see! Yes. That's an unusually large word, you used there...

KEN
(feeling concerned
about the quality of
care he will receive)
Mhmm. Yes, I guess you're right.

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
Yes.

KEN
Well, I have a bullseye rash on my hand. Is that something to worry about?

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, I'm just a receptionist, I don't have the knowledge to diagnose you.

KEN
I understand. When is the doctor free, then?

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
(offended)
The doctor is NOT a criminal, Sir!

KEN
(with sarcasm)
Oh good, he's never been to jail. In that case, can I book an appointment as soon as possible, please?

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
That will be no problem. You're funny. Alright, you can see him tomorrow at 3:30.

KEN
 Alright, thank you, bye.

DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST
 (in a friendly tone)
 Bye!

After the slightly worrisome call, KEN walks up to his room with a burdened mind. He unhooks his amazing looking (and playing... and sounding) evil guitar from his wall, and blasts out some mid-80s shred metal licks. This is to try and distract himself from worry, but no high speed tapping pattern is potent enough to do so.

Here we go, again - another part of the documentary where nothing really happens, for a bit. Let's see how HANNAH and TONY are doing...

EXT: AUSTRALIA - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Remember the wonderful, mountainous countryside from before? It's still wonderful and mountainous. Again, in life there are many things that stay the same. Sorry. This time however, HANNAH and TONY are on the lowlands, after falling from an incredible height. The TWO are lumbering side by side with clumsy, apathetic movements. After 5 years of being extremely still, something has given life to them. However, they don't look well. In fact, they have largely decomposed. It is likely they are more than just mere skeletons, because their unbearable stench scares scavengers away.

HANNAH
 (with a sluggish groan)
 Brainss.....

TONY
 (agreeing)
 Brainsssss.....

So they're back to life! Have they got anything else to say? Not really, but their isolated and monotonous lives don't seem to be bothering them, at all. They really like walking, I can tell you that much. Maybe we should visit SIR GEORGE... Hm. Maybe not, he's just sitting down. Fine, I bet the PIZZA MAN is up to something entertaining...

EXT: VIRGINIAN SHOPPING CENTRE - MORNING, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

An on the move, sleek mall, consisting of three levels. The centre of the building is mostly just heavily populated floor; there, you can see the whole of the complex simply by looking up and turning full circle. Shops, staircases and pathways and NUTTERS are on the outskirts of the building. It wouldn't be a far stretch of the imagination to think the architects who designed this building also designed prisons.

The PIZZA man is now 35. He is as well toned as ever and still wears the same punk-ish clothes. However his hair has changed; it's now a mohican, dyed blue.

I didn't bring him up for no reason (though I might have done). No, he's on those multipurpose outskirts, buying presents with a mania that is out of control. He's buying quite a lot, in fact and they are exceptionally varied. People are looking at him very strangely as he pops in and out of shops, but for many reasons. What's going through his mind, I don't know. 'But BEN, you're omniscient...' Yes, I am. I know everything, apart from what goes on in people's heads, unless it's relevant to the story. Everyone needs privacy. Appreciate the little you have while it lasts, because things will only get worse for you. That's just the world you live in. :(

That will do for now, I think. Back to KEN.... Oh, for fuck's sake he's still playing guitar. Why aren't you studying for me? Sometimes I think you don't care at ALL *cries hysterically*. I'm fine, I'm fine. Just give me a few hours...

 etc., etc.,etc.

... Ok, I'm fine now. Over to KEN this time, I guess.

INT: KEN'S HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

KEN is about to leave the house for the DOCTOR'S, and is feeling a little better than before. I guess time heals all wounds, doesn't it? (What about gangrene? Oh, yeah). He opens the door a little quicker than necessary, and shuts it behind him in a similar fashion. Very normal. In the cold and cloudy suburban setting, he catches a bus heading for his appointment. Also, very normal. That's good...

INT: DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - LATER IN THE DAY

After KEN opens the entrance at the slowest speed in a while, it's seen that this room is rather nice. (I was told at school never to use that word, but now I can do whatever the fuck I like. Nice, nice, nice, nice. I also disregarded the rule of threes). Its soothing colours, and the relaxing ambient music from the portable radio almost work, 100%. But not quite. The patterned cloth cushions on the seats are extra comfy, and there are 5 to choose from. Luckily the room is almost empty, so KEN can pick his favourite. He waits in patience, after grabbing a magazine devoted to rubber chickens.

INT: DOCTOR'S OFFICE, SURREY - 15 MINUTES LATER

The DOCTOR'S office is a small and cosy room, with furniture laid out in good taste. Such includes a 7 foot bed and an antique desk. A computer is on top of the latter (latter? No shit), and two old-fashioned chairs are by the side of it.

DOCTOR JONES is sitting and waiting for KEN, with empathetic, soft body language. He is a tall and thin Indian man, with an aura of intellect. He is also 20 year old. (Since the rise of the APRC and other such programs, doctors now spend less time studying). As KEN is called to this office with a pleasing hypnotic tone, he opens the door, already feeling more serene. In contrast, the door creaks; it may need some oiling. KEN sits down.

DOCTOR JONES

Hello, Ken. What can we do for you, today?

KEN

I have a rash on my hand that looks like a bullseye...

Trying hard not to show any emotion, DOCTOR JONES brings his chair closer to KEN. Here, he can get a better look.

DOCTOR JONES

(amused)

Oh, so you have! I've never seen one like that before! Is that all you've come here for?

KEN

(confused)

... Well, yes...

DOCTOR JONES

Well, I'm sure you understand, I have lots of people to see who are ill, Ken. Life can't be all fun and games.

KEN

I didn't come here to get a laugh...

DOCTOR JONES

Good, because that's what the internet is for.

KEN

Have you never heard of Lyme disease?

DOCTOR JONES

Is this a prank?

KEN

No!

DOCTOR JONES

Alright, lets have a look...

DOCTOR JONES looks up the disease online, without much concern.

DOCTOR JONES
Ohhh LYME disease. I thought you were making a joke, or something. I thought you were saying being English was a disease.

KEN
(uneasy)
Limey disease?

DOCTOR JONES
Yes, that's what I thought you said.

KEN
... But you typed Lyme disease... You even spelt it right, which was weird.

DOCTOR JONES
(awkward)
Mmm.

KEN
Alright, so what do you think about my rash?

DOCTOR JONES
(composing himself and being casual)
It's probably nothing, but I can give you a course of probiotics, just in case.

KEN
Don't you mean antibiotics?

DOCTOR JONES
(laughing)
Oh yes, of course! I was going to treat you with yogurt!

KEN
(with sarcasm)
Ahahaha.

DOCTOR JONES
Mm. Alright, I can order a prescription for you today. I wouldn't worry about it. You can go now, Ken, good day.

KEN
 (relieved)
 Ok, bye.

KEN leaves the small-scale, detached building feeling ambivalent.

EXT: OUTSIDE OF THE DOCTOR'S - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

From here, KEN walks the 30 second journey up to the bus stop. After a few minutes of waiting in the uncomfortable weather, another amateur thing happens; the bus KEN wants to catch drives past him and the small collection of shops and houses in view. In frustration, KEN chases the thing, catching his clothes on prickly bushes in the process. He bangs on the driver's window with his tightened fists.

KEN
 (out of breath)
 Hey! You were supposed to stop, there!

The BUS DRIVER is an 18 year old man. He has a brown quiff and a very happy smile, on his stout face. He is wearing his new deep blue uniform with obvious pride. He slows down and pulls up on the road. This act is most definitely illegal.

BUS DRIVER
 (laughing)
 Oh, sorry about that! I read the bus stop as 'bus pots'!

KEN
 (angry)
 What the hell are bus pots?!

BUS DRIVER
 (in defense)
 Well, pots in the shape of buses... I was assuming the writing signalled some kind of novelty shop...

KEN
 Why the hell would that be written on the road?? Aren't you surprised at how many 'bus pot' shops there are??

BUS DRIVER
 Jesus Christ! It's my first day working, ok?! Everybody makes mistakes!

KEN
 No, I think your mistakes are unique.

BUS DRIVER

Do you want to get on the bus, or not?

KEN

I'm not sure I do!

BUS DRIVER

(angry)

Alright, bye then!

KEN decides to hike the 2 mile journey instead, and enjoy the picturesque parks and vegetation. The second he begins to do so, he faces a downpour.

KEN

Oh, just my luck!.... Actually, I just remembered. I like the rain. Oh super.

.... Potentially undiagnosed, serious illnesses, dangerous driving and a couple of people not mentioned late for work... All in a few minutes of reading. Then think of the bigger picture. Consider the number of people not understanding how to load nuclear weapons, and recoil at the thought of all the clumsy brain surgeons.. Even imagine how bad it would be if someone fitted ceiling lights incorrectly... The list is endless. Can society go on much longer??

29. Learning Drugs

Back to Reasonable Foods. I wouldn't like to be a businessman, the work sounds boring. I don't like using logic, either. I hope you're not thinking 'but, BEN? How did you write a story that makes so much sense? AAAAAAARRRGHH!!!! It's NOT a story!! What are you? Scared to face reality??)... For the rest of you, here's a joke I wrote to cheer you up...

Why did the greedy cannibal eat two whole hands? Because he wanted a ten-finger salary.

... Or maybe it made you cringe. It made me cringe. Let's move on.

INT: RF'S HEAD OFFICE, MEETING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

It is a regular day at the office, or as regular as is possible with SIR GEORGE, and he is resting on his chair. He sits at the special discussion table as his pride oozes from his expanded, smug smile. MR. HAMMETT notices, and visibly finds him irritating. Now that I think of it, so do the RF ADVISOR 1 and the seven other obscure STAFF sitting with him. In fact, GEORGE is trusted so little, everyone feels a subconscious urge to hold their briefcases, tight.

SIR GEORGE
 (still as confused as
 ever)
 Are you absolutely SURE you just want
 me to sit here and do nothing?

MR. HAMMETT
 I'm quite sure, thanks. No need to
 repeat yourself.

SIR GEORGE
 I can't, like, do some company
 research?

MR. HAMMETT
 Oh, for God's sake, Ok! Here, take a
 look at these sales statistics. Have
 you taken your pill, today?

The BOSS opens his suitcase and hands its contents to the
 liability.

SIR GEORGE
 (childishly irritated)
 Yeeesss.....

SIR GEORGE casually reads the statistics, not truly expecting
 to understand them. However, after a few minutes, he realises
 he is internalising and comprehending the information with a
 surprising amount of ease. On an intuitive level, some
 revolutionary ideas are coming to the surface.

SIR GEORGE
 (happily making
 thoughtful noises)
 Ahhhh!..... Oooooooh!

MR. HAMMETT
 (irritated)
 Please stop that, George.

SIR GEORGE
 (failing to control
 himself)
 Hmmmmmm!...

MR. HAMMETT
 GEORGE!

SIR GEORGE
 (inspired)
 Mr. Hammett?

MR. HAMMETT
 (angry)
 Oh, what now??

SIR GEORGE
 Well, looking at these statistics... I don't know why.... But I have a feeling you could charge a little extra for a few of your products, and you would end up earning more money... Quite a bit in fact.

RF ADVISOR NO.1
 Oooh!

MR. HAMMETT
 Shut up, Oscar! What a load of rubbish! You've read a small sample of our sales statistics, and you suddenly think you know enough about our company to alter the way our products are priced??

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1 (OSCAR)
 Maybe you should give him a little more credit. He made a lot of profit for many TV companies...

MR. HAMMETT
 Only through his own stupidity! In fact, he's NOTORIOUSLY stupid!

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
 He also saved the world...

MR. HAMMETT
 Oh, this is insanity!

There is an intrigued silence in the meeting room.

MR. HAMMETT
 (frustrated)
 Oh, ok! You have ONE chance, George. Don't blow it!

SIR GEORGE
 Ok, I'll write a list of all the product prices I think should be changed, and by how much. Some items should be more expensive, others should be less so.

MR. HAMMETT
 I can't believe I'm going to say this...

But you have something about you.
 Beneath your moronic and obnoxious
 exterior, I think you have a great
 sense of business understanding.
 That's the impression I get from you,
 anyway. Good luck. Don't fuck up.

.... The world of business is a harsh place, as well as
 boring... :S

30. Sir George's Comeback

....

INT: GAMESHOW HOST'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - AFTERNOON, A WEEK
 LATER

Since his disillusionment with the entertainment industry and
 the government, the GAMESHOW HOST has let himself go. He is
 now overweight, 45 years old and unemployed. He is in his
 living room, lying limp and often seemingly dead on his
 stained leather sofa. He is dangling greasy slices of pizza
 above his fattened face, and eating them as best he can. He
 occasionally chokes violently. Whilst doing this, he is
 watching the news with frequent lapses of attention.

On the news program, the REPORTER and SIR GEORGE share a blue,
 block-like table. They sit on black, velvet chairs with a
 grand flat-screen TV behind them. Even though the ANCHORMAN
 swore live on air, he didn't get fired as his actions were
 decided to be understandable. Phew. He basically looks the
 same as 5 years ago, but more wrinkled.

NEWS REPORTER

On today's news, we have an
 inspirational story about Sir George,
 a well known failure.

SIR GEORGE looks sad.

NEWS REPORTER

He was recently kicked out of the
 government for gross incompetence.
 Since then all of his ideas have been
 not only rejected, but ridiculed.
 However, after taking Reasonable
 Foods's special learning drugs, just
 once a day over the last week, he has
 now become the head of the company!

GAMESHOW HOST
(enraged and shouting
at the TV)
Oh, God DAMMIT!!

NEWS REPORTER
It is our honour to have him here to
discuss his new ideas, and life in
general.

SIR GEORGE
Thank you for having me.

NEWS REPORTER
So George, what exactly are your
ideas?

SIR GEORGE
It's kind of weird, but I simply read
the sales information from Reasonable
Foods for a while, and a few minutes
later ideas just come to me. If I
think the price of a product should be
raised or lowered, I change it. I've
been told to point out, and quite
rightly so, my new ability basically
comes from the learning drugs I take.

NEWS REPORTER
That's fascinating. I hear you plan to
release some new products, and that
you have ideas outside of RF's field,
too?

SIR GEORGE
Yes, I've noticed that people really
like energy drinks, and I've observed
that such products have become more
powerful in recent times. Many people
are increasingly in need for a greater
kick, so I'm planning to a release a
barely legal energy drink,
called 'Mental'. About my other
projects, have you noticed how
intelligent dogs are?

NEWS REPORTER
Yes, I've taught my dog lots of
tricks..

SIR GEORGE
No, no, no, I think dogs are capable
of far more than learning tricks. I
was thinking the other day... Or maybe
I just heard and consciously forgot...

Anyway, doesn't matter, I was thinking that it's weird that people dream, yet they very rarely can get some concrete insight into what their visions mean. Why could that be? Maybe it's because the rise of language in humans made the ability to understand symbolism less important. However, as dogs can't speak, maybe they CAN understand the symbolism of their dreams, as they are forced to do so. Maybe they are just as intelligent as people, but in a different way. Maybe it doesn't show, as dogs can't use tools with their paws and build the things that are in their heads. Thus, they have never really developed as a species.

NEWS REPORTER

You make some really interesting points, there. Maybe some research could go into it.

SIR GEORGE

Yes, I do make some interesting points. So perhaps... dogs should fly??

The GAMESHOW HOST bursts out laughing.

NEWS REPORTER

(baffled)

.... I'm sorry?..

SIR GEORGE

.. Dogs flying planes... Like dog fights...

SIR GEORGE has painful flashbacks of MPs pointing and laughing at him. SIR GEORGE looks blank for a few seconds.

NEWS REPORTER

... Hello, Sir George?...

SIR GEORGE flips over the table he is sitting at, with a fury that gives him extra strength.

SIR GEORGE

Oh, fuck you! I'm the head of Reasonable Foods! You merely read from a screen! I don't have to take this shit from you!

SIR GEORGE runs out of the building.

.... The world of business is a harsh place for MR. HAMMETT! He got fired, who'd have thought?? But the world is a cruel place for many others, too...

31. Rock Bottom

.... Like this person...

INT: GAMESHOW HOST'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - LATER THAT NIGHT

The GAMESHOW HOST'S living room is still messy, even though his dear 18 year old son is coming to visit him, at any moment. Empty, grease-stained pizza boxes are strewn across the floor and the TV's screen is broken. A smashed remote control lies close to it, on top of shards of glass. Since GEORGE'S news appearance a few hours ago, the HOST has been sleeping on his couch in what looks to be a very painful position. He has only just awakened, to find several empty and full cans of 'Mental' underneath him.

GAMESHOW HOST
(weak from depression)
Ohhh.... fuck.

The doorbell rings with an unbearable jangle. The HOST somehow finds the strength to get out of his warm, though sweaty chair and answer the door. This is as he turns grey. Without even realising it, he has taken one can of 'Mental' with him which he holds tight.

GAMESHOW HOST
(trying to be positive,
but straining his
voice)
Hello, son!

The GAMESHOW HOST'S SON is an 18 year old man. He has wide-set eyes and rosy cheeks on his long face. His hair-sprayed blonde mullet makes him look rebellious. He is wearing a Megadeaf T-shirt and jeans.

GAMESHOW HOST'S SON
(concerned)
Hello, dad... Why are you drinking
that rubbish?

The HOST looks at his stimulant, confused for a second or two.

GAMESHOW HOST
.. Rubbish?!.. Say what you want about
Sir George, but he knows how to make a
good drink....

GAMESHOW HOST'S SON
I've done some research, online. It's
really bad for your mental health. And
even worse for your physical health...

GAMESHOW HOST
(coughing)
Oh, come on son, you have to live once
in a while!

GAMESHOW HOST'S SON
Dad, you've just coughed up blood!

GAMESHOW HOST
(in apathy)
Really??... Oh yeah... Fuck...

The GAMESHOW HOST coughs some more, feeling cold all over.

GAMESHOW HOST
(tired)
You're quite the researcher. You will
be a great psychologist.

GAMESHOW HOST'S SON
(thinking)
You seem depressed...

GAMESHOW HOST
You have quite the gift, Vivaldi...
Quite the...

The GAMESHOW HOST'S teeth start falling out, one after
another.

GAMESHOW HOST
(with mild anxiety)
Oh shit...

GAMESHOW HOST'S SON, AKA VIVALDI
(shocked)
Dad!

GAMESHOW HOST
(depressed)
It's ok... This shit should be kicking
in soon... I'll go to the dentist,
tomorrow. It's fine.... So, son...
What have you learnt at college?

VIVALDI
 (freaking out, but
 starting to calm down
 a bit)
 Well... People can experience a number
 of different emotions...

GAMESHOW HOST
 (trying to give hope)
 That's great. Did you learn anything
 else?

VIVALDI
 Yes. Not only can you experience
 different emotions, you can also feel
 them to various degrees.

GAMESHOW HOST
 Really? I've never thought about it
 like that, but I guess you're right.

VIVALDI
 Thanks. I have some of my own ideas,
 too. I think different people get
 depressed for different reasons.

GAMESHOW HOST
 That's fucking amazing. Someone should
 put you on TV.

VIVALDI
 (with hope in his eyes)
 Really??

GAMESHOW HOST
 Oh, yeah! Depressed for different
 reasons? That's some deep shit!

VIVALDI
 Thanks! Did you know brain damage can
 affect your personality?

The GAMESHOW HOST'S jaw drops in amazement.

GAMESHOW HOST
 Son. You have a really bright future
 ahead of that, you know that? No
 wonder you got perfect As.

One of the GAMESHOW HOST'S fingers falls off, onto the now
 blood-soaked floor.

GAMESHOW HOST
 (depressed)
 Son, please take me to the hospital.

... I know what you're thinking... 'You didn't warn me to get my sick bucket, and I've just ruined my carpet!' You're right, I didn't warn you. But I also said this book was an education. It's meant to make you a man (or a woman), as well. Pull yourself together. What happens if something equally awful, or worse happens in the future?..... Exactly.

32. The Last Straw

It's only been a week, and the GAMESHOW HOST has already got his SON his own TV show. How? Bargaining with friends in high places. Also, by pure fluke, a popular HOST of a cooking program, found he was suffering from the same ultra-rare disease the MP, SARAH had. He exploded, live on air. The explosion caused a brief hysteria, but it was soon explained that proverb strengthening was NOT coming back. The combustion was told to be completely unrelated, and it was. No lies. Whew!!! This gory fatality freed up a slot for VIVALDI.

What has this TEENAGER been doing in this week? Not much, as he doesn't have to. He got perfect grades in psychology. Instead of studying for his role, he's mostly been lying around, working on his 'TV voice' and eating Hasenpfeffer. Even though SIR GEORGE has been responsible for making the vast majority uneducated and foolish, he has at least brought a little piece of German culture to England.

INT: VIVALDI'S TV STUDIO, LONDON - DAY, A WEEK LATER

The TV studio is a creepy pitch-black room. Mental health is a serious issue, and I guess the producers were trying to reflect that. The only things visible are lit with one circular light. It shines on a now appropriately uniformed VIVALDI, and his space-age table. On this table is a cylinder-shaped phone, which he uses to answer his VIEWER'S questions on psychology related matters.

VIVALDI

(with a positive and
trance-inducing tone
to his speech)

Hello viewers. I've just graduated from college, after getting an A in psychology. My father, who some of you may know, was a gameshow host called Matt 'Matty' Talbott. He was the one who got me my own show, so a special thanks goes out to him. However, unfortunately he is now in hospital, after falling ill in a normal way.

VIVALDI gulps, with a dry throat.

VIVALDI
 (with a nervous smile)
 Seriously though, there's no need to
 sue. Let me make that clear.

VIVALDI 'ahems' somewhat louder than he intended to.

VIVALDI
 (trying to be positive,
 again)
 I'd really appreciate it, if you and
 your families dedicate this show to
 him... Anyway, on with the show... If
 you have any questions or need any
 advice from me, please give me a call.

The phone vibrates with a mystical ringtone, and VIVALDI
 answers it with gentle, wave-like movements. CALLER NO.1 is a
 16 year old boy, with a sad way of talking.

CALLER NO.1
 Hello, Vivaldi?

VIVALDI
 That's me. Who am I speaking with?

CALLER NO.1
 My name is Derek.

VIVALDI
 Hello Derek, why are you calling me,
 today?

DEREK
 I've just been really depressed
 recently...

VIVALDI
 (not meaning to be
 insensitive)
 Ok, depressed Derek. First of all,
 depression is an emotion...

DEREK
 (thinking)
 ... Ok...

VIVALDI
 Secondly, different people get
 depressed for different reasons.

DEREK
 ... I see. Is there anything you can
 do to help me?

VIVALDI

Sure there is. I recommend you take
some antidepressants...

DEREK

(becoming optimistic)
Oh, Ok bye!

VIVALDI

I'm glad you've found this chat
helpful.

VIVALDI hangs up the phone, pleased in the knowledge he did
(at least some) good. A few moments later it rings again. He
picks it up in the same over the top way as before, to talk
with the next CALLER.

VIVALDI

Hello, who is this speaking, now?

PIZZA MAN

(in a sinister tone of
voice)
... They call me.. 'The Pizza Man'...
I'm calling from America. You have a
great show there, Vivaldi...

VIVALDI

(a little nervous)
Alright Pizza Guy...

PIZZA MAN

(cutting in, annoyed)
Pizza Man...

VIVALDI

...Pizza Man... How can I help you?

PIZZA MAN

(in desperation)
I just don't know what's real anymore.
I've recently been released from a
mental institution, but I'm not
feeling any better... Nothing makes
any sense.

VIVALDI

I see. Please continue...

PIZZA MAN

Alright... People exploded when they
ate expired food... Ok... But why?

VIVALDI

That's an excellent question. I don't know why..

PIZZA MAN

Yeah, that's been bugging me... But that's not the only thing... I've also seen some really messed up things, first hand.

VIVALDI

Yes, sadly, most of us have...

PIZZA MAN

Exactly. But whenever anyone questions why all of that crazy stuff happened, they get sent to a weird 'school', where the so called 'teachers' make them watch the Kyle Jeffreys show to make them 'better'.... Isn't that weird??

VIVALDI

Yes, that's very weird...

PIZZA MAN

Exactly! So all of that shit is real, but I'm not Santa??

VIVALDI hangs up the phone, annoyed. The calm and friendly facade is shattered.

VIVALDI

I'm so sorry about that. I should have realised that was a prank call earlier. I'm so sorry he swore, too...

At that moment, the single light hanging above the PRESENTER crashes onto the floor, narrowly missing him.

VIVALDI

FUCK ME!

... Regrettably, that act of near manslaughter was far from a one off; the light fitting industry is going through havoc. Some of the greatest men and women in England are clueless about how to fix the country's workforce crisis. The UK is crumbling before everyone's eyes.

33. An Interesting Idea

Just minutes after VIVALDI'S live show was aired, the PRIME MINISTER (previously the PM'S ADVISOR for those with short memories) was shown a recording of it, by a concerned MP. It took mere seconds for the rest of the TV set to fall apart, and the so called 'expert' HOST'S lack of psychological understanding was unsettling... And that's only what people on TV saw. What happened after, was even more crazy. The floor exploded.

These events were the straw that broke the camel's back, and things have to change. It's certainly going to be a tough night to sleep...

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Once again, there is a nerve wracking climate in the Houses of Parliament meeting room (it's a tense job). The PRIME MINISTER is marching around the room with neurotic aggression. All other MPs, including the shady THOMAS, are seated. This megalomaniac weirdo is now 75 years old, and has put on a bit of weight over the past 5 years. To be like SIR GEORGE, he now wears gold jewelry, too.

PRIME MINISTER

(very angry)

The world is turning to shit! No one knows what they are doing or what they are talking about!.... But what's the alternative?! Have the Isle of Man disappear, again?! Let someone who should have been sectioned under the mental health act throw presents at children from a helicopter?!

THOMAS

Fuck it, that was America.

PRIME MINISTER

Good point.

THOMAS

(with an optimistic smile)

You know who has ideas revolutionary enough to get a country out of a crisis??

PRIME MINISTER

(trying to be calm)

Thomas, if you suggest we get help from Sir George, I will shoot you in the arm...

THOMAS
 (becoming defensive)
 I don't think he's the idiot that he
 seems... He saved the world and
 Reasonable Foods, for Christ's sake!

PRIME MINISTER
 (tired)
 Jesus Christ. Alright, I just want to
 have ONE phone call from him to see if
 he has any ideas. After that, I never
 want to hear from him, again.

THOMAS
 I'll phone him for you now.

THOMAS dials SIR GEORGE'S phone, secretly amused inside. He
 then hands his mobile to the PRIME MINISTER, with his jaw shut
 tight and giggle-proof. The device is on speaker mode, and the
 room goes quiet.

SIR GEORGE
 Hello, who is this?

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR
 It's the prime minister.

SIR GEORGE
 (quietly)
 Fuck...

THOMAS tries to prevent his face from grinning. He just about
 manages it.

PRIME MINISTER
 (getting angry, again)
 Look George, this country is falling
 apart! Something needs to be done
 about this!

SIR GEORGE
 (inspired)
 Dogs!

THOMAS fails to control himself this time, and bursts out in
 hysterics.

PRIME MINISTER
 AAAAAAAAAARRRGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!! FUCKING
 DOGS! FUCKING DOGS ALL THE FUCKING
 TIME!!!!!!!!!!

SIR GEORGE

No, don't you see?! If we could all be more like dogs, we wouldn't be in this mess! Selfish people saying proverbs just so they could have some power and some fun?! A dog would never be so self centred. Can't we just tell the truth about the danger of proverbs? We won't need to lie to people and say they cause cancer, if we all work together as a society and obey the law - the law against proverbs, that is. Sure, making people dumber eradicated the effects of proverb strengthening, quicker, but we've moved on since then. People can be just as intelligent as before.

PRIME MINISTER

(calming down)

What are you suggesting?

SIR GEORGE

How about we give learning drugs to dogs, and see if they can help us be more agreeable? If we can get dogs to talk, we may all be saved.

PRIME MINISTER

(with sarcasm)

Ideas from dogs. Great.

SIR GEORGE

Do you want my help or not?

PRIME MINISTER

Alright, then. Do you have a dog to drug and teach?

SIR GEORGE

Sorry, I don't.

PRIME MINISTER

Well, take Thomas's dog, Genghis.

THOMAS

Hey!

PRIME MINISTER

Grow up, Thomas. Oh, and by the way, George, how's life at Reasonable Foods? I hear they're making lots of money from their learning drugs. Children are really good at video games now, I can tell you that much...

SIR GEORGE
I got fired, again.

PRIME MINISTER
(remembering)
Oh, yes of course. I'm sorry to hear that.

SIR GEORGE
I wasn't surprised. Mr. Hammett really liked working there, so he found his way back in charge.

PRIME MINISTER
I kn...

SIR GEORGE
I was definitely the victim of a conspiracy.

PRIME MINISTER
Alri...

SIR GEORGE
I was also spending too much time working on my black metal project.

PRIME MINISTER
(eager to end the conversation)
Ok, bye.

.... Getting ideas from dogs sounds pretty crazy, doesn't it? It almost sounds unbelievable. But remember Dolly the Sheep? Cloning animals? You have to realise that's the kind of stuff the government is willing to tell us about - what about the rest? Who knows about the weird, crazy and even frightening things that happen behind the scenes?

34. Part 4: Animals

This is part 4. Humans couldn't work out how to save the world, so now it's time for animals to have a go. Wouldn't it be great if adorable little puppies worked for parliament? You'd certainly trust them. GEORGE must be onto something, right?...

Anyway, ('.....' Oh-uh. Silence, that's not good) what has happened over the last week? Not surprisingly, VIVALDI'S program has been cancelled. To replace it, a new show is on about dogs and their behaviour. It's basically pro-morality propaganda.

The PIZZA MAN has also been re-hospitalised, after attacking a fat, bearded man in a red suit. He claimed the 'imposter' got what he deserved. Lastly, there has been a lot of weird experimentation, and nothing is off limits. In fact, the weirder the better. Why not see for yourself?

INT: SIR GEORGE'S ASSEMBLY ROOM - NIGHT, A WEEK LATER

SIR GEORGE'S favourite time of day - night - is sadly passing by unnoticed, as he needs artificial light for his vital research. However, in the illumination provided by the glorious chandeliers, the room's true beauty can be seen. Wonderful hand carved pillars are all around, in a pure ivory white. Same as before, but brighter. Each one is 30 foot high and signed by Kyle Jeffries, himself. (Ok, you couldn't see the signatures, before. Or the delicate engraving). The Deftones posters have been rehung, signalling an improvement in mental health and motivation.

Here, on the dog hair covered floor, GEORGE is sitting cross-legged and is working hard. His specially imported, exotic coffee is helping him keep focus. GENGHIS circles him whilst panting, perhaps in thought. This DOG is, or possibly was THOMAS'S middle aged German Shepherd. He is no longer a puppy, and is quite large in size.

SIR GEORGE

(with hope)

Genghis! Genghis! Are the learning drugs working? Can you talk to me, Genghis??

GENGHIS

(barking)

Yeff!

SIR GEORGE

(astonished)

Was that a 'yes', Genghis???

GENGHIS

Yeff, it waff!

SIR GEORGE

...Do you know why you're here?..

GENGHIS

Everythiff if fucked!

SIR GEORGE

(shocked)

Genghis! Where did you pick up such foul language??

GENGHIS

Thomaff.

SIR GEORGE

(understanding)

Not surprisiff. I mean surprising.

SIR GEORGE thinks for a moment, and takes another sip of his obscure drink.

SIR GEORGE

.... Is it true that Thomas is a secret part time drag queen?

GENGHIS

Yeff, it iff!

SIR GEORGE

(amused)

I knew I recognised him at that club! Anyway, do you know why this country is 'fucked'?

GENGHIS sits and steeples his paws together, in thought.

GENGHIS

Yeff. Everywuff iff obseffed wiff poweff and peopf like musiciaffs and comedy authoffs are too preoccupiefd wiff succeff. If we aff workedf togetherf and followedf the rulffs, everyonf wouldf be savefd.

SIR GEORGE

That's great! What do you suggest we do as a society?

GENGHIS

Wiff copyf the contriffs that workf. I thinkf we canf learnf fromf Belgiumfs relaxedf prisonf systemf, for exampfle, af the crimf ratef if lowerf therf.

SIR GEORGE

I understand what you are saying. The countries where societies are more understanding have far fewer social problems. Even so, no system is perfect, and change would have to be a very gradual process.

The dog rolls his eyes as if to say 'Duh, I know...' There is a short pause.

GENGHIS
... Weff destroyf alff catfs.

SIR GEORGE forcefully spits out some of his coffee, some into the DOG'S face.

SIR GEORGE
(shocked)
We destroy all cats??

GENGHIS
(embarrassed)
Forgetf itf.

SIR GEORGE
Yes, I will forget it! How can we SAVE
THE WORLD?

GENGHIS
Weff encouraff peopf wiff treatfs.

SIR GEORGE
We give treats to people?

GENGHIS
Yeff. Can I haff a treatf?

GENGHIS wags his tail with a youthful energy and SIR GEORGE tosses him a dog biscuit, from his pocket. Rightly so, the ANIMAL'S made great progress over the last 7 days. How he learnt how to talk in a snap of a finger, is a bit of a mystery. I guess things just clicked.

SIR GEORGE
Do you mean we give bones to people??

GENGHIS
(chewing and crunching)
Noff neffessarily. Maybf Videof
Gameffs.

SIR GEORGE
I think you may be onto something...

SIR GEORGE reaches into his other, better smelling pocket and mobiles up the PRIME MINISTER. He is nervous and ready to be shouted at.

SIR GEORGE
Hello, is this the prime minister?

PRIME MINISTER
(serious, as usual)
Yes it is. Who is this?

SIR GEORGE

It's Sir George.

PRIME MINISTER

(with more sarcasm)

I see. Got the dog to talk, yet?

SIR GEORGE

Actually, yes I have! The dog seems to have some insight, but I think letting it run the country might be a bit much. He suggested copying other high functioning countries, and giving treats to people who conform.

PRIME MINISTER

They're ideas, I guess. Keep pumping it with drugs and see if it comes up with anything more substantial. In fact while you're at it, make sure your old co-workers at Reasonable Foods give all their dogs learning drugs, as well. I'm sure we can trust the company to keep our research secret, or... I'll finish them.

SIR GEORGE

(with a nervous voice)

I'll give them your message. I'm sure we can trust them, too.

PRIME MINISTER

(his mood darkening)

.... And remember... No one must know about this special research. In the wrong hands, it could prove disastrous. Make sure the people at RF keep their mouths tight shut.

SIR GEORGE

Alright, ciao.

... What GENGHIS failed to appreciate, was his own hypocrisy. With amazing insight, he said that copying more compassionate countries would be beneficial, and he may well have been onto something. However, carried away by his emotions, he said 'destroy all cats'. It is hypothesised that cats and dogs hate each other merely because of communication misunderstandings - for example, friendly body language in one animal could signify aggressive intentions to the other. Can you judge a creature without a firm understanding of its situation or thought-processes? Of course not.

I never said dogs were infallible, did I? What's the moral of the story? If someone tells you to listen to what his or her dog is saying, you shouldn't necessarily do it. Though of course be open minded.

35. New Problems

Dogs are unusual mammals, in that they are not at all selfish. Ok, they might eat your dinner given the opportunity, but they will stay loyal to you, even if you're a complete prick. I once had a dog, but that's another matter. Other intelligent animals reading this, please try and learn from them; when they are at their best, that is.

Anyway, (.... sorry, did I just hear someone load a gun? Never mind...) what has happened this week? SIR GEORGE has celebrated his recent successful idea..... by playing even more online chess. Yep, for such an unusual man, his life is pretty dull. But maybe not; if he can find a way of losing a game in one move, he will be a worldwide super star. The biggest name in the sport.

GENGHIS, on the other hand, has had a more productive week. He now works for parliament and is a keen debater. He can offer an affable and calming presence to the building, simply by being there. That's something that is much appreciated by all STAFF, including the PRIME MINISTER, himself.

The DOGS of the RF EMPLOYEES have also been given large doses of learning drugs. They have been given a 7 day course, and further prescriptions are planned. Like GENGHIS, they have made phenomenal progress... Why not read about them in around 80 words time?

EXT: OUTSIDE OF RF'S HEAD OFFICE - MORNING, A WEEK LATER

It is an icy cold and dire morning, in a claustrophobic alleyway. One direction leads to a large puddle and a vague, open concrete zone, the opposite leads to... well, that's for later. Litter is found everywhere in this space, despite the fact that many EMPLOYEE and CIVILIAN bins line it. Some are ajar. A wall enclosed RF gate is in the front left of three (mostly) well looked after DOGS, and they think it looks really professional. They are pumped up with chemicals, and are standing on top of a discarded mattress.

EDDIE is a 3 year old bulldog. He barks with an aggressive snarl and like the rest of the dogs, has genius level IQ. ALEX is a 6 year old sausage dog who moves with a lazy, sleepy motion. MICHAEL is a puppy poodle. Every now and then, he bounces around with built-up energy.

All are conversing in a quickly echoing English language, but Brit is not the only dialect they can now speak.

Many other foreign tongues are planned to be decoded, just for the fun of it.

EDDIE

(barking words)

Ain't it great we can talk to each other now? Sniffing each other gave us information that was so vague!

ALEX

It certainly is! Now we can organise ourselves much better!

MICHAEL

What do you have in mind?

ALEX

(whisper barks)

See that cat over there, on that wall?

MICHAEL

(also whispering)

Which one?

ALEX

The wall that has passing through it... The one in front of you.

MICHAEL

Yes...

ALEX

Eddie and I are going to push it off the thing, while you distract it.

MICHAEL

(in agreement)

Woof!

MICHAEL stays behind as EDDIE and ALEX sneak up behind the CAT, as quiet as mice. To reach the MOGGY, the two DOGS climb on top of some of those ajar STAFF bins. From here, they leap onto the same wall as their enemy and crawl up behind him, with cool-heads. The gate is now seen to lead to RF'S head office and some kennels. All of a sudden, MICHAEL barks at the CAT from a safe distance. The CAT responds with a pint-sized roar, just as EDDIE and ALEX stand up to prod him with their paws. He tumbles to the pavement, stunned and disorientated. EDDIE and ALEX jump down on some sturdier looking bins, then onto the ground. MICHEAL catches up to them.

EDDIE
 (barking with
 excitement)
 You wait till we tell Dave about this!
 Alright, let's get the Hell out of
 this place!

MICHAEL
 Which way??

EDDIE
 Towards the shops!

Once the CAT regroups his thoughts, the creature charges at the DOGS without a trace of fear.

MICHAEL
 He's chasing us, guys!... But we're
 dogs!

EDDIE
 We know what we're doing! Just follow
 us!

EDDIE, ALEX and MICHAEL scurry off as fast as they can, towards the dirt-filled body of water. (The puddle, that is #LanguageVariety). As they run, they knock over more garbage cans with careless jubilation. After a few more seconds of mischievous sprinting, they leave the passageway and reach the natural pool. An area consisting of a deprived butcher's shop, a handful of other similar establishments and a vandalised bus stop is also observable. There is no kind of vegetation in sight.

Soon, the CAT catches up to the GANG and is ready to exchange scratches and blows. At that very instant however, the DOGS jump in unison, soaking the CAT in a thin layer of mud. The DOGS then show defiant body language as the CAT lumbers towards a butcher's, with self-comforting thoughts. Mission complete, the three CANINES swagger back through the alley to the RF gate. They jump up to ring the doorbell, acting as nothing has happened.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1 lets the DOGS in, through the centre's pathway, to their kennels.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
 (a bit irritated, but
 relieved)
 There you are! Where the hell have you
 been?!

ALEX
 (with casual a voice)
 We've just been pondering the meaning
 of life.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
 Did it have to be outside?

ALEX
 Oh yes...

There is a long hesitation.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
 (becoming suspicious)
 Oh.. Alright then.. Keep it up. I have
 to do some thinking, too. Tell Mr.
 Hammett I'm going for a walk.

ALEX
 No problem, Sir.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
 There's a good dog.

For a few minutes, the RF'S ADVISOR NO.1 ambles through those bland streets until they start to fade away. Asphalt turns into meadows and an alluring duck pond is within sight. It is sheltered by an arc of domineering evergreen trees, and a wide dirt path runs through the gap. This pond is secluded and as there is no bench, the WORKER sits on the lush green, but icy grass. As he does so, he can see more forest in front of him. At peace, he thinks about how he can come up with a solution for the government and SIR GEORGE.

After a couple of re-energising minutes, he notices an odd, never been seen before shape in the distance. The image gets closer and closer until the ADVISOR realises it's a SWAN, with a knife held in its beak. Baffled, he stares at the animal. The SWAN is calm, yet determined. It is swimming for him slowly and suspiciously. At this point, the MAN is stunned into paralysis. He realises that families with children visit this pond, so he must take action immediately. At that moment, the SWAN accelerates fast towards the ADVISOR and jumps out of the water at a startling speed. The SWAN then slashes at the terrified worker with the ferocity of a maniac.

There is no choice, the RF EMPLOYEE dashes out of the way and karate chops the SWAN on top of its head with military precision. The CREATURE falls unconscious and drops the weapon to the ground. A nearing FAMILY with two TODDLERS spot the nervous wreck with an injured SWAN and knife next to him. They immediately call the POLICE in horror.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1
(panicking)
No! It's not what you think!! The swan
tried to stab me!!!

A police siren is soon heard coming closer and closer as the FAMILY run away, screaming for their lives.

... If you are a swan reading this book, I can only apologise for the way you are being portrayed. I am not saying you are all vicious murderers. Far from it.

36. A New Solution

After that hard day's chasing, EDDIE, MICHAEL and ALEX 'chillaxed' in their bog-standard kennels. Yes, dogs use that word, too. In fact they love it. EDDIE, the more assertive dog, is a huge fan of American hip hop. However, he doesn't understand how the word 'bitch' is offensive. Neither do I. Dogs are clearly now our equals, if not our superiors.

MR. HAMMETT, on the other hand has had a more difficult time. RF'S entire reputation will be destroyed if he doesn't handle things properly. No one wants to be associated with a psychopath who hits animals and no one can know the truth. For one thing, the government mustn't find out about the evil SWAN on learning drugs, or HAMMETT will come across as dangerously reckless. He was responsible for marketing and distributing the drugs after all, so any murderous animals are his fault... It's either death or glory.

INT: RF'S HEAD OFFICE MEETING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

There is an agitated air in the meeting room. (Another one of those manic, high end jobs). However, MR. HAMMETT has no plans to give up. In part to show this, he is sitting at his table as if he owns it (actually, it is his furniture)... And as if he owns everyone around it (again, he kind of does). This demonstration of his narcissistic wounds is taking place after being replaced by SIR GEORGE, for a brief period. That was a time best forgotten, for sure.

MR. HAMMETT
(assertive, but sort of
sad. In a way)
Why didn't I see it? I never would
have imagined people would give their
pets our special learning drugs. Well
ok, maybe they have, maybe they
haven't, we can't say... But why the
hell would they feed them to swans?
We'll have to stop selling them and
use them in secret.

Also, we must urge people to destroy any of their remaining drugs as soon as possible. We'll make up some lie. We'll say they cause cancer, or something. The world certainly can't carry on like this. Our advisor, Mr. Cans is going to go to prison for a long time now, because of these bizarre circumstances.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

We definitely can't explain to the police what happened?

MR. HAMMETT

(edgy)

No, certainly not. We'll have to keep the real effects of learning drugs top secret. Otherwise, God knows what will happen. We can't even tell the Prime Minister about the swan, or we could get into trouble for being careless.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

Yes, of course. Shall we check on the dogs and see if they've come up with any ideas?

MR. HAMMETT

(with a halfhearted voice)

Yeah, alright then.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

.... Oh, and the Prime Minister doesn't have to know the real reason we're telling customers to exterminate their drugs; we can simply say to him people are getting too good at pinball. It's a game of strategy, after all. It's difficult to have an edge over the people one controls, if they transfer their learned skills over to political discourse.

MR. HAMMETT

Good thinking. I think. Well, whatever.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

... And well done for getting your job back from the highest up CEO, by the way. I mean from him of all people...

It couldn't have been easy for you to convince the guy George was planning to ruin the franchise. Especially as his ideas were so good... And saying that he wanted to destroy the company by turning it into a bunch of massive pet stores? That was genius.

MR. HAMMETT

Yeah, that was a good one, but then again, the CEO didn't really like him. I think that's what our boss wanted to believe. Ok, let's go.

MR. HAMMETT and RF'S ADVISOR NO.2 leave the meeting room with low expectations. They scuffle down the purple carpeted, (the colour of kings) double winder staircase to the research room. They pass titanium plated banisters and cubist masterpieces on their way.

INT: RF'S HEAD OFFICE, RESEARCH ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

This part of the complex is roomy and lit with greens, reds, blues and yellows. There are 50 cutting-edge computers along the sides, as well as three specially made ones for the DOGS. Their keyboards are two meters wide to make typing easier. ALEX, EDDIE and MICHAEL are working at them, sitting on the universal furniture which most would call 'asymmetrical blobs'. Despite its twists and turns, everyone is perched in a weird and unsettling level of comfort. Beat-less, consonant ambient music plays in the background. It's so undistracting, HAMMETT with his EMPLOYEE can stand over and talk to the ALEX with ease.

MR. HAMMETT

How are you three getting on?

ALEX

(barking with optimism,
looking at his PC)

I think I may have it!

MR. HAMMETT

(skeptical)

Ok...

ALEX

Oxytocin is the bonding drug, right?

MR. HAMMETT

Right...

ALEX

So, we secretly pump oxytocin into the water system so everyone gets along with each other, feels less need to break the 'no proverb' rules and has less need to be selfish. However, we first need to make the drug safe.

MR. HAMMETT

(surprised and excited)

.... Oh, my God! That might work, I think you've got it! I can't believe I didn't come up with that idea, myself!

ALEX turns his chair to face his BOSS.

ALEX

(wagging his tail with excitement)

Really??

MR. HAMMETT

I think so!

ALEX

Can I have a biscuit??

MR. HAMMETT

Sure, have as many as you like!

ALEX

.... And can I listen Darren Housholder's debut album, online?

MR. HAMMETT

Certainly. A wise choice. Very obscure, too, I'm impressed.

ALEX

Yes, that album didn't get a very good review from WeKnowAboutMusic.com, though...

MR. HAMMETT

Tell me about it.

ALEX

Yeah, 95% of the time I agree with the reviews of that site, but that Housholder review was WAY off.

MR. HAMMETT

(jokingly)

Yeah. It's a funny old world, isn't it.

MR. HAMMETT'S face darkens.

MR. HAMMETT

But remember... Leave my water the fuck alone!

.. Have you seen much glory in this story, yet? Does that mean anything? They say the best way to predict future behaviour, is to look at past behaviour... But people say lots of things. I once used to crawl on the floor, mindlessly banging toys together. Doesn't mean I'll do it again though, does it?

37. A Chance Encounter

The BTS NARRATOR is someone who keeps making the same mistakes of the past, granted. But did MRS. CARTY, the JOB INTERVIEWER? No, she turned her life around and gave good advice in the end. It shouldn't have been taken so literally, but that wasn't her fault.

Over the last few hours, MR. HAMMETT has been true to his word and arranged for Darren Housholder's debut album to be heard. (But luckily he didn't buy it. If I suggested he did, I as a non-fiction author could get in trouble for advertising others).

INT: BTS NARRATOR'S NEW PRISON CELL, STILL LONDON - LATER THAT NIGHT

In this room is a metal toilet and a table fixed to the floor, for safety reasons. To be more specific, it's fixed to the floor just in case the ultra annoying NARRATOR gets attacked by his CELL MATE. It has a deck of cards on it as well as recent letters from SIR GEORGE. By the wall, there is a cheap bunk bed and both the BTS FAILURE and the RF ADVISOR are sitting on it. The latter on top looks out the misty window, but not much can be seen other than the black sky and a fog covered field. The NARRATOR has his head in his arms, though eventually he finds the will to look up. It's now apparent that this CHAD MACALPINE is now 35 years old. His old flat-top hairstyle is now more of a neglected brown mop.

BTS NARRATOR, AKA CHAD MACALPINE

(depressed)

Other than having discussions about chess, we have never really talked much. Do you mind if ask... why you are here?

CANS looks down towards CHAD.

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1, AKA MR. CANS
 (also depressed)
 I hit a swan. What about you?

CHAD MACALPINE
 I swore at a judge a few times.
 I should have been out years ago, but
 I keep doing the same dumb things over
 and over. It's completely
 unintentional, I assure you. The BTS
 have disowned me.

MR. CANS
 (remembering)
 Oh of course, I've heard about you on
 the news. I noticed the letters from
 Sir George on your desk... He's a
 strange individual, isn't h.....

CHAD sees something diabolical, causing him to double take; a
 SWAN with a medieval dagger in its mouth is hovering on the
 outside of the prison cell window. Its face is chilling.

CHAD MACALPINE
 (in disbelief)
 What the fuck is that?!

MR. CANS
 What?..

The RF'S ADVISOR turns his head towards the window in an
 unconcerned manner. He gives the impression he's been
 desensitised to absurdity and indeed, this is what he
 believes.

MR. CANS
 (shocked)
 Aaargh!!

... But maybe not. The SWAN flies off into the fog at an
 unnecessarily slow speed. It wants to be seen and it wants to
 cause terror. It does so without any effort.

CHAD MACALPINE
 Was that the swan you hit??

MR. CANS
 It was in self defense! You saw it, it
 had a knife!

CHAD MACALPINE
 (stunned)
 Fucking hell...

RF'S ADVISOR NO.1

Do you think I should be worried?

CHAD MACALPINE

Maybe when you leave this place,
yeah... That swan must have been
following you for miles, it's pretty
damn clever!

MR. CANS

I know. Can you keep a secret?

CHAD MACALPINE

(fascinated)

Sure.

MR. CANS

It's been taking special learning
drugs and it and most likely other
animals have been going wild. That's
why Reasonable Foods has stopped
selling them. The Boss of the company
wrote to me and told me. He also said
he is doing everything in his power to
get me out. He's written to the
government and everything.

CHAD MACALPINE

Oh, that's the reason for the ban!
Weren't the learning drugs one of RF's
main source of income?

MR. CANS

Yep. So it's a pretty serious
situation if they don't want anything
to do with them, anymore.

CHAD MACALPINE

Why don't you take some of the drugs,
so you can outsmart the swan?

MR. CANS

(offended)

I don't need to take drugs to outsmart
a swan!

CHAD MACALPINE

Well, it's your life...

MR. CANS

(becoming humble)

... What would you do to outsmart a
swan?

CHAD MACALPINE
Well.... Wolves eat swans, right..

MR. CANS
Sometimes, yes...

CHAD MACALPINE
So think like a wolf...

MR. CANS
What?? How the hell...

The ADVISOR cuts short his sentence and starts to stroke his chin...

MR. CANS
(inspired)
I can think like a dog... Dogs are closely related to wolves! When I get out of here, I'm going to have a nice long chat with Genghis.

CHAD MACALPINE
Who's Genghis?

MR. CANS
(with confidence)
The smartest damn dog in the universe.

... Again, I can totally understand if there are any parts of this story you don't buy. Murders committed by weaponised animals are ridiculously rare. Harassment from animals to humans isn't much more common. Reality is indeed, stranger than fiction.

38. Government Support

Here's something else that's strange: The PRIME MINISTER is calm. He has faith in RF's abilities (perhaps more than he should), so he has been going easy on them, recently. Over the week, he has decided to try and come up with his own ideas, as well. Two teams are now working together on different concepts. And of course, there is GENGHIS to offer his wisdom.

INT: HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT MEETING ROOM - AFTERNOON, 2 DAYS LATER

More and more MPs are having faith in SIR GEORGE'S revolutionary idea. As time goes on, there is less to worry about. Even so, all STAFF are working hard at their laptops whilst sharing the discussion table. Many are discussing odd, 'George-esque' ideas with each other, though some believe all concepts should be more traditional.

In the thick wall of sound the STAFF'S voices create, the occasional word can be picked up by observers. Such words include 'cake', 'llama' and 'beans'. (Make of that what you will). Also here, the PRIME MINISTER is conversing with a couple of ADVISORS. Fortunately, his communications are the product of a mind that has been much widened over the past few years. After a few wise observations, the phone rings with a classic and sensible ring tone. The PM answers it, hoping no one will hear the insane details in the background.

PRIME MINISTER

(quite calm)

Hello, who is it?

MR. HAMMETT

It's Mr. Hammett.

PRIME MINISTER

Good news, I hope? How's the project going?

MR. HAMMETT

Yes, it is good news, but it's news best kept a secret. The idea is, we pump water full of oxytocin so people get along with each better, and have less need to break the rules. Some research is needed to make the oxytocin safe, however.

PRIME MINISTER

(hopeful)

Excellent news, it's an idea that might just work. Why didn't you think of that, yourself? Well, whatever. Do you have any idea how long it will take to make the drug safe?

MR. HAMMETT

If you get a whole research lab full of super dogs, maybe it will be a matter of weeks before you have something safe to use...

PRIME MINISTER

Banging!

MR. HAMMETT

(surprised)

Excuse me?

PRIME MINISTER

Never mind....

MR. HAMMETT

Ok. Can Reasonable Foods quit the research, now? I'm sure that now the project will be full scale, we're not needed, anymore.

PRIME MINISTER

No, no, go back to what you were doing, best. We were simply testing an idea with you. We chose to work with you because of our links with Sir George... And because we've got you by the balls... So to speak...

Hide the nukes, he's aggressive, again.

MR. HAMMETT

(hiding annoyance)

Ok, thanks, Mr. Prime Minister. However, we have nothing to do with George, anymore...

PRIME MINISTER

I know that. But if you were willing to hire him, listen to his ideas and even let him influence your whole company, you were surely on the same page, right?

MR. HAMMETT

Yes, the lunatic had some good ideas...

PRIME MINISTER

Perfect. Oh, and Mr. Hammett... There is one other thing I want to talk to you about... We've recently received a letter that seems to have been written with a knife. It simply reads 'tell Mr. Cans I'm coming for him'. Do you know what that's about? I know that you know him well..

MR. HAMMETT

(stunned)

... The swan!...

PRIME MINISTER

(baffled)

The what??

MR. HAMMETT
 (trying to be light
 hearted)
 I'm sorry, I just saw a swan, which
 surprised me... How did it get here??
 Is that all, Mr. Prime Minister? I
 expect you're very busy...

PRIME MINISTER
 Yes, that's all for now, bye.

MR. HAMMETT
 (hiding nervousness)
 Ok, bye..

... Once again, I'm deeply sorry about the way swans are described in this story. I assure you this SWAN is a one off. Swans are generally only aggressive to protect their nests and that is completely understandable, as I'm sure you agree.

39. Making Peace?

Here's a thought: Intelligence is a good thing, right? Not without morals, it isn't. Intelligence didn't stop the previous attacks, did it? Remember at the beginning? Kindness, kindness, kindness.

Back to the story... Unfortunately, MR. HAMMETT has been having the almost impossible task of finding the offending SWAN. They all look more or less the same. It's time to come up with a lie; that's far easier. Ok, so a swan found a knife and started using it on people to defend itself. Somewhat understandable. Sometimes birds build nests with cigarettes. That's not so different... Not really, they're both tools...

If it talks, how does it do so? Learning drugs! Oh shit, maybe not. Due to the stress, I guess HAMMETT hasn't been thinking clearly, these past few days. Hmmmmmm..... Maybe it isn't a swan, but a massively deformed human? No... Not a highly advanced robot... A hard light hologram? A dwarf in a swan costume is better, but the PM would never believe that....

... Actually, forget it. The SWAN won't talk to anyone as doing so would draw unwanted attention to itself. Maybe everything will be ok...

EXT: ALLEY OUTSIDE OF RF'S HEAD OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

It is another dismal day, and no sunshine can get through the thick clouds. The unattractive surroundings are basically the same; the only difference is, the bins have since been uprighted and the mess has been tidied up.

The humiliated CAT from before is perched on top of the alleyway wall, and waits to get his vengeance on the DOGS who slighted him. He does so with a burning though controlled fury. After what seems like an eternity of sitting on bird poo, the CAT spots MICHAEL on the ground. Without delay, he jumps and flies through the air, before pouncing on him from behind.

CAT
(raging)
MIAOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

MICHAEL
(panicking)
Gerroff! Gerroff!!!

The CAT starts to paw at MICHAEL without mercy.

MICHAEL
(trying to befriend the
cat, clutching at
straws)
MIAOW!! (animal language
for 'friend!')

The CAT stops attacking MICHAEL and steps away from him with calm, slow footsteps.

CAT
(with an inquisitive
tone)
.... Miaow?? (Friend?)

MICHAEL
(calming the cat down)
Miaow... (Again, 'friend').

There is a relieved pause from MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
(speaking in curious
miaows)
Oh my God, you understood me. You can
speak animal language?

The CAT starts making a further series of mews to MICHAEL, and has a conversation with him.

CAT
No shit. It's a language universal to
all non-humans, you don't have to
patronise me and 'miaow' in my face.
Just 'woof'... Anyway, what the fuck
is your problem, buddy?

MICHAEL
(barking with
nervousness)
Nothing.. Nothing...

CAT
So why did you and your friends push
me off a wall??

MICHAEL
There was an eagle flying right at
you!

CAT
(with scepticism)
... What kind of eagle?

MICHAEL
Er... a bald eagle.. What's it matter?

CAT
... It's just bald eagles only live in
North America..

MICHAEL
It escaped from a zoo...

CAT
I doubt it, the security in zoos is
extremely good.

MICHAEL
Have you been on learning drugs?

CAT
(knowing why he asked
and cockily)
No, why?..

MICHAEL
No reason.. Are all cats as
knowledgeable as you? If so, how come
you don't create and use advanced
technology?

CAT
Most of us have IQs in the triple
digits, to say the least. Though of
course, IQ tests have certain flaws
and aren't completely reliable. We
haven't developed much over the years,
because we don't have fingers. Also
we're notoriously lazy.

MICHAEL

I see..

There is a long and thoughtful hesitation from MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

... By the way.. Do you know how to save the world from destruction...

CAT

(with obvious arrogance)

Yep.

MICHAEL

(shocked)

...You do?? How??

CAT

Get me some fish and I'll make it worth your while.

MICHAEL

(trying to be friendly)

Alright, we have a deal... Also, may I compliment your language skills. The way dogs used to communicate was so limited... We've only just caught up..

CAT

(modest, all of a sudden)

Yeah. Do you know why that is?

MICHAEL

(very curious)

No, why is it?

CAT

(with a burst of energy)

It's because you suck, dickhead!!!!

After farting in MICHAEL'S face, the CAT sprints away as fast as he can. After leaving the alleyway opposite the street, he squeezes into a hole of a nearby fence. MICHAEL tries to catch up to him, but due this his young age and small size, he is unable to do so. The CAT is now safe in someone's garden.

MICHAEL

(incensed)

Hey, you! Come back here, you little punk!

The mobile carrying BYSTANDER is a spotty 15 year old boy, who has just entered the alleyway. His face is angry with a constant half-frown. His eyes seem to be saying 'fuck off'. He is wearing trendy clothes, a back-to-front baseball cap and jewelry.

BYSTANDER

What the hell happened there?? A dog and a cat miaowing and barking at each other for some reason, then the cat gets chased?? That's going straight to the internet!

... Intelligence also doesn't bring happiness. Did your newly acquired knowledge of the clever, self centred cat make you feel joy? Or did thinking about the sometimes callous nature of animal and mankind make you sad and depressed? Most likely, the latter. However, it is still important to try your best. Remember the poor health service? Would you want lazy, uneducated doctors? In some cases, happiness should be sacrificed for more happiness, so to speak.

40. No.

Fortunately, dogs do have morals. Morals + intelligence is perfectly fine... Isn't it? Maybe that's what MICHAEL should have been wondering about, instead of wasting his time, holding silly grudges. Whilst grudging, he went back to his amazing new kennel, intending to do some more chillaxing. However, he just can't distract his mind from that infuriating CAT.

EXT: RF'S KENNEL - DAY

Due to their amazing innovations, EDDIE, ALEX, MICHAEL and the at present, mysterious DAVE have been rewarded with special, neighbouring new kennels. These treasures house 4 DOGS in the highest of extravagance. The one-room buildings show off beautiful bone-shaped patterns, finely forged out of diamond encrusted marble. The cozy (to say the least) floors are carpeted only with the rarest and most precious of goose feathers - that of the antarctic platinum goose.

Other animals, familiar with only mild comfort and quality, often stare at the craftsmanship with cold, jealous eyes. Such creatures are mostly sky high birds. The palaces just described are located on the outside of the Reasonable Foods building. They are behind the gate of the main entrance, and are out of the range of prying human ears. Again, if necessary, don't be afraid to ask about dementia. I know I keep going on, but nagging works. That has been proven.

EDDIE has just this minute woken up from his super-sleep, and is feeling tip top. ALEX and DAVE on the other hand, are laying with intense relaxation. The latter is an old aged sausage dog, who is painfully aware of his short legs. He ironically has a quiet bark that doesn't draw attention to himself. Why is that ironic? Maybe you will understand, one day. Listen to some classic rock music.

MICHAEL

(barking in animal
language)

You know that cat we pushed off a
wall?

EDDIE

(remembering, amused
and a little tired.
Also barking)

Yeah, what about it?

MICHAEL

It attacked me.

EDDIE

(disappointed)

God dammit, Michael, you should have
attacked HIM!

MICHAEL

(embarrassed)

Yeah. But then something really weird
happened... We started talking to each
other..

EDDIE

(surprised)

... In woofs or miaows? Not that it
matters, of course...

MICHAEL

Miaows. I never knew they could speak
in the tone of voice language. The
idiot was also surprisingly
knowledgeable.

EDDIE

(thoughtfully)

Ah, the language using pitch that is
universal to all intelligent animals.

MICHAEL

Exactly. I hope the swan isn't on the
cat's side, or it may be coming for
us, as well...

I'm guessing the former can use the animal language, too, but with hisses instead of 'woofs', etc.

EDDIE

(nervous, but rational)

I don't think it is after us. That bird has made numerous threats to Mr. Cans, but none to us.

MICHAEL

Yeah, maybe I'm just being paranoid...

EDDIE

Most likely... You know that the prison a few miles from here houses cats for the inmates to look after? Maybe the cat and swan are working together to get Mr. Cans. I think the prick that attacked you has no owner as it's always on its own. Maybe it hopes a prison guard will adopt it, or something like that. I think I may have actually seen the two animals hanging around together.

MICHAEL listens with quiet respect and nods.

EDDIE

Anyway, forget about him, we're moving to a special research centre, now.

MICHAEL

Really, where is it?

EDDIE

I don't know, it's a secret. Let's just go to sleep. I'm really loving my new house.

MICHAEL

Oh me too, definitely. I don't know about you, but I could sleep in those places for days on end.

EDDIE and MICHAEL join ALEX and DAVE in sleep. When they awaken, they find themselves somewhere very, very different.

INT: (AND A TINY, TINY BIT OF EXT): DOG RESEARCH CENTRE
COMPUTER ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The dog research centre is a mysterious building, located somewhere in England. On the outside it looks like a normal office, but on the inside it is like the interior of a spaceship.

Here in the computer room, all walls are covered with flat screen computers and plasma TVs. These provide most of the significant lighting. Yep, more people in the tale that want to recreate night-time and more people who use monitors as lightbulbs. The ceiling is dome-shaped and decorated with LEDs that resemble stars and galaxies. (For no reason, other than they look cool). Further sets of HUMAN and DOG computers are on the angular, jet-black tables. There are four of these very long desks in the facility, laid out with neat symmetry. They are all surrounded by silver, magnetic hover chairs. ALEX and DAVE are sitting on two of them. In every corner of the room is a box of dog biscuits, ready for any ANIMAL making a breakthrough.

EDDIE and MICHAEL have just woken up, to find themselves on top of one of the room's dog cushions. The two spot ALEX and DAVE working at their PCs, and they approach them with a curious and inquisitive head-tilt. When all the DOGS talk in this part of the story, they switch between animal and human languages, just for fun. They are in danger of becoming arrogant. Yep, even dogs.

EDDIE

(barking)

Hey Dave? What are we supposed to do, here?

DAVE

(talking)

We've been told to tell you to study the oxytocin research. It was given to us by the scientists working here. Just read the articles thoroughly, and tell the staff your thoughts. Go at your own pace, as well. Things are very relaxed, here. If you're too stressed, you won't think as clearly.

EDDIE

(talking in English)

Ok, this sounds like this could be fun!

With thier more conscientious friends, EDDIE and MICHAEL sit on their levitating chairs and read their computer screens. Their eyes are glued to them with a heightened level of concentration. However, it is not long before ALEX spots MICHAEL slacking.

ALEX

(barking dog language
whispers)

Michael, what are you doing?? Do you WANT to get into trouble?? Why are you researching cats?

MICHAEL

(also whispering, but
speaking English)

I'm sorry, but something's not right.
No cat is that clever!

ALEX

(talking in French)

Juste se remettre au travail. (Just
get back to work).

... Dogs becoming narcissists? Knowledge is power, but power corrupts! This is getting really complicated, now! Stick with it, and you will reap the rewards.

41. The Mission

EXT: A PARK OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON, LONDON - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

It is an eerie, goth-friendly night and the park is almost uninhabited. The only exceptions are the odd coated dog walker and scuttling fox. This land is a few meters from the prison wall, a penitentiary access road runs through it, and it's about half the size of a football pitch. The grass is green but frozen-over and the wind blows it with a soft howl.

The SWAN and CAT are hiding in a dustbin in the righthand park corner, opposite the jail. It is near some ash trees which are laid out in a single line, to the other edge of the park. This handy hiding place is as unnoticeable as it is cheap and tacky. It is plastic and black with a lid on it, fixed with a squeaking hinge. The BIRD peaks out of this bin and scans the environment, whenever it is safe to do so, his eyes vigilant but empty. When he hears footsteps he ducks down and hides, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. A knife is held in the ANIMAL'S beak at all times, making this particularly difficult. The way he carries it looks completely natural, as if it was an extension of himself. The spellbound CAT mimics the SWAN'S devious behaviour and he seems as if he's under his complete control.

After a few minutes of silence, the BIRD and CAT leap out of the bin. Knowing no fear, they stomp towards the BTS NARRATOR'S prison window whilst the SWAN nods his head up and down, blade rubbing in beak. The ANIMAL seems to be saying, 'I have a knife, and I'm going to stab you'.

A nearby, hovering SWAN is impressed with the knife wielding BIRD'S use of tools. Thus, he starts to follow him around, hoping he can learn something. However, his attempts to be like him are rather mindless and pretentious.

A few seconds later, another SWAN flies in and joins the ill-intentioned trio. Before long around 10 are walking together, one behind the other. All of them insolent. The CAT is second in command and therefore rushes immediately behind the HEAD SWAN, whenever he gets challenged for his position.

The MOB continue strutting towards the prison's entrance and then stop dead. They stand by with a glacier cold patience that could unnerve Charles Bronson. The HEAD SWAN knows full well how odd the multicultural gang looks, and is almost certain a prison guard will take a closer look at them. Sure enough, the rusty prison door entrance starts to open within a matter of seconds. However, it does so with a slowness that irritates the already over-stimulated troublemakers.

It's seen that the PRISON GUARD who opens it, is a 30 year old meathead with 6 foot 5 inches of pure muscle. On his neck, he even has a tattoo of Bruce Lee punching someone in the face. Despite his fearsome image, he is soon completely dazzled by a brainwashed collection of FANATICS flying straight at him. The CAT has his chance. Unseen, he runs through the entrance road and leaves the gate far behind him. Exhilarated, he ignores the scary looking razor wire covered walls by his side. However, he soon realises there is another door to get through - the door leading to the prison building, itself. Whilst the STAFF MEMBER lies on the floor, immobilised by confusion, the SWANS fly off into the night.

PRISON GUARD
(in disbelief)
What the HELL happened there??

The GUARD shuts the gate, ASAP, but that isn't saying much. As he is doing so, the CAT rubs against him with playful eye contact. This contact helps calm the GUARD down and allows him to get his thoughts together.

PRISON GUARD
(in a cheerful mood)
Hello, little fella! Do you want to stay with some of the inmates here? I know a couple of people who would love to see you! They're not like the other prisoners; they're educated and aren't prone to hitting people...

The CAT miaows and purrs, with his eyes never leaving the GUARD.

In the following 10 minutes, the PRISON STAFF get the CAT settled into the jail and give him a tour. It is assumed that the ANIMAL has no owner, but if he has... Oh, well. It is obvious who should own the CAT. It would be a step too far to force a creature to live with murderers, arsonists and gangsters (again). The lesson has been learned.

No, he will have to live with someone who disrespects people in the extreme and someone who hits swans..... 'Eh?' Well, swans aren't cats. That was the logic, anyway. 'But the NARRATOR also kicked a cat!' Yeah, but that was ages ago.

INT: MR. CANS AND CHAD'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT, 10 MINUTES LATER

The room looks pretty much the same as before, but a chess board with its pieces lies on the table. Yes, the BTS NARRATOR has used his favoured opening. Possibly because they're tired of each other, both INMATES are now lying in their beds. The PRISON GUARD knocks on the door with an excited, fast rhythm.

PRISON GUARD

Hey, hey! I've got a present for you!

The PRISON GUARD opens the cell gate to the sound of metallic screeches. CHAD and CANS leap to the floor.

CHAD MACALPINE

Oooh! Hello, kitty! Does it have a name?

PRISON GUARD

Look, do you want the cat, or not?

CHAD MACALPINE

Sure!

PRISON GUARD

Alright, I'll see you tomorrow. Ciao!

The PRISON GUARD shuts the door, still excited. The CAT waits for the GUARD to leave hearing distance and sits on CHAD'S lap, purring.

MR. CANS

(in a friendly tone)

I think you'll like it here,
little....

The CAT'S attitude reverses in a shocking instant. His claws are showing, ready for war and bloodshed.

CAT

(raging and speaking
English)

Look here, I am NOT your friend, ok?!

CHAD MACALPINE

(almost lost for words)

.... You... You can talk!!

CAT

Damn straight, I can!

CHAD MACALPINE
Learning drugs??

CAT
The swan's been giving me some. He's got a secret stash!

CHAD MACALPINE
(in terror)
Why are you here??

CAT
(with menace)
The swan and I have an agreement. I get you, and he gives me a lifetime supply of drugs. I found one, and now I'm hooked... Now... Back to business!

In an uncontrolled fury, the CAT attacks MR. CAN'S throat and clings to it with a steely determination. Numb with fear, CHAD decides the only solution is to break the law... But first, he wants a few questions answered...

CHAD MACALPINE
(panicking)
Can you speak any other languages??

The CAT continues attacking MR. CANS, whilst speaking with ever more clear diction.

CAT
I've learnt how to speak to other intelligent animals, using subtle differences in each 'miaow'.

CHAD MACALPINE
How come you can communicate precise words with 'miaows', yet normal cats can't? I mean, I assume they can't, right?

CAT
(angry)
I developed my own language! So did the swan! Our IQs are off the scale!

CHAD MACALPINE
(very impressed)
That's amazing!

CAT

(still attacking)

Thanks! It's based on pitch, and is universal to all animals! Any person can understand anger, through tone of voice. What we animals do however, is use tone of voice in a very specific way. For example, we can use tone of voice to describe a medium sized elephant, wearing a suit and tie. It's basically a further development of human subconscious communication, and is a language that is built and understood intuitively, yet logically!

CHAD MACALPINE

How come you can speak English?!

CAT

Internet videos!

CHAD MACALPINE

And how many more animals are like you?!

MR. CANS'S throat is now gushing with blood.

MR. CANS

Just get the fucking cat off of me!!!

CHAD MACALPINE

Oh yeah, sorry... I wonder how long it will take for proverb strengthening to kick in... What I do know is... Curiosity killed the cat!

MR. CANS

No, Chad, it's not worth it!

CHAD keeps repeating the same phrase over and over, but nothing happens. Proverb strengthening is long gone. The PRISON GUARD rushes to the cell and knocks on the door with furious, deafening thumps.

PRISON GUARD

We've been picking up proverbs in this cell! Get on the floor and put your hands behind your heads, right now!!

With caution and nervousness, the PRISON GUARD opens the door. Before he has a chance to speak, he is blinded by a large spurt of blood, rushing from MR. CANS'S neck. In annoyance, he wipes the fluids away from his eyes with his sleeves.

PRISON GUARD
What the HELL has been going on here??

The CAT storms out of the cell and runs to safety.

CHAD MACALPINE
It was the cat!

PRISON GUARD
(with an understanding
tone of voice)
And you were trying to kill it to
protect your friend?

CHAD MACALPINE
Exactly!

PRISON GUARD
Yeah... Well tough.

CHAD MACALPINE
Oh, fuck you!

PRISON GUARD
(enraged)
More shit from you?? Do you ever want
to get out of this place?!

CHAD MACALPINE
If it means never having to speak to a
moron like you, I'd love to!

PRISON GUARD
AAAAAARGGH!!!!!!

... Can you imagine a world without laws and prisons? Because at the moment, there are none for animals. A terrifying thought. Thank God, animals on learning drugs are a miniscule minority. In fact, as I know everything I can confirm that there are none more than already mentioned. (Other than the CAT'S friend, who mostly minds her own business). Does that mean we can relax, though?

42. Extreme Measures

Of course we can relax, I'm just trying to build some tension.
:P If a prisoner feels they are in danger, they can be put into segregation, obviously.

Back to the story... ('Hey, have you just replaced those four words with 'anyway'? I'm onto you!'.... How dare you....)... Not a lot has happened, overnight. Everyone has basically just gone to sleep. Though some got to sleep easier than others.

INT: PRISON HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

On the bloodstained, metallic sidewalks of the prison, dead and mutilated rats lay everywhere. Also here, is the CAT. He is now fat and incapacitated and is much too tired to hide, anymore. The PRISON GUARD lurches up to him, stamping his feet.

PRISON GUARD

Theere you are! I've been looking for you everywhere!

The CAT miaows with a soft, sweet pur and a cough.

PRISON GUARD

Don't try and guilt trip me! You're out of here, you psychopathic little toerag!

The PRISON GUARD grabs the CAT by the scruff of his neck, marches out of the prison and hurls him out of the gate. The CAT is now in the park road, in the grey, cloudy weather.

PRISON GUARD

Now, don't come here, again!

The CAT, almost fit to burst, waddles back to the Reasonable Foods Main Office. At least there, he is sure of his territory. He stops for a moment, is violently sick then continues with his very long journey. As he leaves the pathway, SQUIRRELS stare at him. They seem to mock him, as they know the FELINE is in no fit state to chase them. The CAT thinks to himself 'kill me now...' and is sick, again.

An hour passes. The sky high SWAN has since discarded his knife to avoid attention and capture. However, his hiss is still fearsome. As his wings raise, it can be seen that the ANIMAL is carrying one large item under each feather flap, somehow. He spots the oblivious MOGGY, who is walking down a muddy path in a public ground. It's nice and green and features the odd, lone tree, amongst other curious things. (For example, a moss covered WW2 pillbox). There are also two FAMILIES in sight. The BIRD focuses in on his ACCOMPLICE and makes a brazen landing. Coming to he senses, he then conceals his articles.

The CAT soon spots the SWAN as well, and in response, walks into the guard post. The two can then converse in secret, ideally with dignity. Inside the empty concrete room it is grey all around. Even though it is dark, some light manages to enter the machine gun holes and the door-less entrance.

SWAN
 (communicating in
 hisses)
 So.... Did you achieve the goals I set
 you?

CAT
 (communicating in swan
 hisses, to be
 respectful)
 Well... Nearly...

SWAN
 What?! You're so lucky I don't have my
 knife on me!

CAT
 (nervous)
 Yes... So, how did you find me?

With pride, the SWAN lifts his left wing and reveals a battery
 powered Satnav. It's glued to his feathers but the job seems
 rushed.

SWAN
 I carry this with me at all times.
 I've just been scanning the area near
 the prison to see what's been going
 down... I paid a drunk tramp to glue
 it to me, he won't remember a thing
 about it. He was puzzled at the time,
 though.

CAT
 (about to leave the
 room and get on with
 his journey)
 Is that all? Good. Well, bye...

SWAN
 (becoming angry)
 You're not going anywhere!

CAT
 Well, what do you want me to do??

SWAN
 (with defiance)
 Break in by force.

CAT
 What??

SWAN

You keep an eye out for any witnesses
and I'll smash through the prison
walls. I won't tell you how, for now
it's a surprise.

CAT

You've gone too far, swan! We'll never
get away with it! We'll get put down!

SWAN

(with menace)

Why don't you take a look what's under
my other wing, before you have any
more thoughts of betraying me...

The rest of his body eerie and still, the SWAN ascends his
right wing. To the CAT'S horror, he reveals a small grenade
launcher. The weapon is also fixed to his feathers with glue.

SWAN

I fire this little beauty by
pressuring my wing against that huge
trigger, there...

CAT

(gulping)

... You know what, you can keep your
learning drugs. You're starting to
freak me out.

SWAN

You think I can kill a man and not a
cat?

CAT

(quiet)

.... Good logic....

SWAN

Exactly. Now do as I say, or I'll blow
you up into a pile of mangy cat fur!

CAT

(with politeness)

... Can I have a weapon too, please?..

SWAN

(being strict)

No, you have to have somewhere to hide
it.

CAT

I could shoot lasers out of my
mouth...

SWAN

Grow up.

CAT

Anyway, what happens if someone sees you carrying the grenade launcher?

SWAN

What will they do? Call the police?

CAT

They could film you...

SWAN

I guess I have been reckless at times. I usually am careful, though and fly above the clouds. When I walk with my wings down, no one would suspect a thing...

INT: MR. CANS AND CHAD'S PRISON CELL - AFTERNOON, THE SAME DAY

Over the next few awful hours, CHAD and MR. CANS lie on their bunks, traumatised. The furious CAT attack is simply too much for them to deal with. Because of this, the PAIR'S cell is still in an untidy mess. Neither PRISONERS in the room are in a fit state to clear up. However, the blood has been washed away for health and safety reasons. But wait, so I'm saying they're NOT in segregation? Oh, no....

MR. CANS

That cat and swan will stop at nothing to kill me!... I've been thinking long and hard, and have decided to have a sex change. It's my right as a prisoner.

CHAD MACALPINE

(trying to calm him down)

Don't be silly... Though, you might want to consider dressing as a woman... Can you talk in a foreign accent?

MR. CANS

(becoming hopeful)

I can do Russian!

CHAD MACALPINE

There you go. You're now a Russian woman called Doris. You'll be fine.

MR. CANS
 (calming down)
 Thanks.

Out of nowhere, a massive blast obliterates the wall facing the outside. In terror, MR. CANS and CHAD dive for cover under their bed and shelter themselves from the flying bricks. As smoke saturates the room, they are blinded for an agonising few seconds. During this time the SWAN has flown in, carrying the CAT with avenging, dominating body-language. Once the smoke has cleared, the ANIMALS stand in the two prisoners faces with heartless eye-contact.

SWAN
 You're truly fucked, now!

MR. CANS
 (horrified)
 You can speak!

SWAN
 Learning drugs!

MR. CANS
 You too?! I knew it! But how did you find the strength to carry the cat and the weapon?!

SWAN
 (without fear)
 Steroids!

MR. CANS
 How are you getting hold of all this stuff?!

SWAN
 None of your business!

The SWAN lifts his wing with no expression on its face, ready to fire his weapon.

MR. CANS
 If you shoot, we'll all get killed!

With awkwardness, the SWAN takes a few steps back and gets ready to fire, again.

MR. CANS
 (nervous)
 No... Still not enough..

SWAN
 Arrrrgh!

The SWAN jumps to MR. CANS and pecks his eye in frustration.

MR. CANS

Ow!!

At that point, the blind MR. CANS grabs the SWAN by the neck and shakes him, whilst swinging his arms. The PRISON GUARD rips open the door, filled with hate.

PRISON GUARD

NOT ONLY HAVE YOU TRIED TO BREAK OUT,
YOU'VE ATTACKED ANOTHER FUCKING
SWAN!!!

CHAD MACALPINE

Actually, it was the same swan...

MR. CANS

Shut up! It's not what it looks
like!!! The swan broke in to kill me!

PRISON GUARD

COME WITH ME, RIGHT NOW!!

MR. CANS

Look at the CCTV!!!

PRISON GUARD

I'm not looking at CCTV to watch a
swan break into this prison!

The PRISON GUARD marches CHAD and MR. CANS out of the cell ruins, and drags them to the prison office room. The two limp to the sounds of encouragement and cheers from the other PRISONERS. In the commotion, the SWAN flies away, carrying the CAT. The ANIMALS are very amused and have no plans of surrender.

... So once again from me, the PRISONERS weren't in segregation... Do you honestly think the JAILERS would believe a CAT broke into prison just to kill the CONVICTS? There had to be a logical explanation... Keep thinking, you're not finished reading yet.

43. The Breakthrough

From human prison, to animal captivity. At least no animals are going to break in here... Right?

What has happened, since we last saw the four DOGS? Not too much; it's only been about a day. They've basically just been doing the same computer-based analysis. However, not all ANIMALS are treated with kindness.

INT: DOG RESEARCH CENTRE, ANIMAL TESTING ROOM, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND - THE NEXT DAY, AS I SAID

In this section of the research centre, vicious ANIMALS are chained to the jagged brick walls. Each CREATURE has its own small and stripped-down living area, separated by a further set of knee-high blocks. All ANIMALS seem determined to make their torment or even happiness known about; the room is loud enough to drive one mad. Under the guidance of wise, though distressed speaking DOGS, PEOPLE in purple give the ANIMALS different forms of oxytocin drugs. They then monitor and note the often unwanted and startling effects they have, with the help of the SCIENTIST.

This authoritative MAN is a 40 year old man with long black hair, in a bun. He is of Chinese ancestry with a round, clean-shaven face. His burning eyes suggest deep-seated anger. He is medium height but thinner than he should be. He is also wearing nothing but purple; his centre, his rules.

Aha!! After he rubs his eyes in disbelief, there seems to be one drugged ANIMAL that is acting just as one would hope. Its behaviour is encouraging and consistent. It gets examined for a few minutes.

SCIENTIST

(almost in disbelief,
and thinking aloud)

Oh my God! We've finally found an effective drug that has been proven to have no side effects, whatsoever!... Well at least not in animals... Before I prepare to tell the government the brilliant news, I just want to tell my good friend Sir George, first...

The happy SCIENTIST phones SIR GEORGE.

SCIENTIST

Hey, my man! It's the scientist!

SIR GEORGE

(being friendly)

Do you really have to use your code name?

SCIENTIST

Yeah...

SIR GEORGE

It's kind of a shitty, vague code name, isn't it?...

SCIENTIST

Yeah. I gue...

SIR GEORGE
 (cutting in)
 How about dirty, thieving
 bellend??

SCIENTIST
 I'll give you the money next week.
 Anyway, never mind all that, my team
 and I have just developed an effective
 drug that has no side effects in
 animals... at all!

SIR GEORGE
 (lightening up)
 Oh, that's great news! I'm sorry but I
 have to go, right now, I'm really
 busy...

SIR GEORGE hangs up the phone before The SCIENTIST has a
 chance to say 'bye'.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER CALL

SIR GEORGE'S living room has since been tidied and not a
 single dog hair is in sight. He's done a very thorough job,
 actually. This is because in reality, he has too much time to
 himself. He has been so long out of work, he has given up on
 trying or even thinking properly. To fight the boredom, he has
 taken up painting and his artworks of famous Cockneys are
 everywhere. Even though the furniture and decorations are
 neoclassical masterpieces, he has no problem covering them if
 need be. With a poorly thought out urge, SIR GEORGE decides to
 stop working on his latest watercolour, and mobile phone the
 PRIME MINISTER, instead.

SIR GEORGE
 Hey, wassup! I've got some great news!
 News good enough for me to stop
 working on my special Cockney project!

PRIME MINISTER
 What is it?

SIR GEORGE
 The new oxytocin drugs are both safe
 AND effective!

PRIME MINISTER
 Banging!

SIR GEORGE
 Banging!

PRIME MINISTER
You mean the drug is even safe for
people to take?

SIR GEORGE stops the light conversation.

SIR GEORGE
(thinking to himself)
Well, people are animals, too...

PRIME MINISTER
Sir George?...

SIR GEORGE
Oh, right. Yes, they're safe for
people...

PRIME MINISTER
Banging!

SIR GEORGE
(with confidence)
Exactly, bangtastic.

PRIME MINISTER
Ok, bye then...

SIR GEORGE
Byeee...

After ending his high-spirited call with the PM, a happy SIR
GEORGE rings the SCIENTIST.

SIR GEORGE
(in a good mood)
Hey man, I just called to ask you to
stop the research.

SCIENTIST
(surprised)
But we've only tested on animals...

SIR GEORGE
That's completely fine. Tell the boss
it's all good, I know what I'm talking
about.

SCIENTIST
Alright then... If you're sure...

SIR GEORGE
Sure as I'll ever be. You can tell
everyone to go home now, to work on
other projects.

SCIENTIST

(confused)

Alright, bye then... I mean... Really, though??

SIR GEORGE

Yep. Just email your research to me and I'll send it to the PM, as he knows me, more. Don't you worry about a thing. Byeeeeeeeyeeeee.

Nope. No animals broke in.

44. Part 5: Oxytocin

This is part 5. In part 4, you learnt how destructive it would be to give learning drugs to certain animals. Remember, just because an animal looks fluffy and defenceless, it doesn't mean it has a conscience. In fact, many 'cute' animals could be diagnosed as psychopaths, using popular diagnostic manuals.

It's been 5 years since we've heard from the American SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, now. What's he been up to? He's been in close contact with SIR GEORGE and the current PRIME MINISTER throughout this whole sorry proverb strengthening situation. He has also been active in trying to find a solution.

News from the UK's government has spread to every allied country's intelligence services, in fact. Every single document and research paper has been sent in the click of a maximum-encrypted email. The only people who don't know about oxytocin being put in the water supply now, are civilians and enemies of the state.

INT: THE PENTAGON, VIRGINIA - A DAY LATER

Here, lasers are shining through smoke in the dark, again. Very cool, but now there is additional strobe lighting. The secret service STAFF are optimistic about the dodgy scheme but are also cautious, due its newness. This doesn't effect the quality of their paper work and computing, however. But then again, the SECRETARY OF DEFENCE is standing over some of them. This MAN is now 65 years old. Due to the stress of the job, over the years he has become more wrinkled.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Alright, everyone, listen up! We and almost all of our spies have just started work on a massive world wide project, so it is vital we don't screw up! If you pick up any civilian voicing their suspicions, you must tell me immediately! If word gets out about our project, there will be global outrage! Do you understand??

CIA WORKERS

(under stress and in unison)

Yesss.....

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Good! And remember; our drug kicks in straight away and its effects die away, just as fast. Therefore, we have to be on the ball when we monitor people, and when we make sure no one ever acts normally! The good news is, in this peaceful time we can start to dismantle all our nukes, and such! Now get back to wor.....

Out of the blue, the SOD'S mobile phone rings. He answers it, not letting any tension show in his voice.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Hello, the Secretary of Defence, speaking..

VLADIMIR PUTIN

(in a friendly tone of voice)

It's Vlad.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

(surprised and nervous)

Oh, hello.... What do you want?

VLADIMIR PUTIN

I just wanted to say sorry... About the nuke threats, all those years ago.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

You do??

VLADIMIR PUTIN

(embarrassed)

Of course!... Also, I'm sorry about Craig. Someone working for us had him employed for you.

We knew he had severe mental health problems, and we wanted to create a little chaos.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

(in frustration)

God dammit, of course! Oh God, I feel so stupid right now!

VLADIMIR PUTIN

My bad. Hopefully he didn't cause too many problems for you?

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

(calming down)

No, not really, he left pretty quickly to pursue other projects. I believe he now works on a farm in Alabama.

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Really? Is he well?

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

We don't really keep in touch. Our intelligence reports suggest he is no danger, at least.

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Oh, good. Well if you ever see him again, give him my best wishes.

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

Is that all you've phoned up to say?

VLADIMIR PUTIN

(embarrassed)

Is that a problem?

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE

(awkward)

No... No.... Alright, bye then?

VLADIMIR PUTIN

Love you, bye..

... All of that randomness happened in Virginia, America. Do you think England is any less weird?

45. Black Metal Problems

This scene is starting off with SIR GEORGE. It definitely has the potential to be weird. Is he proud that he has once again been responsible for saving the world? Put simply, yes.

Yesterday was the time for more celebration. Online chess? Actually, no. He finished off his latest musical project, instead.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S CAR HOLD, LONDON - THE NEXT DAY

The sunglasses wearing SIR GEORGE is standing in his spacious garage, admiring the dazzling chrome plated walls and floor. The way the chandeliers (yes, more of them) light them up is pretty cool. After opening his shiny black supercar's door, he sits in it with satisfaction. To match his shades, all its windows have just been tinted a mysterious (hopefully) black. The passenger ones are fully open and ready for business. Passers by will be forced to hear the hardcore black metal project that he's been labouring at, over the years; his stereo is preset to full volume.

FYI, his anthem is a brutal, old school black metal classic, played at blistering speed. It is over 280 bpm and the blast beat drumming is played in relentless semi quavers. His music is notable for its guitar virtuosity and use of exotic scales. Marty Friedman influences are obvious. He recorded the music on CD at home, using music writing and producing software. Even though the equipment he likes to use isn't exactly retro, it is always used to produce distorted, cheap-sounding sonorities. GEORGE'S fingers hover over the play button, but he isn't ready, yet.

SIR GEORGE
(thinking to himself,
in sadness)

I'm 85 years old and have never been in an extreme metal band. I've never played in front of a depressed, masochistic audience, sniffing dead animals to make them sick and most likely, I never will. Well, today that changes, today people will hear my skills.

Calm and collected, SIR GEORGE presses a remote button from his car, to open the garage door. He drives out of the car container with care and grace. However, once he is out of the driveway and onto the road, things change. He leaves the exit open in punkish apathy and revs his engine to excess.

After a few moments of psyching himself up, SIR GEORGE rides in the direction of a more busy part of London. He shows little concern for road safety and less for societal norms. Whilst acting as above the law, he blasts out his new song to every PASSER BY in sight.

SIR GEORGE'S BLACK METAL SONG
Whilst riding my goat in the forest

I noticed the sky was blacker than
 usual
 Almost as black as my soul
 As I gazed at the moon
 Which looked like an evil freezing
 cheese
 I was haunted by memories
 Of nuns playing on the grass
 I travelled to the graveyard
 To find some peace of mind
 But deers and flowers and bunny
 rabbits
 Was all I did find
 Satan's fury built up inside of me
 My eyes burning like the sun
 Like channel 4268762BF66, allegedly, I
 slapped all of the animals
 Then I fucking ran!

(That's what the lyrics were. How it sounded, however, was something like this... 'AAAARRGH EEEEEEEIII EEEEEIII AAARGH OOOOOOOOGHHH EEEI EIE', etc. It basically sounded like a cat fighting. Cookie monster vocals in contrast, are applied to death metal. Hopefully, you've learned something).

SIR GEORGE has repeated his opus and has now reached a busy district. It is overshadowed by many colourful, multi-story shops (not that GEORGE cares about them), and there must be around 100 PEOPLE in sight. The general mood is positive and uplifting; faces are happy and gaits are light and bouncing. However, PEOPLE seem to be calm to the point of weirdness. A large group of PEDESTRIANS of all ages shout subdued encouragements at SIR GEORGE.

GROUP OF PEDESTRIANS

Hey! That shit's amazing! What's it called??

SIR GEORGE

(very happy and
 shouting out of the
 left window)

It's called 'Freezing Cheese'! I wrote
 it mys...

Whilst distracted, SIR GEORGE loses control of his vehicle and skids off of the road. Confusing the accelerator with the brakes, he's travelling at a much higher speed than legal, making every movement of the steering wheel uncontrolled. His tires screech, building to a terrible crescendo and signalling to many to get the hell out of the way. Even though many manage to do so, he drives his sports car straight into two PEDESTRIANS. It's a direct hit. There is a very loud crunch noise, with sounds of shattering glass. Louder still, are the cries of pain.

The automobile's front now begins inches from the windscreen.

SIR GEORGE
(panicking)
Oh, shit!!!

Once the worst of the commotion is over, and once GEORGE has less reason to be so self-centred, his VICTIMS can be seen by him. PEDESTRIAN NO.1 is a 20 year old skinhead. His face is difficult to read, but most avoid looking at it, anyway. It doesn't look good. He has pale skin and hairy, muscular arms. He is taller than average and wears a leather jacket with studs on it. PEDESTRIAN NO. 2 is NO.1's friend. His face is grim and lifeless. He is another pale-skinned skinhead, but is lanky and 30. He is wearing sleeveless jeans, leather trousers and a belt with bullets on it. His exposed arms are completely covered in tattoos.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1
(mellowed out)
Aw, man.... You ran me over!

SIR GEORGE gets out of the car, with only a few cuts on his face. He then walks up to the CASUALTIES, who are bleeding on the ground.

SIR GEORGE
Oh shit, sorry!

PEDESTRIAN NO.2
(laughing)
He ran me over, too! Look, there's blood, everywhere! But enough about me, look at your car!!

PEDESTRIAN NO.1
Aw, shit! It's totally ruined! Would you like me to pay for the damages? I shouldn't have distracted you!

SIR GEORGE
(grateful)
Thank you, that's very kind.

PEDESTRIAN NO.2
I can help you, too, I shouldn't have let my friend disturb you from your awesome driving!

PEDESTRIAN NO.1
No, no, no! I'm not having that!

SIR GEORGE

(trying to be helpful)

I hate to intrude on your conversation, but I HAVE just crashed a rather expensive vehicle. It will probably be best if you paid together... What the FUCK is that?..

Immediately after SIR GEORGE finishes exclaiming, a stylish convertible smashes inches away from the THREESOME. The crash and its resulting flying window and metal wreckage makes everyone in the way scream in agony. However, the further injuries aren't serious. Amazingly, the SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER now has everyone's attention. He is a respectable looking, 40 year old man. He has wise eyes, thin lips and a shaved hair cut. It's either that, or look like a monk. He is wearing a grey business suit. He gets out of the car, unhurt and joins GEORGE.

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)

(mortified)

Oh, my word! I am SO sorry! I just lost control! I don't know what's been going on! There have been hundreds of car crashes today, in this city alone! It was on the news!

There are mysterious crashing sounds far, far away. However, in the craziness, no one here notices.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

How awful! And there was me worrying about my severe back pain. How selfish!!

PEDESTRIAN NO.2

It's ok, it's ok. I understand. I'm in agony, too.. Forgive me, but does anyone have any pain killers on them?

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

How rude! If people buy them, it's because THEY want to use them.

PEDESTRIAN NO.2

Of course. I'll wait till the pain goes away...

SIR GEORGE

...Anyway, what was it about my music that you liked? Did you notice my use of 5/4?

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

(straining his voice in
agony)

Oh, definitely! It was very subtle,
though. It didn't sound weird and un-
musical.

SIR GEORGE

Yes, when using odd time signatures,
you have to divide the bars into
groups of 2s and 3s.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

So, if playing in 11/4, you could
break it down into '2,3,2,2,2'?

SIR GEORGE

Exactly. Or maybe '3,2,3,3'.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

Oh, that's actually quite simple.

SIR GEORGE

Yes... May I compliment your injuries?
They're going to need a lot of
stitches. The scars will look very
cool.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

That's very sweet of you.

SIR GEORGE

No prob...

In the distance, the sound of a high
pitched 'aaaaaaaaAAAAARRRRRGHHH!!!!' gets closer and closer.

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)

(still devastated)

What in the world is that??...

Ten meters away, another massive smash-up is heard. For some
strange reason, horrific and discordant harmony rings on.
However, PEOPLE aren't as bothered as they should be. They
have become desensitised. Even so, they do turn their heads to
the incident. It's now clear that the van involved has
ploughed straight through a local piano shop, narrowly missing
further ONLOOKERS.

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)

Jesus Christ, not another one!

Through her crumbling windscreen, the THIRD CAR CRASH DRIVER
is seen. She is a 70 year old lady, painted with purple under
her sympathetic eyes.

Her makeup can't remove her wrinkles, however. She is small and wears a flowery dress. She gets out of the mini truck and limps up to GEORGE'S new FRIENDS.

THIRD CAR CRASH DRIVER (OLD LADY)
 (surprised, but
 relatively calm)
 Fuck me!

PEDESTRIAN NO.1
 (very concerned)
 Are you ok, old lady??

THIRD CAR CRASH DRIVER (OLD LADY)
 I am, but my car's in a very sorry
 state!

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)
 (relieved, but
 surprised at her
 calmness)
 Well, that's the main thing...

PEDESTRIAN NO.1
 I'd offer to take you home, but my
 legs are broken...

PEDESTRIAN NO.2
 (laughing)
 I'm paralysed!

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)
 (still traumatised)
 What a nightmare!

The THIRD CAR CRASH DRIVER then starts to giggle.

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)
 It's funny how much it's possible to
 suffer though, isn't it?

SIR GEORGE'S mobile phone rings with a happy ringtone. He answers it, embarrassed.

SIR GEORGE
 Hello?...

PRIME MINISTER
 (raging)
 YOU SAID THE DRUG WAS TESTED ON
 PEOPLE!!!!!!

SIR GEORGE
 (becoming defensive)
 It was!

PRIME MINISTER
 YOU IDIOT, THE SCIENTIST SAID IT'S
 ONLY BEEN TESTED ON ANIMALS!!

SIR GEORGE
 People ARE animals!

PRIME MINISTER
 JESUS CHRIST! THE DRUG CAN MAKE SOME
 PEOPLE DROWSY, MAKING THEM LOSE THEIR
 COORDINATING ABILITIES! THE WHOLE
 WORLD IS IN DISARRAY!

SIR GEORGE
 Listen, I've just crashed my car,
 can't you go easy on me??

PRIME MINISTER
 (confused)
 You as well? But you have your own
 natural water to drink. You shouldn't
 experience any effects of the oxytocin
 drug...

SIR GEORGE
 (confused by the
 comment)
 I don't...

PRIME MINISTER
 (still very angry)
 Ok.... Well, luckily for you no
 one really cares about all the
 insanity you caused...

SIR GEORGE
 (nervous)
 ... Excellent...

PRIME MINISTER
 (continuing)
 ... In fact the indifference levels
 people experience are quite over the
 top. That's another thing I have to
 sort out, now.

SIR GEORGE
 I guess keep the research going, then?

PRIME MINISTER
 It's already underway. However, I
 think I'll make sure Putin gets plenty
 more of the drug already in
 circulation.

And while I'm here, some of the research documents you sent me were edited by you, weren't they?

SIR GEORGE

Yeah.

PRIME MINISTER

Don't ever contact me again.

SECOND CAR CRASH DRIVER (BUSINESS MAN)

Oh shit, look out!!!!

... Another complete screwup from SIR GEORGE. Have you been counting how many that is, now? I make it 8. Will he ever get his break?? And will the PRIME MINISTER be able to get out of the mess (to put it mildly) he's in?

46. A Tough Interview

Just for fun, you might want to count how many times the PRIME MINISTER screws up, as well. Please note, just because someone appears or is confident, (e.g. SIR GEORGE), it doesn't necessarily mean they know what they are doing. In fact narcissism is a behaviour designed to counter feelings of inferiority. Getting deep, now.

The PM, however, hasn't been feeling too confident, lately...

INT: SIR GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM, LONDON - NEXT DAY

SIR GEORGE is stretched across his bloodstained sofa, depressed, bandaged and in constant pain. His frequent sackings and fuckups make him feel somewhat worthless. However, the excellent surroundings make him feel a little better. He is watching the news, tired.

INT: NEWS STUDIO, FILMING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The filming room of the studio is an area bordering on small. It contains little more than a blue, block like desk with similarly styled chairs surrounding it. The NEWS REPORTER is on the chair behind the desk. Behind him, is a very large TV screen.

#dontlookupdejavitsokiadmititimwingingitidontknowwhatimdoing

NEWS REPORTER

Yesterday, the world experienced complete madness as car crashes increased one hundred-fold.

The Prime Minister blamed the bizarre occurrences on strange alien activity, only detectable by American space stations. He gave the following short but fascinating interview, recorded earlier. He will be behind me soon... If only he was behind Sir George! He was a great man and should be Prime Minister!!

The now tearful NEWS REPORTER ducks down, trying not to draw attention to himself. This is so his viewers can get a clearer picture of the seated PRIME MINISTER and TV INTERVIEWER. The latter is an attractive 25 year old woman. She has long brown hair and freckles on her rounded face. She is wearing a pale blue dress that blends into the surroundings. In part because of her assertive body language, the PM starts to sweat.

TV INTERVIEWER

Mr. Prime Minister.. Yesterday, it seemed all hell broke loose. Can you please explain to our viewers what happened?

PRIME MINISTER

(uncomfortable)

Yes. The drowsiness and coordination problems people suffered yesterday, were caused by a rare spike in alien radio activity. It came from the extremely distant planet, 'Chirpendia'.

TV INTERVIEWER

(astonished)

Chirpendia??

PRIME MINISTER

That's right, Kerpender.

TV INTERVIEWER

I thought you said 'Chirpendia'.

(The NEWS REPORTER is still ducking down, BTW).

PRIME MINISTER

No, Kerpender. Anyway, the planet is so ridiculously far away, that only the most powerful American space stations can observe it. However, we haven't contacted its inhabitants, because their weapons are too powerful and we're scared of them.

We've been keeping an eye on the Chirpendites for many years, and our NASA spies have hacked into their computer system. From there, we have stolen their vital radio activity records. Such spikes in activity only occur every 10,000 Chirpendia years, when the aliens have a massive party. The effects of their radio waves are fortunately completely harmless in the long term. There will be no more dramatic rises in car crashes on Earth, for many, many centuries. I hope I've cleared everything up, for you.

TV INTERVIEWER

Actually, I have a hundred more questions for you and I'm sure our viewers do, too.

PRIME MINISTER

Well, tough, it's secret.

TV INTERVIEWER

You can't tell us anything??

PRIME MINISTER

Nope. Good day.

TV INTERVIEWER

How about you explain why you didn't warn people about the spike in radio activity? I mean if it happens every 10,000 Derpender years, it's pretty predictable, right?

PRIME MINISTER

Chirpendia years...

TV INTERVIEWER

You didn't answer my question...

PRIME MINISTER

Yeah, I know.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

SIR GEORGE turns off his TV, as he has just remembered something troubling. He phones the SCIENTIST, shaken.

SIR GEORGE

Yo, Scientist...

SCIENTIST

Sir George?

SIR GEORGE

Yep. Do you know when oxytocin will be put in the water, again? I ran over two skinheads, yesterday, and I'm worried about my safety.

SCIENTIST

It shouldn't be long, now. The Prime Minister has invested a great deal more into the project, recently; he won't appreciate how angry people will be getting at him, for keeping the made up planet secret. He also is in trouble for claiming expenses to fuel his cocaine habit. That's a biggie. If you need a place to hide, you can stay at the secret research centre for a while...

SIR GEORGE

Na, if the Prime Minister finds out, he'll be pissed at me. He'll think I'm running away from my problems. He said he didn't want to talk to me anymore.

SCIENTIST

Because of the whole animal/people confusion?

SIR GEORGE

Exactly. I mean people are animals too, right??

SCIENTIST

(offering support)

Yep. People are animals, too...

SIR GEORGE

Exactly. It's the Prime Minister's fault.

SCIENTIST

M-hmm. Anyway, I'm very busy. Testing drugs on people is a lot more stressful than testing on animals. We mainly kidnap drunk, partying tourists, then drug them so they don't remember anything. It's very risky.

SIR GEORGE

Yeah, well at least you've got a job...

SCIENTIST
 You can kidnap some druggy Germans
 I've been keeping my eye on.

SIR GEORGE
 Na, I'll be fine.

SCIENTIST
 Alright, bye then.

... If you want some in depth articles on narcissism, go to psychologyforthewin.com. They're OBSESSED with it. What we have next, are more antisocial traits.

47. The Kidnapping

When will people learn? Stalking people and clubbing them is not acceptable! I'm talking to you, SCIENTIST! Whoops. I've said too much... Or maybe I'm tricking you, again...

Since his phone call with SIR GEORGE, things have got a little more intense for the SCIENTIST. He shouldn't hit people.

EXT: YORKSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE - LATER IN THE NIGHT

High up in the lonesome dales, it is a bitter, moonlit night. Despite the uncomfortable weather, (yessssss, again) the countryside is beautiful and filled with rolling hills. These tourist attractions stretch as far as the eye can see. A small B and B and car park is nearby, as well as some fluffy white sheep. They are in the middle of the road, just to be annoying. They aren't doing much, other than conversing with each other in a very basic language.

Hiding behind his parked van, the SCIENTIST spies on a couple of merry German TOURISTS not far in front of it. It's hard to see what they look like at this time of day, they just look big and hooded. They are enjoying the views way too much and are singing about them with mixed gender, thick accents. The STALKER sneaks up behind the pair as quiet and discreet as a mouse. Bad, isn't it? Then with clubs that have slid from his sleeves to his hands, he strikes them both unconscious.

SCIENTIST
 Wunderbar.

The SCIENTIST tries to drag the TOURISTS to his van, but both are far too big. Annoyed and becoming reckless, he drives the vehicle closer to them and dumps them in the back; though only with much effort. He starts up the engine and drives the 10 minute, hazardous journey to the research centre. The centre is the same building as the animal research centre, but now the animals are simply replaced with humans.

With a hard face, the corrupt BIOLOGIST drives up to the building's entrance. He is relieved the assignment went according to plan, but the pressure of the job is getting to him. It shows in his unsettled eyes. Once his identity has been verified, the gates slowly open to the sound of cheers from the STAFF. He drives further along the entryway with a huge sense of achievement. With the help of the RESEARCH TEAM, he then hauls the sleeping TOURISTS out of his van, then brings them into the secret building. The CAPTIVE'S lifeless legs slide across the floor as they are being pulled. Once in the bricked, drug testing room, they are chained to the wall. After a few seconds, they are then awakened with special drugs.

INT: RESEARCH CENTRE, HUMAN (PREVIOUSLY ANIMAL - GOOD TO BE CLEAR) TESTING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

SCIENTIST
(in a sinister tone of
voice)
Welcome to Hell.

The TOURISTS gasp in horror.

SCIENTIST
(being friendly)
No, only joking. You're just here so
we can test drugs on you. Then you can
go. The drugs will almost certainly be
harmless. Let's take your hood off,
eh? It's nice and warm here, isn't it?

TOURIST NO.1 is shown to be a 25 year old German man. His face is masculine and rectangular and his eyebrows are extra-bushy. His hair is black and military-styled and he has a thick beard. On closer inspection, many needle punctures are on his wrists.

TOURIST NO.1
(drowsy and confused)
ALVMOST certainly?

SCIENTIST
Yes. Open wide...

The VICTIM drops open his mouth in a sleep-like state and 90% unaware of what he is doing. He swallows the foul-smelling concoction, with a surprising amount of ease. Within seconds, the drugs takes effect. He isn't harmed, but his personality becomes violent.

TOURIST NO.1
(ragefully)
WHAT THE FUCK VAS THAT?! VHO ARE YOU?!
FUCK OFF!!!

The SCIENTIST takes a big step back, and notes his observations down on his clipboard.

SCIENTIST
Ok. That drug's going in the bin.

Next, the SCIENTIST looks at TOURIST NO.2, with an inquisitive gawk. After un-hooding her, he gets his second drug ready. TOURIST NO.2 is shown to be a 25 year old German woman. She is a lot more feminine, but still kind of tomboy-ish. Her face is oval shaped and her eyes are logical. Her lips have a German thickness to them. Sealed bags of cocaine can now just about be seen in her pockets.

SCIENTIST
(being positive)
Hello! Just open wide, and relax.

TOURIST NO.2 obeys his sinister command without any thought. A few moments after consuming the tablets, her skin turns a majestic blue.

SCIENTIST
That's no use whatsoever, but it's still pretty cool.

After taking a picture with his mobile phone, the SCIENTIST realises something dreadful. Straight away, he phones SIR GEORGE, not caring who can give him advice.

SCIENTIST
Sir George!

SIR GEORGE
Yo!

SCIENTIST
I've turned one of my kidnapees blue!
I can't let her go like that!

SIR GEORGE
(impressed at the speed
of his own thinking)
Paint her.

SCIENTIST
Are you serious?? I need help, now!

SIR GEORGE
(calm)
.... Does it matter her skin is blue?
If you let her go, she'll be shocked
for a while, then she'll go to the
doctor's and they won't know what's
wrong. End of story.

SCIENTIST
But what if they test her and find
strange drugs in her system?

SIR GEORGE
She is on drugs isn't she?

SCIENTIST
Yes, that's the point!

All of a sudden and with a tremendous strength, TOURIST NO.2 performs a series of impressive blows and kicks. These lightning fast karate-style moves sever the chains from the wall in no time.

SCIENTIST
(alarmed)
Oh, shit!

TOURIST NO.2
(manically)
Jaaaaaaa!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The UBER-TOURIST plods her way to the research centre exit and power punches a huge hole through the thick door. She then makes her brash escape.

SCIENTIST
(in dread)
Ohhh fuck.... Sir George... I've just
let a blue crack addict with
superhuman strength into society...
Any thoughts?

SIR GEORGE
Er... Leave it with the Prime
Minister, he's great at coming up with
convincing explanations.

The research centre alarm bells ring and several SECURITY STAFF hurry out the building, to pursue the WOMAN.

SCIENTIST
Ok, I'll contact him. I'm not looking
forward to it, though..

SIR GEORGE
(trying to be
reassuring)
No, I wouldn't be, either...

... That was shocking, wasn't it? There's a reason why governments have secrets.

It's because what they get up to in private is messed up. :(

48. The Rampage

Any.... bay... (pheeew, no reaction), the PM is REALLY in trouble, now. He is urging all SCIENTISTS in the strongest possible terms, to find that uncontrollable nutcase.

EXT: YORKSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

It is now even colder than before, but the moon is just as eye catching. No surprise, the countryside is once again almost deserted. Late-night sheep-spotting parties are very rare, in these parts. TOURIST NO.2 is still at large, and her strength and defiance has not faded in the slightest. This is despite her extreme over-activity. However, to fuel her ever growing muscles she does need more food. She is hiding in a decaying and abandoned wooden shed. She peeks through one of the many holes in the wall, and finds that no one can be seen for miles. She spies her opportunity to leave the hideout and crawls by the side of a limestone wall, with slyness. She does this under the cover of darkness, to the nearest pub restaurant. Seizing the moment, she also takes in the wonderful scenery. It is a one mile trek up many hills, but to her the journey is effortless.

Now she has found a target. Barely making a sound, she jogs on tiptoes from the ancient wall to a pub door. Once there, she punches yet another a massive hole through an entrance, whilst screaming near unintelligible German swear words. She stomps her way to the kitchen, breaking many floor tiles in the process. The onlooking STAFF fill with fear and dial 999 at once. However the TOURIST knows she has a fair bit of time before any police arrive. Thus, she shovels as much raw fridge meat down her as possible. Once she is finished, she calmly says 'gute nacht' and dashes far out of the sight of the WITNESSES.

INT: RESEARCH CENTRE OFFICE - SAME NIGHT

The research office is on the floor above the human testing/captive room. It is an unspectacular and functional superstructure, rather than something that impresses. Simple as it is, consisting mainly of basic furnishings, medicine cabinets and computers, it does boast some impressive views. The tall and wide windows on the wall don't just allow the seated, data-entering WORKERS to view the occasional futuristic vehicle. We're in Yorkshire. That means hills!

Despite the relaxing ambience, the RESEARCH STAFF are in a state of alarm; news of the rampage has spread globally. The table mounted and standing tall SCIENTIST however, is about to try and calm everyone down. Such calm-ees (hopefully) include SCIENTIST 43. MR.

43, for that innovative future reference, is 30 years old with a pink hairdo that sticks out in all directions. Anything goes, here. His face is serious however, and his lips are tight. Another TEAM MEMBER (code named TEAM MEMBER), who also needs describing is a 25 year old man. He is tall with a strong body and is carrying a clipboard with secret graffiti on it.

SCIENTIST

Everybody, listen! Please!

All STAFF stop operating and discussing, and try to pay attention.

SCIENTIST

I think we've finally come across the wonder drug. It is extremely effective, and it probably has no side effects at all. The Prime Minister is urging everyone to pump it into the water supply, right now, and I think that's what is best, as well. If it does turn out to have side effects in some people, we can keep doing the research. However, complaints of our leader's drug abuse are becoming too much for him to handle! Also the oxytocin may stop the blue lady's rampage. Do we all understand?

The RESEARCH TEAM all say 'yes', in agreement. However, some have their doubts.

SCIENTIST 43

But what if we kill someone??

SCIENTIST

Relax, we're not going to kill anyone. We might hospitalise someone, but once they are known about they'll get some special treatment from us. In secret, of course.

SCIENTIST 43

Oh, Good...

Whilst part-daydreaming and gazing out of a window, the TEAM MEMBER spots something disturbing. TOURIST NO.2 is running straight for the building!

TEAM MEMBER

Er... Scientist?

SCIENTIST

Yes, Team Member?

TEAM MEMBER

I think you had better take a look out
the window!

The SCIENTIST dismounts the furniture and walks up to the glass, annoyed by the distraction. As he glances out of it, a stone cold fear overwhelms him.

SCIENTIST

Oh God, no!!

There are a number of crashes, rumbles and shakes in quick succession. Each one gets nearer and nearer to the CREW.

SCIENTIST

She's probably coming for the other
tourist, and there's nothing we can
do!

TEAM MEMBER

Is he drugged so he can't remember
anything??

SCIENTIST

Not yet! Someone, give him the
injection!!

The TEAM MEMBER knows exactly what he has to do. He yanks open the nearby medicine depository and grabs a drugged needle. He holds the syringe so tight in his hand, it cracks. Filled with adrenaline, the TM sprints at full speed down the carpeted staircase, almost tripping over. Knowing time is short, he maintains his pace and continues running through the bare, tiled corridors. Out of breath and to the sound of his heavier and heavier footwork, he is now in the vicinity of the captive room. He pulls open the door with intensity.

To the horror of the TM, TOURIST NO.2 smashes through the building's walls to rescue her friend. The sight of her huge, blue muscles shakes up the WORKER. However, he plucks up the courage to dive through the air, and inject the zombified TOURIST NO.1 on his arm. His syringe hits him perfectly and his mission is accomplished. However, he soon realises he is surrounded by expensive devastation. Ignoring the SCIENTIST, TOURIST NO.2 rips NO.1's shackles from the wall, and carries his motionless body away on her shoulder. The TEAM MEMBER now notices his legs are now broken from the fall. However, in his torment he is also satisfied with himself. The rest of the research STAFF catch up to the recently handicapped TEAM MEMBER. Once they see his empty syringe, they start clapping with an impressed relief.

SCIENTIST

Well done, young man. You've just
prevented a world wide catastrophe.

TEAM MEMBER
 (in severe pain)
 But what about the woman??

SCIENTIST
 Don't worry. The water will make her
 ok, again.

49. A Worse Interview

Over to the news room, again. Is a rampaging blue giant big news? Yes. It's massive news. Rather predictably, the PM hasn't been feeling so good in recent times...

INT: NEWS STUDIO OFFICE, LONDON - NEXT DAY

The news studio office is a modest room. By the walls, are a number of filing cabinets. A collection of soft, focused lights bring out their averageness. Relaxing, dimmed lighting shines on the EMPLOYEE'S tables and workstations. The other parts of the place are in relative darkness.

At this moment nothing is being filmed, but the frantic NEWS STAFF are attempting to get their work finalised for broadcasting, ASAP. The PRIME MINISTER is highly strung and is talking to a CAMERAMAN, in a discreet corner of the room. He is now 25 years old and is wearing the same black suit and sunglasses as before. Those with long memories will remember him from when he filmed SIR GEORGE a while back. But what does the rubber chicken tattoo mean?? Well, whatever. The hubbub in the surroundings masks their devious plotting.

PRIME MINISTER
 (angry and whispering)
 I can't believe you haven't had a chance to drug the TV interviewer! You know she only drinks energy drinks before an interview! Energy drinks without our special water in it!!

CAMERA MAN
 (sorry and whispering)
 I've been keeping my eye on her for days, but she didn't follow her normal routine, this morning!

PRIME MINISTER
 Dear God! If she gets angry at me for not knowing what I'm talking about, the viewers are going to have a really bad opinion of me!

CAMERA MAN
 I'm sure you'll be fine...

The PRIME minister is approached by a tall, 30 year old news studio STAFF MEMBER in a suit. After exchanging pleasantries, the PM is escorted to the filming room to give his live interview. The CAMERAMAN follows him, getting ready for work.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Once again, SIR GEORGE is splodged on the sofa. This time however, he is eating a mid-range, ultra-cheesy pizza. Concerned about the PM, he turns on the TV to watch him.

INT: NEWS STUDIO FILMING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

On the news program, the TV INTERVIEWER is sitting at the table with the PRIME MINISTER. They're not on the screen today, so anything can happen and there's no opportunity to go back.

TV INTERVIEWER

(with firmness)

Mr. Prime Minister, can you please explain how a rampant drug addict with super human strength, managed to punch her way into a nearby hotel, eat everything in the chef's kitchen and simply walk away, happily and uninjured?

PRIME MINISTER

(nervous already)

Of course I can explain.

TV INTERVIEWER

Ok, please do... Also can you explain how she's never been caught?

PRIME MINISTER

Well, it's all very complicated...

TV INTERVIEWER

That's fine with me.

PRIME MINISTER

Oh, of course it's fine with YOU, obviously. I know THAT, but I mean your viewers wouldn't understand...

TV INTERVIEWER

(irritated)

Mr. Prime Minister, I get the feeling YOU'RE the one who doesn't understand.

The PRIME MINISTER doesn't know how to answer, so winks where the CAMERAMAN is, with a twitch.

A glass of oxytocin water flies from the latter, towards the TV INTERVIEWER'S heavily made-up face.

TV INTERVIEWER
(angry)
What did you do that for?!

PRIME MINISTER
(restless)
I believe there was a venomous spider on your cheek. Is that what that was about??

The CREW MEMBER nods his camera up and down. There is a brief silence.

TV INTERVIEWER
(drowsy and with
remorse)
.... Oh.... I'm so sorry for shouting...

PRIME MINISTER
(starting to calm down)
It's ok, I understand. Someone round here lost a spider. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to alarm you.

TV INTERVIEWER
.... Oh, how thoughtful!

PRIME MINISTER
Thanks.

TV INTERVIEWER
.. So, how can you explain what happened, yesterday?

PRIME MINISTER
(tensing up, again)
Er....

TV INTERVIEWER
..... In your own time...

From the same man, another glass of water rushes at the TV INTERVIEWER. Mascara drips from her eyes down to her chin.

TV INTERVIEWER
(slurred)
.... Thanks for that! I hate spiders!

The TV INTERVIEWER slumps from her chair onto the floor, laughing.

PRIME MINISTER

.... Oh, no! Doesn't matter though, we can talk another time.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE

Soon after the fall, SIR GEORGE'S TV screen displays the message 'sorry, but we are experiencing temporary technical difficulties, at the moment'. Racer X music plays. SIR GEORGE looks uncomfortable and splodges about on the sofa.

INT: NEWS STUDIO FILMING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Once the cameras stop rolling, all news STAFF are heard murmuring, confused.

PRIME MINISTER

Aaaargh!

.... What the PRIME MINISTER is experiencing, here, is an increasingly common and debilitating psychiatric disorder called 'George's Syndrome'. The affliction causes a non-physical but very real decline in mental functioning. Why is it becoming more popular? Because of a phenomena called 'emotional contagion'. Search for it on the internet. GS, however, is a world-wide secret so good luck reading about that one.

50. Sorrow

A problem with psychology however, is that a person's personality can change over time. Again, far from simple so keep using your head!

EXT: OUTSIDE THE PRISON, LONDON - NIGHT, A FEW MINUTES LATER

It is pouring with rain and the howling wind forces it into all directions. Lightning strikes and the resulting thunder claps are monotonous. Plodding through the chaos, are the SWAN and the CAT. The former is walking head to the ground and ashamed. He has a priceless and stunning Juliet rose, held in his beak. The lengths he had to go to get it were truly astonishing. The latter follows him in a similar, guilty fashion with a note held in his mouth. They are exhausted, but sorrow overwhelms their physical feelings.

INT: PRISON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

So, MR. CANS is in solitary confinement, after appearing to break out of jail with some kind of bazooka. The room is almost completely bare, apart from a worse toilet, a worse bed and a worse fortified window.

In extreme boredom he squints through the glass, trying to find something of at least mild interest. In an instant, MR. CANS'S vacant expression morphs into horror; he spots the dreaded SWAN and CAT and they are plodding towards him, with some kind of flower of death. He runs to the door and starts banging on it in desperation.

MR. CANS
HELP! HELP! SOMEONE, PLEASE!!!

Rushed, metallic pacing is heard getting nearer.

PRISON GUARD
(speaking with
kindness)
You, again? What is it this time? Are you ok?

MR. CANS
SOMEONE'S TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE
PRISON!!!

PRISON GUARD
(jokingly)
A swan or a cat?

MR. CANS
THEY'RE BOTH TOGETHER!!

PRISON GUARD
(kind, but firm)
God dammit, Cans. You're going to spend the rest of your life in this room, if you keep up with your immature joking around.

MR CANS has the courage to turn his back on the door and face the window, if nothing else. The BIRD flies up to it, holding the CAT in between his athletic feet. The KITTY takes his note out of his mouth, puts it in his paws and holds it up against the window, looking sad. However, the second he does this, CANS freezes with that familiar terror; he remembers those haunting eyes like it was yesterday.

MR. CANS
AAAAAAAARRRRGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

PRISON GUARD
You'll be ok, Cans!

Breaking from their gaze, CANS prioritises their pen-written message. Although scared, he has to find out what it says. MR. CANS drags his feet to the FREAKS OF NATURE and reads the note. His will is strong, but his body trembles.

APOLOGY LETTER

Dear Mr. Cans. Pickles and I, would like to apologise for our threatening behaviour. It was completely unjustified and I can assure you it won't happen, again. Shortly before the highly regrettable incidents, I had witnessed my only two cygnets being gobbled up by a wolf. Since then, I have been extremely angry and hate-filled. I now realise that my aggression was completely misguided, and I can only imagine the hell I've put you through. When you get out of jail, and I sincerely hope it's soon, I would love to share some of the bread I've been saving for you. Best wishes, Denae and Pickles.

MR. CANS'S heart fills with warmth and forgiveness. He mouths the words 'thank you' and 'nice rose' to the ANIMALS, and his eyes start to water. As they glide away, he waves to them both, wishing they could have stayed longer.

MR. CANS

(ecstatic)

Cancel my phone call to Genghis!! The swan and the cat have apologised!!

The PRISONER NEXT DOOR is another convict in solitary confinement. Other than his obviously large hands, it is can't be heard what he looks like. What's clear, is his very deep voice.

PRISONER NEXT DOOR

Excellent! That's great news!

MR. CANS

Thanks, man!

.... And swans can change, too.

51. A Terrible Interview, This Time.

Most people, however, have a reasonably stable personality. At least once they reach a certain age. Especially if they're not drugged, like the PRIME MINISTER.

EXT: THE POND NEAR THE REASONABLE FOODS HEADQUARTERS, LONDON - THE NEXT DAY

Yep..... another rainy day. Some lowland areas are starting to get flooded.

The SWAN and CAT have just finished savouring the soggy bread, given to them by kind and clueless passers by. Once the PEOPLE have disappeared from view, the BIRD stores the leftovers of the delicacy in his beak, with affection. The food is for the PRISONERS and no one else.

As the pond and its surroundings are now lonely and unpopulated, they are safe to go behind their special tree, that's a fair bit behind the others. It's a low security though unsuspecting short-term hideout. They tuck away the food there, in a damp cardboard box also housing a stolen mobile phone, some catnip, a pen, some super glue, some not so super glue and a battery powered television. Everything gone to plan, they view their TV. However, they watch with sorrow and regret in their hearts.

..... Especially if they're not drugged, like the PRIME MINISTER.....

INT: NEWS STUDIO FILMING ROOM, LONDON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

In a much hated and familiar setting, the TV INTERVIEWER and the PRIME MINISTER (there we are) are conversing with each other. They are both sitting at their table, desperate to regain their credibility. Again, they are being filmed, live on air with an unused screen, behind them.

TV INTERVIEWER
(kindhearted, but not
sluggish. The new
oxytocin is just
right)

Mr. Prime minister, I understand you have a cocaine addiction. That must be very hard for you.

PRIME MINISTER
(confident and relaxed)
Oh, certainly, thanks for your concern.

TV INTERVIEWER
With all due respect though, won't it stop you from making sensible decisions and running the country properly? Also you might be setting a bad example to others.

PRIME MINISTER
I can assure you, I only take cocaine at parties or when I'm on holiday. Am I setting a bad example? Not really, as people can clearly see I'm in trouble.

TV INTERVIEWER

Excellent points. We all like to have fun, don't we?

PRIME MINISTER

How very wise and understanding of you.

TV INTERVIEWER

Thank you! Well, that's all we need from you, today. But, please sit here with me, I enjoy your company.

PRIME MINISTER

No problem. That was very quick.

TV INTERVIEWER

Well, you're very trustworthy. Alright, our next topic for discussion today are the new prison reforms. Very recently, the law has been changed to allow prisoners to escape, as long as they return their clothes. This idea has been borrowed from countries such as Belgium, where the crime rate is much lower. It is hoped the extra freedom given to prisoners will ultimately make them nicer and more law abiding. If any of you watching have any comments on the new changes, please call us, now.

EXT: THE POND NEAR THE RF HEADQUARTERS - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

In a hurry, the SWAN pecks at 'his' mobile phone and calls the news program. The CAT looks at him with eagerness, and impulsively takes control.

INT: NEWS STUDIO

TV INTERVIEWER

Hello? Do we have our first caller?

CAT

(talking with a hoarse, cat-like voice)

Yes.

NEWS REPORTER ON TV

Great. And what are your comments on the new prison reforms?

CAT

I think they're great!

TV INTERVIEWER

Do you have a sore throat or something like that? Maybe you should see a doctor.

CAT

I'm a cat.

TV INTERVIEWER

(humouring him)

I see. Please continue.

CAT

Chad Macalpine and Oscar Cans are innocent... Well, Oscar is, anyway. They should both be freed immediately!

TV INTERVIEWER

(being empathetic)

I'm sorry, but we can't just let any old supposedly 'innocent' prisoner out. Many prisoners lie, you know?

CAT

(with a vengeful voice)

We will break them out, then!

TV INTERVIEWER

(nervous)

I'm sorry, but that would be illegal...

CAT

What are you going to do? Arrest a cat?

With cockiness, the CAT hangs up the phone.

TV INTERVIEWER

(jokingly)

Well, that was interesting phone call, wasn't it Mr. Prime Minister?

PRIME MINISTER

(already nervous)

Yes.... A very... Interesting phone call...

.... 'That interview wasn't terrible!' Aha, got you! Also, the moral of the story is coming up, so get ready!

52. A Friendly Break-In

The moment the PRIME MINISTER heard the chilling threat from the CAT, a shiver went down his spine. As soon as he got his hands on a phone, he had some very serious discussions. MI5, the Secret Animal Psychology Centre and the justice system were all called. He ordered the prison CHAD and OSCAR stays in to have its security stepped up to its highest level. He is now convinced cats have been on learning drugs, too, and a bloodbath is entirely possible.

... But wait... How did the CAT know OSCAR was innocent? And why does he care about him and CHAD, in particular? Something weird is going on. It's time to phone MR. HAMMETT, but he isn't answering...

EXT: POND HIDEOUT, NEAR RF'S HEAD OFFICE - THE NEXT NIGHT, 3 AM

It is a star-less night with the odd spot of rain. Muddy puddles fill every hollowed out bit of the grassy ground, and the odd person has slipped. A couple of body prints and some change remain in the mud. With a warm heart, the SWAN is leaving the home with the CAT. They are in no hurry, in fact they are travelling with deliberate, moseying slowness. This is so they can spend as much time with each other as possible. The SWAN is holding low strength glue in his mouth, making blending in with the surroundings a little harder than preferred.

CAT
(with high spirits)
Miaow, miaow, miaow....

SWAN
(in hisses, trying not
to drop glue)
Please stop that. I hate that song.

CAT
..... Miaow, Mimiaw...

SWAN
You're not really making things
better, right now. Well, you are a
little bit, but...

CAT
Mi...

SWAN
(cutting in)
Pickles, no! Ok?! Oh, you've made me
drop my glue!

Now they are travelling through the grey and litter infested residential streets.

Many of the lampposts are broken, making the visibility poor. They are only minutes away from the run-down shops, but the ANIMALS are in no mood for buying things. The whole area makes them feel uncomfortable. All rats are on their guard; an angry TRAMP keeps shouting at them, far in the distance. Why is he so hate-filled? Because he never drinks drugged water, just vodka. (And low alcohol beer, so he doesn't dehydrate).

SWAN

Ah, I think I hear the tramp who glued the satnav to me. I have to be honest, I have great difficulty using it. I generally get him to put in the directions, whilst he's drunk and confused. His knowledge of the surroundings are pretty impressive.

CAT

Maybe you should just find a map and study it, instead...

SWAN

Yeah.... I kind of like gadgets, though. In the worst case scenario, I can find something that's sticking out, like a twig, and then press the satnav buttons against it...

CAT

Whatever makes you happy.

SWAN

It does make me happy.

After a short period of inane chit-chat and barely seeing a single car or person, the ANIMALS leave the streets and reach their targeted alleyway. However, this place isn't any less depressing; the rapid reverberations are kind of creepy. Even though long, this alley has nothing in it other than bins and discarded mattresses. (Yeah, still). The absence of finger prints on GEORGE'S dusty waste disposal unit, show it hasn't been touched by human hands in many weeks. This is though it is mere inches away from the bins of the other members of STAFF. Full of vigour, the SWAN holds the container's lid up whilst the CAT collects and stacks different prescriptions with his paws. The ANIMALS are looking forward to broadening their minds further, with help from their treasured learning drugs.

Whilst removing the drugs, the CAT notices other boxes hidden underneath, with the word 'oxytocin' on them. Puzzled, he takes them out as well and asks the SWAN something with a curious, wagging tail.

CAT
 (miaowing in animal
 language)
 Denae? What's oxytocin?

.... So he can speak with clear hisses, the SWAN drops the glue onto the floor.

DENAE, THE SWAN
 (hissing in animal
 language)
 It's a drug that makes people nicer
 and bond with each other... Why?

CAT
 There's loads of it, here... Are we on
 it?.. Is that why we've become so
 nice, suddenly?

DENAE, THE SWAN
 (with pride)
 You know what, it probably is why
 we're so damn friendly. Thank God for
 oxytocin!

CAT
 (merrily)
 My thoughts exactly! It must be pumped
 into local water at treatment plants,
 or something. It's probably secretly
 inserted in other country's water,
 too. I know if I wanted hostile
 countries to leave me alone, I would
 drug them up to their eyeballs. It
 must be a massive operation...

DENAE
 Yip. Give me some of those learning
 drugs, please... Then I can do some
 hardcore brainstorming....

Time to visit HANNAH and TONY, I think. Let the SWAN ponder things for a while...

EXT: AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

It is a day so hot, it has the potential to drive one mad in a matter of minutes. There is no hope of escape from the angry, even abusive sun. To make things worse, not a single cloud in the orange and blue sky can offer protection. To the left of the sweaty, rotting HIKERS are a series of gigantic, rocky natural wonders, culminating with pointy peaks. These relics are only a few meters away from them and even their empty heads appreciate them. Where they are standing and to the right of them, however, the ground is bumpy though level(ish).

Even so, this landscape is far from bland; in fact it is equal in beauty. Greens of all shades are like a magnificent natural carpet, and the views are incredible. More distant mountains are in front of them.... But what's behind them?? :O :O :O
Let's get excited again, people, the end is coming up!

HANNAH

Brainsssssss.....

TONY

Brains.

Nothing new is really happening from them, but they seem to have attracted quite the following. There must be around 50 other HIKERS behind them, in a crooked single file. Also behind them, are more distant mountains. With an eerie moan, all of the POSSE are chanting 'brains' over and over again. This is quite ironic; they need to do something more worthwhile. I'm glad HANNAH and TONY have made friends, though. Ok, that will do, I think.

EXT: OUTSIDE OF RF'S HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

A RAT scutters past the SWAN and CAT.

DENAE, THE SWAN

(inspired)

Oh my God, I've had an idea...

CAT

(talking whilst putting
unneded drugs in bin)

What?

DENAE, THE SWAN

We take the oxytocin, we give it to the prison guards in massive quantities somehow, and when they're drugged up and obedient, we simply ask them to release Oscar and Chad!

CAT

(also inspired)

You know... That just might work...
But wait, won't the guards be freaked out by talking animals?

DENAE, THE SWAN

A request is a request. If anyone or anything asks them anything in the world, they should do it.

CAT

Cool... Do you think they would be able to get a molly I like, to go out with me?

DENAE

Mmm.... Not sure... Hey, Pickles? Do you mind if I glue the oxytocin boxes to your side? I can't carry anything, else.

CAT

Sure, go ahead...

The SWAN unseals the adhesive's cap with his beak and gets to work. However, a car in the distance is heard and it's getting louder. This causes the once confident ANIMALS to be on guard. To the CAT'S finely tuned ears, it seems to be a black cab. Unknown to the TWOSOME, it is the old BUS DRIVER from earlier. After taking learning drugs, his driving abilities have improved significantly. That doesn't matter to the story but it's true. Yip, getting weirder, still.

DENAE

(being level headed)

Alright. Let's bring this stuff back home, one last time. After that, our only choice is to go on the run. We have phoned and threatened someone, after all. Also, we better be quick, we might be on CCTV.

CAT

(more awkward than the swan)

Oh, yeah... Whoops. That was a silly thing to say to the Prime Minister, wasn't it? I guess I just got carried away in the moment...

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2

(a quiet voice in the distance)

Ahhh.... There's nothing quite like late night bin rummaging.....
Dammit, I think my taxi's here, already...

DENAE

Oh shit, we better get out of here, now!

The ANIMALS leave the enclosed space with speed and continue their journey.

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S NEW HOUSE IN VIRGINIA, USA - NIGHT,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER

In return for his part in saving the world, the WISE OLD MAN was given a substantial amount of money from the English government. He now lives in a more pleasing and remote part of Virginia, though still alone. His house is imposing and large and many acres of idyllic, snowy land surround it. (Oh no, that's 'EXT', isn't it??)

INT (THERE WE GO): WISE OLD MAN'S NEW HOUSE IN VIRGINIA, USA -
NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The WISE OLD MAN is now 85 years old and his white beard reaches the floor. Fortunately, he has put on a bit of weight since the expired food scare, 5 years ago. His voice is still croaky, however. In his spacious cream white bedroom, this MAN is reading with an intense concentration. He is doing so whilst relaxed on his needlessly big, soft bed. A priceless warm-coloured lamp is providing the lighting for him to do so. In front of him is an antique wooden drawer, a vibrating chair and a PC.

WISE OLD MAN
(reading aloud a book
by the Greek
philosopher, Thales)
When it is snowy in far away lands,
and at a time of relative peace, a
heroic wise old man will sadly pass
away. His grave will be his new palace
that was his reward.

WISE OLD MAN
(alarmed)
Oh, shit!

With fear in his heart, the OAP continues reading.

WISE OLD MAN
This man will be reading this very
passage, in the last few days of his
life. But his death will be a happy
one. What is the significance of this
event? It will be at a time when there
will be no more prisons. It will be
eternal harmony. In a way, it will be
Heaven. But first, something very
strange will happen involving a genius
cat and a gifted armed swan. It is
important the animals carry out their
goals, for the sake of the French. The
wise old man must help these animals,
who will go on to help some of the
last of their kind.

He must also not tell anyone what he knows is true. I know I'm not being clear right now, but the heroic man I'm speaking of should go with his gut feeling, when thinking about what I mean. He will be right as he's just so wise.

P.S., he should check out Maximum Security, by Tony Macalpine. Not only is it one of the best guitar albums of all time, his name is of great significance. That is all.

The WISE OLD MAN takes a big sigh. He is sad, but filled with satisfaction.

WISE OLD MAN

I knew something weird was going on! It's almost as if everyone has been drugged, with me included. There must be other people who assume this... But like me, they most likely think things have changed for the better; they probably don't want anything to return to the way it was... Alrighty, let's check out Maximum Security, then.. But why is the name important?

The WISE OLD MAN spends what is left of his precious time, listening to classic shred. Aren't video sharing sites sensational? He listens with keen ears but his enjoyment doesn't distract him from his search for answers. He wants the puzzle of Tony Macalpine solved more than the world, itself... And what the HELL did Thales mean about the swan, the cat and the French??

EXT: STREET NEAR RF'S ALLEYWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Again, not the prettiest place in the world. Everything is basically concrete.... and grey. (Tired of me saying that word all the time? What do you suggest? Genuinely, I would like your help). There are no plants in sight, there isn't even grass. Due to thuggery, lighting is almost non-existent. To the relief of most, there isn't much of this street other than a few neglected shops and a vandalised bus stop. (If you remembered the butchers, you get a gold star and you can cancel the appointment you've been dreading). With no one else in seeing distance, the two ANIMALS approach a TRAMP who seems to be dangerously inebriated. Not caring about his health, he is swigging vodka in a corner.

DENAE
 (speaking English)
 Hey, hey! It's your lucky day!
 Remember me??

The TRAMP is a 65 year old man. His eyes are tired and depressed. His white hair has no planning to it, whatsoever. It can only be described as out of control and long. He is wearing a dirty cardigan with holes in it, and very worn jeans. He is also wearing sandals and muddy socks. He talks with a very gruff voice and smells of pee.

TRAMP
 (confused and slurring)
 No.....

DENAE
 Good. How would you like to earn a TV?
 It's battery powered, so you can watch
 it anywhere...

TRAMP
 (intrigued)
 ... Well... Alright, sure...

DENAE
 Great. All you have to do, is punch a
 hole through the bakery window. Do you
 know where the pond is, around here?

TRAMP
 ... Yeah, I know it... Who are you?...

DENAE
 (ignoring him)
 Well, the TV is hidden behind the
 trees, right next to it. It is buried
 under piles of grass. Just keep
 rummaging around. Understand?

TRAMP
 ... Yeah, I'll find it...

DENAE
 (trying to be
 encouraging, and
 making pointing
 movements with his
 head)
 Ok, good.... So... Y'know... The
 window, please?? I like your shoes, by
 the way...

Pleased as punch, the TRAMP headbutts a hole straight through the bakery window.

With indifference, he ignores the resulting superficial and not so superficial cuts on his face and neck. At a surprising speed, he stumbles to the pond, bleeding on everything around him.

After entering the smashed up shop with its deafening alarm sounding, the SWAN spots a sweet-smelling box of cakes. It has a sturdy string handle on it, making it perfect for transporting. With his beak, the unconcerned BIRD carries this box out of the store, just about resisting the urge to eat everything in sight. CCTV is not too big an issue as there is nothing weird about a lone animal stealing food. Also, the SWAN is probably not being sought after. The CAT on the other hand, is a most wanted criminal.

DENAE

(exhilarated)

Ok, let's go! That alarm's driving me mental..

CAT

(not so excited)

Me, too... That tramp better not steal our mobile phone and bread...

There is a saddened pause.

DENAE

Oh, yeah... Shit... The special bread we were saving, for Mr. Cans. I bet that tramp was hungry... Let's just go, eh?

CAT

You could have just got the tramp to throw a stone or something through the window, couldn't you?

DENAE

I could have done. Thanks... God damn glass on my feet, now...

The TWO start to head back home, much quicker than they left. Who knows when the police will arrive?

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

With his smashing and now more appreciated bed behind him, the WISE OLD MAN is unwinding in his super chair. At his computer, he is surfing the internet with the fascination of a child.

WISE OLD MAN
 (feeling at peace with
 the world)

Thales was right! This IS a good album! Maybe a bit too much reverb, though.. I wonder how Sir George has been doing, lately. He's sure to be on the internet, somewhere....

In a few clicks, the WISE OLD MAN views a video called 'Sir George's Craziest Moments'. It has well over 10 million hits and the numbers are rising fast. Even though this video was conceived as a cheap joke, the latest opinions of viewers have without exception been positive... Well, almost... Kyle Jeffreys himself has been giving some rather piercing comments. Insults like 'herb burglar' and 'foot face' are used. This social deviation perplexes the WISE OLD MAN, but he still has faith in Thale's prophecy. Thus, he is feeling positive about the utopian new world he is soon to be leaving. Out of nowhere, he realises something that now seems obvious...

WISE OLD MAN
 'His name is of great importance'? Of course, Chad Macalpine! There will be no more prisons? So where will he go? I can only assume the animals will break Chad and Oscar out... Surely the fact the swan is super intelligent and armed, is a clue.. And I have to help the two animals... I think. Well, that's my gut feeling. It's certainly what's logical. What a weird 5 years...

EXT: POND NEAR RF - MINUTES LATER

A brief period of action-packed time has passed. Resting cakes are added to the familiar setting. The uplifted ANIMALS find that not only has their bread been respected, a thank you note has been written on the food storage box. It reads...

TRAMP'S NOTE
 Dear swan and cat. Thanks. I remembered that you liked my sandals, so I left them for you. Sorry about all the blood. I tried washing the stains out, but couldn't. Sorry, but peeing on the stains didn't help. Again, neither did spitting on them. Kind regards, Tramp.

.... So that was nice...

DENAE

Aw. Ok, Pickles, let's get this over with.

DENAE stares at the boxes on the CAT, then the pond. It's known what these looks mean; it's time to wash the containers off. Much to the MOUSER'S abhorrence, the SWAN leads him to bathe in the pool. PICKLES simply couldn't bring himself to do the task, alone. When the agonizing event is over, the PAIR walk back by the tree. There, the SWAN crushes the oxytocin tablets with its beak and sprinkles them onto the desserts. He makes sure he doesn't swallow anything; drowsiness will not work with the goals he has in mind...

DENAE

(determined)

Ok, remember where the bin near the prison is?

CAT

(just as determined)

Uh-huh...

DENAE

Good... And do you know which train to catch?

CAT

Sure do...

DENAE

Excellent. Your train will depart at precisely 7 AM. Keep an eye on the station's clock from a safe distance, once you get there. It will be best if you hide in the nearby bushes. I've scanned that train before at that time, whilst planning ways we could kill Mr. Cans. There will almost certainly be at least one empty carriage for you. When you see its doors open, just make a run for it and get on the thing; don't hang around the station too long. After around 20 minutes on the train, you will hear your stop being announced. You then get out of the bin and then the train. Again, sprint off of it as fast as you can.

If anyone tries to stop you, bite off one of the oxytocin tablets that you will have glued to your arm, break it up with your mouth then blow it into the person's or people's face.

Do not inhale it. You then ask the victims to leave you alone and tell them not to tell anybody about what happened, or what was said. If needed on another person, bite another drug off and repeat. You have plenty. Once on the station, walk the journey to the park bin near the prison as normally as possible. If needed, outrun anyone chasing you and work out somewhere they can't get you. Maybe run through a hole in a wall, for example. Stick to more 'cat like' areas on your quest, when possible. Understand?

CAT

Crystal clear. And you're flying, right? So that we're not seen together?

DENAE

Exactly. The Prime Minister's secret services will almost certainly be on guard for any animals looking suspicious.

CAT

Ok. I think we should get some rest, until the morning.

DENAE

Good idea.

The ANIMALS each go their separate ways. PICKLES does the necessary adhering, then ponders where to sleep.

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The WISE OLD MAN mobile phones up the PRIME MINISTER, even though it's way later than socially acceptable. Over in England, anyway.

WISE OLD MAN

Hello, is that the Prime Minister?

PRIME MINISTER

(very tired)

Yes... Who is it? I'm trying to sleep...

WISE OLD MAN

It's Eric Howe.

PRIME MINISTER

Oh, nice to hear from you... But it better be important...

WISE OLD MAN

Er... I'm just curious... Have you heard about a swan or a cat breaking into a prison, to rescue anyone? Maybe Chad Macalpine?

PRIME MINISTER

(shocked)

Oh my God... How did you know??

There is a thoughtful pause.

PRIME MINISTER

(calming down)

Wait... Have you been watching British TV?

WISE OLD MAN

Er... N... Yes. Why do you ask?

PRIME MINISTER

Remember the cat that phoned up and threatened me, live on air?.. It sounds silly I know, but I think the call was genuine. He was really convincing. He said he was going to break two prisoners out... I'm taking the situation seriously. Dogs can talk now, you know?

WISE OLD MAN

Oh really, dogs??.... Anyway, I do remember. I just phoned up to say that call was a hoax. My friend, Aaron did it for a joke. He just told me in the last hour. I hope you haven't needlessly stepped up the security in prisons, or anything like that...

PRIME MINISTER

(embarrassed)

No, no... Of course not.. Is that all you want to say?

WISE OLD MAN

Almost. I just want to add that watching hours and hours of local CCTV footage would be a complete waste of time, too.

PRIME MINISTER

Of course... I'll get on to the matter ASAP.

WISE OLD MAN

Ok, bye. Oh, and with all the drugged up, passive prisoners, I think you could make some spending cuts if you stopped monitoring CCTV... I mean you could keep the cameras, but having staff looking at them all the time would be a waste...

PRIME MINISTER

Actually, we have made spending cuts that way. Ok, bye...

INT: SIR GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Eyes closed, SIR GEORGE falls off his mattress and snaps his right wrist.

SIR GEORGE

Ow!

The room is in total darkness, but for a more normal reason, this time. All that can be observed are a vague silhouette of a bed, and a desk with a computer on it. GEORGE slowly moves his left hand across the table, in search of his mobile phone. Soon enough, his sense of touch allows him to find it, whilst his right hand dangles by his leg. In agony, he dials '999'.

SIR GEORGE

Hello? I think I've broken my wrist; this is an emergency! How the hell will I be able to tremolo pick, now?! Please hurry!

NURSE ON THE PHONE NO.2 is a kinder and more reasonable NURSE than the one near the beginning. She has a high-pitched Cockney accent.

NURSE NO.2

(calmly)

It's ok, we're coming as soon as possible.

SIR GEORGE

(excited)

Ah, Cockneys, my favourite!

NURSE NO.2

Sorry??

SIR GEORGE

Er...

NURSE NO.2

(trying to be
professional)

... Where do you live?

SIR GEORGE

....

(Can't reveal that information, everyone needs their privacy.
Central London, that's all you need to know).

NURSE NO.2

Ok, that's no problem, an ambulance is
on its way.

EXT: POND OUTSIDE NEAR RF'S - NIGHT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Before the CAT goes somewhere new and inconspicuous to rest, he has a pleasant surprise for the SWAN. Now that the BIRD is out of sight, the CAT bites open the glue with mischief. With the sticker in mouth, he sticks a cardboard package onto his side. The FELINE had hid the box in a grassy patch, adjacent to a secret tree not far away. It was important to him that no one else ever touched it. Where did he find it? He thieved it from SIR GEORGE'S bin when he was alone in the area, hunting for mice. That was a while ago, now. Being a practical CAT, he had his special clinging stick with him at the time, just in case.

Ok, under the cover of darkness, it's time to sneak to the train station. Fortunately, the journey is mostly unlit, dirt pathways. Spying police are not much of a worry. When it is, in more manmade, street-lit roads, the CAT scampers forward with his head to the floor. Not an entirely effective way of avoiding detection, but there is little else he can think of. After feeling a succession of intense rushes and anxieties, the CAT reaches the prickled bushes by the train station. There, instead of resting, he hides with vigilance. (Not that resting would be possible, when you're stabbed with what seems like a thousand pins).

Nothing happens here for a while, so it's probably best to go back to the SWAN...

As the ANIMAL is somewhat of a genius, the SWAN with his grenade launcher, satnav and cakes hasn't been spotted. To be fair though, there aren't many opportunities to see him. He is flying much higher than the clouds, and they are covering every inch of darkened sky. No one below him would have a clue. With help from his navigation system, the BIRD soon senses the prison park and its bin are very close.

With a calculating mind, he hovers down to earth, always checking his back. As was expected, not a single person is around. Not at this time. He then climbs into the receptacle and waits for the CAT to help soothe his lonely thoughts.

A time for a change of scene, I guess... Also, let's fast forward a bit...

INT: SIR GEORGE'S BEDROOM - 7:20 AM

SIR GEORGE
 (whilst his eyes are
 closed, in agony)
 AAAARGH!!! MY ARM!! This plaster cast
 is useless! I can't take this much
 longer!

Oooh, not good. Ok, let's visit the CAT...

INT: TRAIN BIN - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

With thorns still in his skin, the CAT is pissed off and wants to leave the train, for home. On the bright side (ironically from the 7 AM darkness), he got on the transport with no problems. All that was needed, was a simple run and a jump in its hiding place. However, getting out of the home of banana skins and coffee cups, etc., will be more challenging; after all, there are many COMMUTERS now talking inches away from the ANIMAL. Like everyone else, they are dutiful and law-abiding which is a problem. The station name is called and it's time for action. With a box still attached to his side, the CAT jumps out chewing on oxytocin tablets. As he speaks (or more accurately, screeches), the ANIMAL spits out a large, white cloud of the drug onto the PASSENGERS. For some reason, his choice of words are uncharacteristic for him, at this stage of his life.

CAT
 Fuck you, pussies! You better leave me
 alone, and not tell anyone about what
 you saw!

With an all-consuming shame, the CAT runs off of the transport much faster than he knew was possible. It is now seen that the weather is similar to what it was a few hours, ago. The only difference is it's a little warmer. A group of PEOPLE on the station try and catch the apparent stray, but they can't move fast enough.

CAT
 Fuck off!

With an extra dose of oxytocin soon in the air, the GROUP politely do what is asked of them.

After leaving the stop, PICKLES finds some more orthodox areas for a cat to be; the journey towards the prison bin consists mostly of swamp-like pathways, by the sides of hedges. However, coming up there are also concrete roads to be wary of; CCTV there, is much more likely. (.. But does that matter, now?...) New groups of PEOPLE are always encountered and as one might expect, they stare at the strange THING with a box fixed to it. Fortunately, if they give him any trouble there is always plenty of his powerful sedative.

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S BEDROOM - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The WISE OLD MAN is now laying in his bed, awake and thinking to himself. He is still pleased, but nervous.

WISE OLD MAN

I wonder how I will die... I mean, I'm not ill in any way. I live in a safe house in a nice area... It just doesn't make sense. I guess I'm just old... I think it's time to leave my mischievous last words.

The WISE OLD MAN leaves his bed in a silly mood. He then gets out a pen and paper from his draw.

WISE OLD MAN'S NOTE

(writing, with a smile
on his face)

If you have found this message, you are half way there. Keep going. I believe in you.

He goes to sleep, happy in the thought his note made no sense, whatsoever. Quite the contrary, he may be (or rather, hopefully will be) wasting a lot of people's time. Though of course without any malice. His last (written) words are funny if anything, I think. Good for him. The WISE OLD MAN then starts to dream....

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S DREAM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Here is an empty, white room that extends farther than the eye can see. The walls are made of mirrors but are in part obscured by low level mist. In it, The WOM and THALES are alone together. THALES is a 78 year old man with a thick, colour-less beard and piercing eyes. His face not only shows insight, but genius. His is more muscular than the average OAP and is dressed in white robes.

WISE OLD MAN

(his voice echoing,
strangely)

Thales?? Is that you??

THALES

(his voice also
echoing)

Yo, yo, my main man! Is that Eric
Howe?

WISE OLD MAN

It is, indeed. Why are you speaking
like that?

THALES

Just a joke...

WISE OLD MAN

Very nice. Did I fulfill my duties?

THALES

(becoming serious)

Nearly, my friend. There is just one
more thing I ask of you... I've been
waiting many centuries for this
moment...

WISE OLD MAN

(eager to please)

What is it?

THALES

I want you to phone the prison Chad
and Oscar are staying in. I want you
to tell all staff there to wear body
armour. I want you to explain to them
that even though the threat is almost
nonexistent, they need to get used to
wearing the extra padding. Say they've
been slacking...

WISE OLD MAN

But how will I get them to listen to
me?

THALES

It's ok. They will be obedient.

EXT: A PARK OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON - 8 AM

The CAT made it, with no one seeing him get in the bin! It is on the distant corner of the park, by a row of trees. (Again, still. The bin's position has received an impressive zero complaints). Therefore, that made crawling up to it and hiding when necessary, a somewhat straightforward task. What is harder, is the fact he now has to hide in the smelly place with the SWAN, under a large pile of rubbish. (Just in case anyone opens the contraption). The park is relatively busy, putting the ANIMALS on edge.

Emotions are heightened further when it is heard PEOPLE are walking past them. Just whatever you do, don't put dog poo in their hideaway. There are special places for that.

CAT
(feeling cramped)
This is shit.

SWAN
(almost feeling annoyed
with the cat)
Yes, I know. At least the sun should have come out, now. That's something to look forward to.

CAT
Can I have a go on your grenade launcher?

SWAN
No, it's too risky.

CAT
No one will see us shooting out of a bin, if we're careful...

SWAN
I don't care!

CAT
... Anyway, why can't we use the grenade launcher to get Chad and Oscar out of prison, again?

SWAN
Because we've already done that! How boring would that be?

CAT
(offended)
A nicer thing to say would be 'because we don't want to risk hurting them'. I think you need some more oxytocin.

SWAN
(sorry)
A very thoughtful observation. Let's just get some sleep, and wait for a time we can drop the cakes off, without being seen. I'm sure civilians won't steal them now they are most likely on drugs. Anyway, what's that glued to your side? More oxytocin? I have plenty, you know?...

CAT

Yeah, something like that...

Against all adversity, the SWAN gets to sleep in the claustrophobic and unpleasant conditions. However, for some reason the CAT finds the task a lot more difficult. However, it's not impossible. It's a long day, to be sure.

INT: SIR GEORGE'S MUSIC ROOM - 10 AM

The music room of SIR GEORGE'S house is in a different style to the rest of the building. It is a large open space, two stories tall. The wallpaper is black and is lit up by cold blue lighting. Amplifiers, drums and dozens of guitars are against the walls and all look very metal. On the black stone floor, are a series of meter high spikes, laid out at random. Impaled on the spikes are skulls, carved out of rock. By the computer that runs a very retro strategy game, is a medieval wooden door and throne.

Sitting on his regal seat with an arm in a sling, SIR GEORGE is looking at his instrument collection, in awe. Just the thought of being able to play them once again, is keeping him going. However, he is still rather peeved about his unfair sacking. The pain he is in is only annoying him, further. Is he about to snap?

SIR GEORGE

(thinking to himself)

Bored, again. I miss being Prime Minister. Can't write any music for a while now, either. I know what I'll do. I'll tell the people at Reasonable Foods to go fuck themselves. Yeah, that's my day planned... Then I think I'll go for a picnic.

SIR GEORGE does some travel planning at his computer; it will probably be easiest (and best) to share a train with commoners. At least then, people will gaze enviously at his medals.

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S BEDROOM, VIRGINIA - 11 AM, (4PM, ENGLISH TIME)

The WISE OLD MAN has just awoken, with a stretch that goes from head to toe. Even after many hours of sleep, his dream is still as vivid as ever. Suddenly, he has a terrifying realisation that springs his weak, elderly body out of bed in an instant. His bed is now in a very messy state.

WISE OLD MAN

Oh, my God! Why did I go to sleep so late! I hope I still have time to phone the prison! But what is the phone number???

A voice inside the WISE OLD MAN'S head is heard...

THALES

(with authority)

Hello, Eric. It's...

(I'm not telling you the number, in case of future prank calls).

WISE OLD MAN

Thanks, Thales. Will I be joining you soon?

THALES

(playfully)

You'll see.....

Inspired and at his computer, the WOM mophos (mobile phones) the prison. As it rings, the webpage 'prison slang' is visited, just in case any strange foreign phrases are spoken.

WISE OLD MAN

(with politeness)

Hello, I have a message for all of you Kangas.

PRISON GUARD

(puzzled)

I'm sorry?

WISE OLD MAN

.... Prison officers....

PRISON GUARD

Oh, right. That's an interesting choice of words for a man of your age...

WISE OLD MAN

Anyway, I just wanted to recommend that you wear your body armour constantly, from now on. What are you lazy?

PRISON GUARD

(offended)

Excuse me?...

WISE OLD MAN
 (pushing his luck with
 mischief, thinking
 he'll get away with
 it)
 You lazy sausages!

The PRISON GUARD hangs up, after making offended gasps.

WISE OLD MAN
 Thales? What happened?

THALES IN THE WISE OLD MAN'S HEAD
 My bad. How silly of me, I should have
 said. Make sure you phone the prison
 at precisely 7:35 AM Virginia time,
 tomorrow. That's 12:35 over in
 England. Bye... .

WISE OLD MAN
 (embarrassed)
 Ohhhh God.

INT: THE BIN - 3 AM

Another crappy night, let's face it. It's cold and it sounds
 cloudy. PICKLES has just woken up, but the SWAN is still
 sleeping.

CAT
 (quite alert)
 Hey, Denae? I think now will be a good
 time to take the cakes to the prison
 entrance...

SWAN
 (tired)
 ... I guess so...

Time to drop off the treats. A simple task. A quick peek out
 of the bin, no one is to be seen, so a short flight to the
 reinforced prison gates. Then it's back, again.

SWAN
 Well, that was easy... Pickles?

The CAT is already sleeping after purposely knocking his head,
 hard against the bin interior. Maybe not the safest way to get
 to sleep, but it's certainly quick and effective. The SWAN
 rests with him, though in a somewhat more normal manner.

Again, nothing happens for a while, so let's visit HANNAH and
 TONY, one last time....

EXT: AUSTRALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (AFTERNOON)

Another day so hot, it has the potential to cause imminent skin cancer. HANNAH, TONY and Co. haven't got too far, so the surroundings are basically the same. They should consider having a bath; they stink. The same goes for the now thousand or so, following them. The new members of the CREW are mainly RESCUE TEAMS and the ARMY. Neither are known for loafing about, but they certainly are taking their time getting to wherever they are going. Nothing interesting ever really happens round here, so I won't intrude on their privacy any more.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE PRISON - 7 AM

Over in England and 4 hours later, the temperature is getting warmer and the darkened clouds are starting to clear. This makes everyone around just that little bit nicer. According to plan, a prison STAFF MEMBER spots the cakes from inside and opens the two accesses to pick them up. Even though confused and preoccupied by thoughts of changing security levels, he is somewhat cheerful.

After looking over his shoulder with caution, then realising he doesn't have to (apparently), the PRISON GUARD takes the gifts through the prickly walled pathway and to the prison's entrance. His feet bounce along, energised. Soon, the rest of the WORKERS can get munching. He rings the bell and waits. Standing still, he reads the box's message.

PRISON GUARD

That's so nice! 'Lovely cakes for the prison staff'!

Without any effort, the CAT'S ears pick up the PRISON GUARD'S appreciative comment. This is all the way from jail. It is a long way away, but his senses seem sharpened. He then tells the SWAN what he heard with excitement.

CAT

He's picked up the cakes!

The SWAN is feeling rather more diffident than the CAT, for some reason. It's usually the other way round. I mean, there IS a risky objective, ahead...

SWAN

Excellent. Now we wait here, till after lunch time and simply ask to enter the prison.

CAT

But what if they don't let us?

SWAN
(trying to fight his
nervousness)
Grenades!

CAT
Excellent... Denaë, I forgot to ask...
What if someone opens the bin and
finds you with a satnav and grenade
launcher?

SWAN
We kindly ask them not to tell anyone.
We could get put down.

CAT
Well, maybe not anymore..

SWAN
There's always the risk, Pickles.

CAT
Oh, I forgot again, sorry I'm not with
it; I have something for you. I found
a strange parcel in Sir George's bin.
I don't know why it was there. It
said 'special package for Prime
Minister Steven Harris', but I crossed
it out as a surprise for you. I opened
it up and put a tiny bit of its
contents in my mouth, a few times. I
tried to work out what it was more
recently, and I've been buzzing ever
since. I thought maybe we could take
some more before the breakout, to keep
us on our toes and stuff. It certainly
helped me get through the scary train
journey...

SWAN
(still nervous about
the break-in)
That's cocaine! It sure as hell will
keep us on our toes! But we must only
use it the one time, ok? We don't want
our hearts to explode. Also, it can
make us very hostile and I'm sure
you'll agree, that would be awful.

CAT
(less nervous, but
bored)
Ok... How about we play 'I spy', to
pass the time?

SWAN
 (starting to calm down
 a bit)
 Go on then...

CAT
 I spy with my little eye, something
 beginning with 'D'.

SWAN
 Well, all I can see is bin liner.
 Actually, technically I can't even see
 that as it's too dark.

CAT
 Oh, come on! It's easy!

SWAN
 No, I give up...

CAT
 Donkey!

SWAN
 (concerned)
 You see a donkey?

CAT
 (surprised)
 You can't see the pink dancing donkey
 with the Mexican hat??

SWAN
 (now emotionally
 uncomfortable as well
 as physically)
 I think it's best we get more sleep.

The SWAN, once again has a nap. He gets to sleep a little easier this time, after realising that the rubbish on top of him and PICKLES has been rather good at hiding them. The CAT however, has hurt himself. He is glad he tried something new, but in hindsight smashing his head hard against the bin was a bad idea. His hallucinations are keeping him entertained, however.

INT: WISE OLD MAN'S BEDROOM - 7:35, VIRGINIA TIME, (12:35, ENGLISH TIME)

The WOM is sitting on his unmade bed. (Would you bother with tidying if you didn't have long to live?) His mobile is in his hand.

WISE OLD MAN
 (with awkwardness)
 Hello, am I speaking with a prison
 staff member?

PRISON GUARD
 (in a friendly tone of
 voice)
 Oh, it's you again. How are you?

WISE OLD MAN
 Not bad. Yeah, so wear your body
 armour...

PRISON GUARD
 That's a great idea!

WISE OLD MAN
 Thanks... You silly sausages....

The WOM hangs up, happier than the last time.

EXT: OUTSIDE THE PRISON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (JUST AFTER
 DINNER)

SWAN
 (waking up again,
 slightly tired)
 Hey, are you awake?

CAT
 (highly alert and
 concerned)
 Yes, I've always been awake... I've
 had some more of the PM's special
 stuff... I've seen some crazy things,
 Denaë...

SWAN
 (ignoring him)
 ... Ok, let's go. Let me have some of
 that powder as well...

High on cocaine, the SWAN and the CAT parade up to the
 fearsome, metallic prison entrance. They 100% ignored the
 PEOPLE in the park on their way, even though they certainly
 didn't ignore them. They press the 'call' button on the wall
 and wait, unstable and shaking.

PRISON GUARD
 (confused)
 Hello? What do you want?

CAT
 (with a hoarse voice in
 human language)
 Can we come in please?

PRISON GUARD
 Sure. Didn't Sir George once say
 animals are people, too? Come in!

CAT
 (trying to repress his
 energy and aggression)
 Thanks a lot, you prick!

SWAN
 (now speaking in human
 language as well)
 No, Pickles, be nice!

CAT
 I'm trying to, my idiot friend!
 Dickhead! Aargh! I'm SO sorry!

SWAN
 I'm sorry too, now fuck off!

The ANIMALS and GUARD are leaving the gate and are walking through the pathway, to the prison building.

INT: PRISON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Things aren't a lot less frightening, inside. It's pretty bleak. Again, it's metal everywhere, remember? The GROUP are on the ground floor with an identical walkway above them. After they requested to see CHAD and OSCAR, the GUARD takes the ANIMALS through the dreary path, as they pass a number of caged PRISONERS on their left. All CONVICTS have their stunned eyes fixed on the CREATURES; they are witnessing one of the most hilarious situations of their whole lives.

PRISON GUARD
 Follow me. Talking animals? Now I've
 seen everything!

SWAN
 Hurry up, you dipshit!

PRISON GUARD
 (relentlessly pleasant)
 I am going a bit slow, aren't I? My
 apologies. Would you like me to let
 Chad and Oscar out? Is this something
 to do with that phone call that was on
 the news, recently?

SWAN
Yes, that's really kind of you!

CAT
Cunt!

SWAN
(shocked)
Pickles, that's too far!

CAT
(mortified)
I know it is!!

The PRISON GUARD opens two neighbouring cells in the far corner of the prison. He then lets OSCAR and CHAD out of the extra un-exciting, solitary confinement rooms. He does so, relishing how relieved the OFFENDERS must be.

OSCAR CANS
(to the animals)
My dear friends! How good it is too see you!

PRISON GUARD
They're here to set you free!

OSCAR CANS
Oh, great! Well, thanks for having me!

PRISON GUARD
It's been a pleasure!

CAT
Shut up, moron!

With an out of control impulse, the CAT squeezes the trigger of the SWAN'S grenade launcher. It fires far into the other end of the corridor they came from. There is a huge explosion but with little to burn, the fireball dies away in just a few seconds. The mangled bars of metal cell doors give the opportunity for a few PRISONERS to break free. However, with a strong set of morals, they stay in their rooms. The second floor pathway is buckling and on the brink of collapse. Time is short, as the exit will soon be blocked with a huge pile of wreckage.

SWAN
(in horror)
Pickles, no!

CAT
Oh, shit!

SWAN

Run!! Come with us Oscar and Chad!
Prison guard, you stay where you are!

Out of respect, the PRISON GUARD does exactly what he is told. Seizing the opportunity, CHAD, OSCAR and the ANIMALS run for it. With the little motivation they have, many other drowsy GUARDS emerge somewhere from the pandemonium. They are about to try and block their path, and prove themselves not to be lazy sausages. In the back of their minds, this was the kind of event they were dreading. Though, they weren't imagining things to get THIS crazy.

SWAN

(still extremely edgy)
No, you stay where you are, too and
let us go!!

The squad of prison STAFF do what is asked of them, as well.

SWAN

And remember, everyone! Please don't
tell anyone what has just happened!
And don't try and recapture Chad and
Oscar! I hope you enjoyed the cakes!

PRISON GUARD

No problem, they were delicious!

The inter-species GANG make a break for the exit of the prison building, with no one in their rear chasing them. The SWAN then fires his grenade launcher at the door, whilst he and his GROUP go full speed through the explosion and debris. Just as they do so, the second floor pathway collapses behind them, causing a terrifying, deafening screech. No one is hurt, as harming others would be the absolute opposite of the GROUP'S nature, and indeed everyone else's. Even if accidentally. Well, maybe. They are now outside, but are still surrounded by potentially flesh-severing barrier tops. All that is needed is one more shot to the prison gates... But wait... The DOG WALKERS in the park, outside the prison.. What if they get hurt? The ESCAPEE'S will have to ask the STAFF to let them go. Once CHAD, OSCAR and the ANIMALS reach the outside prison gate, CHAD presses the call button, feeling pretty embarrassed.

CHAD MACALPINE

Hey, sorry about all that. I hope no
one was hurt. Can you let us out,
please?

UNKNOWN PRISON STAFF MEMBER

Sure thing, have a great day!

OSCAR CANS
Thanks, bye!

The impressive gates open, to the sound of shrill scrapes on the ground. Yep, now they scrape. There's always something, isn't there? Once out of the prison, EVERYONE is exhausted, almost to the point of immobility. Nevertheless, the GROUP manages to walk to the nearest train station, purchase tickets and begin to travel to the Reasonable Foods area. No doubt about it, WITNESSES along the way are puzzled by the two MEN travelling with a CAT and a shifty looking SWAN. The fact that the BIRD'S wings are always closed tight in what seems to be an embarrassed fashion, doesn't help matters. However, no one even has thoughts of stopping them. They don't look like fugitives or criminal masterminds, they just look weird.

EXT: THE POND NEAR RF - NIGHT

It is a beautiful but cold (you can't have everything) starry night. After having spent some time eating lunch at OSCAR'S nearby house, the FUGITIVES are sitting together at the pond's hideout area. They are laughing, mewling and talking with each other, merrily. OSCAR and CHAD are eating the bread out of courteousness.

OSCAR CANS
Well... I certainly didn't expect THAT to happen... I hope this mud I'm sitting in warms up, soon. I'm freezing.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, CHAD spots a self-absorbed and uncharacteristically muddy SIR GEORGE. He is eating from a plastic lunch box, by a tree at the other end of the park.

CHAD MACALPINE
(amazed and excited)
Sir George?! Is that you?!

SIR GEORGE
Chad!

SIR GEORGE leaves his food behind and tries to walk up to the group without slipping.

CHAD MACALPINE
(as George walks)
How are you?? What I do know is you've had quite an eventful few years!

SIR GEORGE

(walking)

Yeah, not bad, thanks. I just told everyone at Reasonable Foods to go fuck themselves. I rang the door and spoke through the letter box. I don't know if they listened but in hindsight, I hope they didn't. So yeah, I kind of lost it a bit after I broke my arm. All I wanted was some morphine. Then I decided to have a bit of lunch, I won't ask about the whole prison business. What in God's name are you eating??

Since mellowing out over the years, the rest of the GROUP realise they feel a little uneasy around the EX-POLITICIAN. This MAN sits down with them.

CHAD MACALPINE

(trying not to offend
the animals)

Soggy bread. You want some? It's very good.

CHAD winks at SIR GEORGE, trying to encourage him.

SIR GEORGE

(a little awkward)

Sure, why not? Do you want to see something funny? I'll show you it on my phone, it has the internet on it!

SIR GEORGE reaches into his brown and red uniform and pulls out his mobile. The moonlight briefly makes his medals shine. CHAD, OSCAR and the ANIMALS move closer to GEORGE to get a better look.

(The whole video is cut out, due to copyright reasons. :()

CHAD MACALPINE

(awkward but amused)

Baaahahaha! That's some funny shit!

PICKLES

Oh, my God, that's great!

DENAE

(getting excited)

I want to show you something, too....
Look at this.....

53. What Happened Next

.... And so that needlessly dramatic breakout and get together ends the story. If this book has been successful - and I can only pray that it was - you will have learnt the dangers of taking illegal drugs, and indeed the horrors of saying proverbs. What happened after? Well... All the prison GUARDS were true to their word and never told anyone of the break in; even when they were on the later, milder doses of oxytocin.

The SWAN and CAT remained good friends throughout the rest of their lives, and CHAD and OSCAR started up their own ultra-successful shopping franchise in France. Under secret orders of PRIME MINISTER STEVEN DICKINSON, they have been given new identities. He doesn't want to draw any further negative attention to himself, so he has covered up the embarrassing breakout. He has also kept his knowledge of talking animals top secret. With warm regards, he has written to everyone who may have saw them to keep quiet.

Furthermore, this PRIME MINISTER was forced to clean up his act by the public, and hasn't used drugs since the mild mannered outcry. He continues to pump the water full of oxytocin and in doing so, he has created a sense of peace the world has never seen before. Many animals have even become vegetarians, changing the ecosystem in drastic ways. But for the better.

To the sadness of all that know them, SIR GEORGE and the PRIME MINISTER still don't speak to each other. The former is too infuriating. He is now the lead singer and guitarist of the underground black metal band 'Sir Gorge... On dead bodies'. His debut album 'Fuckin' Mental!' received mainly positive reviews, and got 4 stars from a respected website. He is full of beans to this day.

The GAMESHOW HOST still swears by SIR GEORGE'S toxic and addictive energy drink, 'Mental'. However, he has been ordered by many doctors to cut his consumption down. His fingers have been reattached and as he has come into some money in recent times, he has had gold teeth fitted. He hosts the hit gameshow 'Let's be clever and obey the law'. His son VIVALDI, on the other hand, has been sacked for his incompetence. He has gone back to college to continue studying psychology. The education system is now far better.

KEN remains good friends with GARY. Both have chosen to study medicine at university, to try and understand what happened to me, BEN. I am tragically still dead.

The following people are also sadly no more:

The WISE OLD MAN died of a heart attack, after laughing at SIR GEORGE'S new album.

All the soap characters in Carnage! died in a massive bus accident.

The writers ended the show, due to a sharp decline in ratings.

The Reasonable Foods boss, MR. HAMMETT, died after falling down a hole. This happened mere minutes before the PM had a chance to question him about the CAT on learning drugs. As the PM couldn't get hold of him, RF'S ADVISOR NO. 2 was questioned instead. Not thinking as hard as he perhaps should have done, the ADVISOR declared insanity. His story was that he fed animals the drugs to prevent World War Three. However, he was quite convincing and is now in a mental institution. He should be out in the near future, free from any charges.

And finally in England, KYLE JEFFREYS died after performing an unusual and dangerous karate move on one of his guests. His aggression was caused by an oxytocin resistant brain tumor.

Over in America, the SECRETARY OF DEFENCE has retired, happy in the thought he helped make the world a much nicer place. He and VLADIMIR PUTIN are now very close and when VLADIMIR is in town, the two go golfing together.

CRAIG the missile maker still works on his farm in Alabama. His friend, the PIZZA MAN has now joined him, after a brief forced admission to a local psychiatric hospital. The PM (not Prime Minister!), whose real name is EDDIE CAMERON is now on a new and efficient antipsychotic, making him free of any symptoms. He plans to start up a new business, giving helicopter lessons to members of the public. He is also engaged to his longterm girlfriend, CHRISTINA.

Lastly in Germany, both TOURISTS ONE and TWO have not yet been captured. They left England by jogging across the country, hiding in holes they dug together. They then swam across the channel. Once they got to France, they made their way to Germany, again by running and hiding in trenches. They are now quite passive but nomadic vegetarians, living off grass and leaves.

That's it, the rest of the characters will have to remain a mystery... At least for now... Byeeeee. Oh, and the moral of the story?

..... Knowledge is power, power corrupts, but not on oxytocin. That's it.

As you're still reading after all this time, perhaps you would like to have a brief look at SIR GEORGE'S unpublished crime drama?... I'm sure I can fix that for you...

54. Captain Mental's Sausage Experiment

Please note: I am aware of the various flaws in Sir George's writing, (e.g. he sometimes ignores the rule of 'show, don't tell'). However, he is not yet a professional, and is still learning the ropes. I do know of the rule, I just don't care.

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S police office is a special private room for the genius, himself. Union Jack flags cover every inch of wall and even ceiling space. In the middle of this room is a solid golden table, with two golden chairs. On the table is a near historical computer, a sausage roll and an bloodied opened package. The only other object in the room is a closed, large cupboard, with the words 'fuck off', on it. CAPTAIN MENTAL is alone with the new recruit, CONSTABLE MORGAN.

CAPTAIN MENTAL is an 85 year old man, who only ever wears a red military uniform. He is outspoken and doesn't take shit from anyone - not even from his fellow policemen. They never give up urging him to wear a normal police outfit, and probably never will. However, MENTAL can do what he likes as his skills are too valuable to the force.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
AAAAARGHH! Who keeps killing all these
chefs?!?!?

CONSTABLE MORGAN is a 21 year old man, who has only just finished his police training. He looks and dresses in an orthodox fashion with no quirks, whatsoever. This is much to the disdain of CAPTAIN MENTAL. Sometimes CM jingles his medals at MORGAN, to try and influence his clothing style.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(almost crying)
I'm sorry, I don't know!

CAPTAIN MENTAL throws over the table in a fit of rage.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL pants with heavy, rapid breaths. He doesn't stop until he slaps himself in the face and pulls himself together. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees his as yet, un-eaten lunch.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(inspired)
Of course!! Morgan, when you look at
that sausage roll, what do you see??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(uneasily)
... Captain Mental, I just see food...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
God DAMMIT Morgan, try harder!!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I see a dead pig in breadcrumbs....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
.... What else, Morgan?...

CONSTABLE MORGAN notices the greasy and blood stained opened package, and realises the sausage roll must have come from it.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(pleasantly surprised)
Oh, my God!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Exactly. Come with me to the research room. That sausage roll was posted to us for a reason. I think it might have been from the killer.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(a little confused)
... Do you always eat the packages sent to you? Isn't that a bit risky?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Jesus Christ, Morgan! Where's your sense of trust??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Of course. I'm sorry.

INT: POLICE RESEARCH ROOM

This part of the police station is a lot more standard. It is a pure white room with not even a speck of dirt to be seen. In the middle of the place is one large, long table with test tubes and strange equipment on it. Dangerous chemicals are kept on shelves on the room walls. CM and CM are standing here, the former, larger than life.

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S mobile phone rings. He answers it from his pocket, annoyed by the distraction. From his other pocket he produces his food gift, about to give it a bite. Then he realises he shouldn't. (BEN, here. I should explain his weird choice of wording. 'Food gift?' He didn't want to keep saying 'sausage roll', so he tried his best to add some variety. And rightly so, the original version got VERY annoying).

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello? Who is it?

The MYSTERIOUS CALLER is a complete puzzle. His or her voice is heavily disguised.

MYSTERIOUS CALLER
 (mockingly)
 I'm the killer. Enjoying your pork?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (furiously throwing his
 meat and bread combo
 on the floor)
 DAMMIT!!!

MYSTERIOUS CALLER
 Hahahahahaha..... hahahahahaha....

The MYSTERIOUS CALLER hangs up the phone, still laughing.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (gravely)
 Morgan, someone knows where we work.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 The police station?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yes.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Who?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I wish I knew... Anyway, let's just do
 the research, shall we?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Of course, Mental.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (thinking deeply and
 rubbing his chin)
 Ok. 'Sausage rolls' is an anagram
 of 'seagull oars'.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 We're here to work out anagrams?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yes... Why did you think we were here?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I thought I saw a hair on the sausage
 roll... I thought we could do some DNA
 testing...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (angrily)
 AAARRGGHH!!!! New technology
 destroying the mind!!!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (nervously)
 Please forgive me. Ok, for an
 anagram, how about 'AA slug roles'...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 As in alcoholics anonymous? You
 idiot... Alcoholics Anonymous Slug
 Roles?...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I was thinking he could be an
 alcoholic, with a fantasy of
 fulfilling slug-like duties...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (ignoring him)
 Anyway when that sicko phoned us,
 I think I heard seagulls in the
 background. It was hard to say, the
 line was so distorted... But 'oars'?
 What does that mean??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Maybe he trains seagulls to use oars
 as murder weapons..

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Dear God. The perfect crime.

INT: BAKERY - THE NEXT DAY

The bakery is a cosy little shop with a few seats, tables and
 customers. Behind a cashier is the MANAGER of the outlet. He
 is a 60 year old bald man with a goatee. He also has a warm
 demeanor. CAPTAIN MENTAL is here too, with CONSTABLE MORGAN.

MANAGER
 (cheerfully)
 Isn't life great?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (curiously)
 No, why?

MANAGER
 (slightly shocked)
 Why?? Can't you hear the birds
 singing?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You make a good argument. You are very wise. Though I still just want something to take the pain away.

MANAGER

What about the lovely trees?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

My friend, I feel better already. Anyway, can I have two sausage rolls, please?

MANAGER

No problem, that will be....

At that moment, a few gunshots are heard. Everyone in the shop screams in terror and takes cover. The MANAGER lies on the floor, bleeding behind the till.

MANAGER

(in severe pain)

.... That will be.... £5.20.....

The MANAGER dies not long after dutifully finishing his sentence. His last act is to point at some pastry covered pork products.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Noooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL performs CPR, whilst CONSTABLE MORGAN calls an ambulance in peril. Sadly, nothing can be done.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(edgily)

Did any of you witnesses catch a glimpse of the killer?

WITNESS NO.1 is a petite 70 old lady, with green hair and a zimmer frame.

WITNESS NO.1

(hysterical)

He was dressed as a sausage roll!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(hopefully)

Aha!

INT: RESEARCH CENTRE - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I just don't understand... Why did the murderer kill the manager and not me?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

God knows. Let's just do the tests,
eh?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Excellent thinking.

CAPTAIN MENTAL puts one of his bangers under a bunsen burner.
It catches fire.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

The food is flammable?... But what
does that mean?

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S phone rings, again. MENTAL answers it, trying
to fight his nerves.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

... Hello?....

MYSTERIOUS CALLER

Hahaha! You're still thinking about
the sausage roll, aren't you?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(losing it)

WHAT DOES IS IT MEAN?!?!?!

MYSTERIOUS CALLER

Let's just say I'm angry at the fast
food industry. Because of the exact
same food, I'm as large as soul music
was in the 1950s.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Sausage roll is an anagram of 'large
as soul', not 'seagull oars'!

MYSTERIOUS CALLER

That's right. But I can say all I
want. You will never catch me!

The MYSTERY CALLER hangs up the phone, with a mocking
disregard for everyone involved in the case.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

We've just made a significant
breakthrough! Cancel the experiments,
they are meaningless. I see that now.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

So this guy dresses up as a sausage
roll and shoots the chefs who make the
food, because they made him fat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Exactly.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

.... And he sent you the sausage roll for you to work out an anagram of the food, and that anagram describes a random trait he has.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Great work, Morgan.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

This person's a fruit cake.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Is that a surprise? Let's just find this guy, eh?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Why did you think burning the thing would help?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(angrily)

Maybe you should work on the case on your own, huh?!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(quietly)

Of course, not. Sorry, Captain... Just seemed a bit weird, is all...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Let's just work out where he will strike next.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Maybe he wants to kill the new manager at the bakery.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No, that's too obvious.

SERGEANT EVANS burts through the research centre door, with some alarming news.

This MAN is a more experienced police officer than MORGAN. He is 35 and of average size and build.

SERGEANT EVANS

Captain Mental! The new manager at the bakery has been shot dead by a man in a sausage roll costume!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Ohhhhh, shit.

SERGEANT EVANS
We have some good news, though... We
caught him! He wants to speak to you.

INT: THE SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER'S CELL.

A soulless room, where the walls are covered with diet
promoting posters.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER
You know, Mental... Part of me wanted
to be caught. At least now I'm free
from the temptation of salty, fatty
foods. I hear the food in prisons is
rubbish.... And now I can work out for
free, too.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Shut up.

If you want to read more of that story, I suggest you write to
SIR GEORGE and ask him for the rest. I'm sure he can print you
off the whole copy, for a small fee. That's it, bye!

55. Diagnoses

.... So you want some more, do you? Now you're going to get a
much deeper insight into the character's (pre-drugged) minds.
This is for the more... different, among you. Don't understand
what a certain disorder is? Search engineing it. After the
disorders, are socionics Personality types. Again, that's what
search engines are for. Finally, we have the people's IQs.

SIR GEORGE: Bipolar II, Histrionic Personality Disorder,
Borderline Personality disorder, Narcissistic Personality
Disorder. ESFp. IQ: 125

MATT 'MATTY' TALBOTT (GAME SHOW HOST): (Only at times) Severe
depression. ENFp. IQ: 98

BEN (ME): Too young to have a personality disorder. No mood
disorder or mental illness. INFp. IQ: 124

KEN: ADHD. ESTp. IQ: 100

CHAD MACALPINE (BTS NARRATOR): Paranoid Personality Disorder,
with Compulsive features. (Obdurate Paranoid). Mild Tourette's
Syndrome. ISTj. IQ: 102

JUDGE: Not enough information to tell. ESTj. IQ: 130

PSYCHIATRIST: Antisocial Personality Disorder. Bipolar I.
ESTp. IQ: 68

MRS. CARTY (JOB INTERVIEWER): Schizotypal Personality
Disorder. INTj. IQ: 135

NEWS REPORTER: No personality disorder. ENFj. IQ: 104

SECRETARY OF DEFENCE: Obsessive Compulsive Personality
Disorder, with Narcissistic features.

(Bureaucratic Compulsive - a personality style he had more of, later in his career). ESTj. IQ: 140

CRAIG THE MISSILE DESIGNER: Paranoid Schizophrenia. (Now successfully treated). Some Borderline traits. INFp. IQ: 131

VLADIMIR PUTIN: Antisocial Personality Disorder with Narcissistic features? (Reputation defending antisocial). I can only speculate. If you read the description of that disorder online, it sounds kind of similar to his personality. ENTp or INTj? Dunno. 'Hey, I thought you said you know everything!' I do. 'That doesn't make sense'. Yes, it does. IQ: 134? That's what I researched, anyway. Yes, dead people have internet!

EDDIE CAMERON (PIZZA MAN): Some Antisocial traits, but not meeting full criteria for the full blown disorder. Over the 5 years, he had mellowed with age. (Especially now he's on oxytocin). Paranoid Schizophrenia. (Now successfully treated). ESTp. IQ: 82

POLICEMAN 1: Paranoid Schizophrenia. ENTj. IQ: 85

MOOSEMAN: Apparently afflicted with 'Rabbedabble'. I don't know what that means, either. I can't read people's thoughts, (most of the time, as previously explained). Yes, doing so would be invading people's privacy. Reading imaginary people's/creature's thoughts is no different. IQ: 78

POLICEMAN 2: Antisocial Personality Disorder. ISTp. IQ: 95

WISE OLD MAN: Schizoid Personality Disorder, with Avoidant features. (Remote Schizoid). INTp. IQ: 133

CAMERAMAN: Antisocial Personality Disorder. ISTp. IQ: 121

PRIME MINISTER'S ADVISOR (WHO LATER BECAME PM STEVEN

DICKINSON): Narcissistic Personality Disorder. ENTp. IQ: 152

SARAH (MP): Narcissistic Personality Disorder. ENFj. IQ: 140

SARAH'S DOCTOR: Schizotypal Personality Disorder. INTj. IQ: 128

THOMAS (SHADY MP): Narcissistic Personality Disorder, with antisocial features. (Unprincipled Narcissist). ENTp. IQ: 128

EDWARD (MP): Antisocial Personality Disorder. ISTp. IQ: 131

MARK (MP): Antisocial Personality Disorder, with Sadistic features. (Malevolent Antisocial), depression. ISTj. IQ: 135

MRS JOHNSON: No real diagnoses. Her sometimes immoral behaviour was intended for the better. ENFp. IQ: 111

GARY: Too young for a personality disorder. No mood disorder. ENTp. IQ: 129

GARY'S MOTHER: Obsessive Compulsive Personality Disorder, with Dependent features. (Conscientious Compulsive). ISFj. IQ: 126

KYLE JEFFREYS: Sadistic Personality Disorder, with Obsessive Compulsive features. (Enforcing sadist) ESTj. IQ: 88

ANTI-PROVERB TEACHER: Sadistic Personality Disorder. ENTp. IQ: 80

HANNAH: Personality change due to zombification. INFj. IQ: 2

TONY: Same as above. INFj. IQ: 3

MR. HAMMETT (RF'S BOSS): Antisocial Personality Disorder. ENTj. IQ: 134

OSCAR CANS (RF'S ADVISOR NO.1) Narcissistic Personality Disorder, with Antisocial features (Unprincipled Narcissist). ENTp. IQ: 130

RF'S ADVISOR NO.2: Antisocial Personality Disorder. ISTp. IQ: 126
 DOCTOR'S RECEPTIONIST: No disorders. :O ENFp. IQ: 78
 DOCTOR JONES (KEN'S DOCTOR): No disorder. ESFp. IQ: 84
 BUS DRIVER: Mild learning disabilities. ESFj. IQ: 55
 When he became the TAXI DRIVER, his IQ reached 90.
 VIVALDI TALBOTT (GAMESHOW HOST'S SON): Histrionic Personality Disorder. ISFp. IQ: 90
 DEREK (CALLER NO.1): Depression. ISTp. IQ: 88
 EDDIE, ALEX, MICHAEL, DAVE (DOGS): No disorders. ESTp, ISTp, ISFp, ISTj, respectively. All around 220.
 PICKLES (CAT): Antisocial Personality Disorder. ISTp. IQ: 145
 DENAE (SWAN): Antisocial Personality Disorder, with Paranoid features. (Malevolent Antisocial). INTj. IQ: 154
 PRISON GUARD: Narcissistic Personality disorder, with Antisocial features. (Unprincipled Narcissist). ESFp. IQ: 71
 SCIENTIST: Narcissistic Personality disorder, with Antisocial features. (Unprincipled Narcissist). ENTp. IQ: 130
 SKINHEADS: Hard to say, because they were drugged. SH1: ISTp, IQ: 111 SH2: ISTj, IQ: 66
 TV INTERVIEWER: No disorder. INTj. IQ: 129
 TOURIST NO.1: No disorder. ISFp. IQ: 79
 TOURIST NO.2: Behaviour change caused by drugs. Drugs caused some Antisocial traits. ISTp. IQ: 75
 TEAM MEMBER: ADD. INFp. IQ: 121
 TRAMP: Alcoholism and Antisocial Personality disorder with Avoidant features. (Nomadic Antisocial). ISFp. IQ: 95
 And just for fun, here are some of the characters from 'Captain Mental's Sausage Experiment'...
 CAPTAIN MENTAL: Narcissistic Personality Disorder. ESTj. IQ: 180
 CONSTABLE MORGAN: Dependent Personality Disorder. ISFp. IQ: 99
 SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER: Sadistic Personality Disorder, with Negativist features. (Tyrannical Sadist. Sound scary? It is. The very worst of all personality disorders, and subtypes :S). ENFp. 'ENFp? That's weird, isn't it?' Yes, it is a bit weird. IQ: 118
 MANAGER: No disorder. A lovely person. INFj. IQ: 90

Let's be clear, all the old Antisocial and Sadistic traits have been dramatically decreased, now that the once afflicted are secretly on oxytocin. The people who know about the druggings and have their own special pure water to drink, are still mental. (Along with the TRAMP).

Alright, now I'm almost finished... 'Really? I don't trust you.' Yep, no more pages, look... Anyway, I just want to make one last point... Hey, what's that sound? SARAH, is that you? Put the gun down, it's definitely the last time I'll say it! The book's practically finished!! SARAH!
 gunshots
 And the point is, you can't kill the dead. A funny way to end a book? Well, it's true, you can't.

Byee
ee
ee
ee.....
.....

SARAH, I'm so not talking to you, again.

P.S., to save any OCD sufferers from counting, this book is 68,539 words long. Ciao.

..... Hang on..... What was that rubber chicken about???

56. Fuck-Ups

Me again. Now's the time to end the book with the 'fuck-up' section. You know when I said I'd finished? That was a fuck-up, in itself. Those with sharp eyes may have noticed a few other mishaps whilst reading the story. Rather than clear them up, I thought I'd REALLY break the boundaries of writing and do the exact opposite; point out my errors. As far as I know, that is a unique concept in narration. So here goes...

... Page 28:

CRAIG
(sweetly)
Nothing!

CRAIG TO VLADIMIR
(trying to be nice)
I'm sure we can come to some sort of
an agreement. Have a billion dollars.
Hell, take two!

First of all, 'CRAIG TO VLADIMIR' isn't the name of a person like it should be and secondly, even if it was, you shouldn't write a character twice in a row. Unless you have some kind of gap between the recurring individuals, that is. What I should have written was the following...

CRAIG
(sweetly)
Nothing!

CRAIG does something interesting...

CRAIG
(to Vladimir, and
trying to be nice)
I'm sure we can come to some sort of
an agreement. Have a billion dollars.
Hell, take two!

You may have also spotted me saying 'noone' instead of 'no one'. Whoops. The program I'm writing with allows me to say the former, hence the confusion I experienced. If you detected any more errors... Well done! But keep them to yourself, I may look incompetent. There are many out there who don't appreciate my ultra-exploratory editing techniques.

Moving on, even though I enjoyed writing my world-wide biography, if you will, I never really felt free. That is because so much effort went into it. Now however, I have decided to let loose and completely do what I want. What can I say? I'm knackered. You are now reading writing with no rules whatsoever. Anything can happen...

Hgfdi890j5ji0jg0diskg90fdih9g0f-iy90rtyh9irtkyhotkhn0ogt-fkhlt-ykh0t-=kh0-tfkh0-tgfkdgfdm,opb[ng fkohn[gmfdopghm,fdop[bmgvop[mngodpmhotr[mu6oremhjotp[dfmogp[fmop[mop[mop[momio[ghfdsmohbf0gdskho0-gtdloshf0p-gdlhg-fldhpg0-flhg0p-fdkhg0-f=dkh-f=kg-fdkhg0p-fdhpg]fdlhgpfkg0-f=kd-fk0g-fkdh0-gfk0g-fg=-fdh-gfk0g=-fdkg0-d=hg0fhkgfd

.... Told you. That felt good.

Also, you know when I gave the word count? Now, it's changed. I will be giving the real number though, I'm not going to make you count all the words just to check if I'm bullshitting.

The word count is now... 68,950 words! Toodle-pip!