

It's a tiny, darkened room. A speaker hangs on the ceiling and the James Bond theme plays over and over again. A lone, overweight, bald and bearded man in his 50s sits behind a single, large computer screen showing a dozen or so films of different scenery/buildings. All recordings are in computerised closed off boxes. A mouse is in his hand and he occasionally taps the keyboard. He clicks to zoom in on the CCTV of a 30 year old man leaving a large warehouse as he drags a missile with him. He gives a thumbs up to his puzzled fellow workers and drags the weapon again. The CCTV monitor calmly speaks to himself 'Got him.' He taps his keyboard to bring back the dozen other films and clicks again to zoom on the CCTV of an airfield. The man with the missile apparently winks at a pilot, who fixes the weapon to a wing of a jet fighter. He then gets in the plane and starts to fly away. The CCTV guy speaks again 'Bingo.'

He retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello? Sexy Moon Bazooka?... I found the culprits. It was an inside job, there was nothing I could do... Look, I know you're mad at me, but these guys were good. One was a trusted worker of a missile depot, the other was an experienced pilot. Give me just a few more minutes and I can get you their names, their details, their everything... What can we do about the felons? Well... I suppose I could track the thief eventually, but the pilot? He can be absolutely anywhere... This is a case for the special psychic bed? Couldn't agree more, is it fixed yet?... It should be ready by tonight? Great, but be careful with it this time!... You have to go? You're supervising some kids and they're really annoying? Ok, bye!' The CCTV guy shows the collection of videos once more then zooms in on a missile hitting the prison. Then the screen goes black. The man sighs 'Oh no.'

The lighting is a creepy bright green in a workshop filled with tools. Sinister ambient keyboard music plays in the background and the special bed is on top of a wooden table. Two men wearing white helmets with black visors, and white suits that cover them from neck to toe, work on the bed by heating it with blowtorches. A mobile rings from one of the worker's pockets. He puts the device as close to his ear as possible and takes the call. 'Hello?... You need the special bed ASAP, right now if possible? I'm sorry, no can do. You've completely overused it, I warned you about that before... A man has blown up a prison, freeing the country's worst slow coaches and you're worried something like that will happen again, imminently?... I mean we can try heating up the blowtorches even more which I guess will do at least SOMETHING, but to be honest, we're not even 100% sure what's wrong with the bed, yet...'

Peshwari Nan, Ken, Biff, Henry, Gary, Bjorn, Ryu and Philip (who holds onto the gerbil cage tight) run through lovely sunlit fields... with the occasional tree! Out of breath, Henry shouts to his brother, Gary 'I know being free is good and all, but back in the prison, we WERE promised salmon and sardines...' Henry replies 'Oh, I know! But there are fish stores nearby, we'll be fine in the end!' Philip sighs 'Now is not the time to talk of such things!' Henry mutters 'That's easy for you to say with your gerbils and all.' Peshwari shouts 'I want a curry!' Philip the Angry Gerbil gets angry 'NO!' He points to a strange looking tree with the branches in the shape of the letter F. He stops and the rest of the group do the same. Philip comments 'See that tree, in the shape of an F?' Ryu asks 'Is it short for 'fish'?' Philip is moody 'No. It's short for 'flipping dodgy.' Immediately in front of it is a trap door that leads to a secret tunnel.'

The gang led by Philip calmly walks towards the tree. Gary comments casually 'You know, you could have chosen the position of your hideout because you subconsciously love fish as well. I mean... you DO have a massive aquarium...' Philip sighs 'No. It means flipping dodgy.' When the funny shaped tree is reached, Philip stamps hard on the neighbouring grass repeatedly, finally making it crumble to an underground area. Philip is cold 'Follow me.' The gang does so as he slowly climbs down a ladder with no lighting, still lovingly holding onto his cage. Soon enough he reaches the floor now in pitch black. He speaks again 'Right. Now all we need to do is walk through this tunnel towards my mansion. And no talk of fish!' Bjorn says 'Is there anything we can talk about, friend?' Philip replies 'Yes. You can talk about how great I am for breaking us all out of jail.' Bjorn responds 'Oh, THAT was good. Very dramatic. Like being in an action film...'

Back in the workshop, the two men continue blowtorching the bed. They then stop to look at each other. The guy on the left comments 'Ah, I see the problem here.' The man on the right responds 'We need a new super mattress lightyear incredible five fifty device...' The left man nods 'Bang on. There's only one person, or should I say... alien, who can get us one, and he's a good few light years away. And of course, he loves to laze around and sleep on his own special beds. Getting hold of him will be difficult.' The right man continues 'We need to at least try and message him, though...' The same man picks a mobile phone from his pocket, but a bigger one and it glows bright green.' The left man comments 'Now THAT'S a phone. It's bigger, it glows, and it can contact with anyone a good few light years away. I mean... wow.'

A green alien with a big head, big eyes, tiny hands and feet, and wearing pyjamas with the picture of a bed on it, lies on one of many beds on his well lit bedroom floor. On the beds are a number of mystical parts that also glow green. I get the feeling all his rooms are bedrooms, but I wouldn't know for sure as he's too far away and mysterious. What I do know is that he really, really loves beds. And so would I if my bed had even a hundredth of his bed's powers. On the walls and ceiling are more beds, rumoured to be fixed into place by some kind of strange, incredible alien force. The hit alien pop song 'I Love to Lay in Bed, Deep in Space' sounds from the alien's pocket. It's his ringtone! He takes the call 'Hello?... You need another super mattress lightyear incredible five fifty device? May I recommend the latest 560 upgrade? It will make the bed that extra bit faster... Ok, that should be no problem at all. But try not to call me again for a while. I love to sleep!' The alien picks up a strange item on his bed and stares at it hard. That alone makes the thing vanish.

In the workshop again, the strange green thing appears in the left worker's hand. He then laughs 'Well, that was easy to get hold of, wasn't it? I guess I was wrong.' The right man replies 'A very clever alien. A bit lazy, though. Anyway, as that thing is made from plutonium, it will take some time to fit it into the bed in a safe way... Even getting the bed ready by tonight will be somewhat of a challenge...' The left man nods 'Maybe Sexy Moon Bazooka will be impressed with the bed's speed upgrade, though. We should tell him!' The right man continues 'Yes, otherwise we'll get our heads bitten off. The situation the whole country is in, right now? It's seriously MESSED Up.' The left man is cautious 'Which is why we don't want to make things even worse. What we really don't want to do is poorly fit the plutonium into the bed,

poisoning everyone who gets near it. THAT'S a ruined airshow.'

Inside a warehouse with a huge range of missiles hanging on the walls, in boxes and stored on shelves that go from floor to ceiling, a group of ten seated workers in denim are getting seriously shouted out by a standing boss wearing a military uniform. He puts his hand on his face in frustration then shouts again 'Right, I've called you 'idiots', I've called you 'twats' and I've called you 'bellends.' Would someone like to give me any other insults to describe you all?' A worker sheepishly puts his hand up. The boss asks 'Yes?' The worker says 'Muppet?' The boss continues 'Brilliant, thank you. Yes, you're muppets. I mean how can you just let someone walk away with a missile???' The same worker replies 'We trusted him! He gave us a thumbs up! We at very worst assumed he was just going to blow up a harmless tree or something! Nothing like this!'

The boss goes red 'A tree??? You think blowing up a tree with one of our million pound missiles is appropriate???' The worker responds 'There are trees everywhere around here! It's getting annoying! Say someone wanted to write about this situation, he'd get absolutely sick of mentioning trees all the time! I thought the thief was a potential writer, he had a thoughtful look about him!' The boss stares in silent hatred. He then manages to think of what to say 'Look, we need to find the thief, right now. If he's capable of stealing a missile, he's capable of stealing something much larger. What if he gets hold of a nuke???' The worker replies 'We need to tell those in the nuclear storage facility to NEVER trust someone taking such a weapon and giving a thumbs up...' He gives a sad and nervous smile. The boss looks SO mad.

Back in the airshow, jet fighters do more sick manoeuvres and the crowds of hundreds in sunny fields look up in awe. A shifty looking man wearing denim and a fake moustache rambles past people with his eyes to the floor and mumbles to himself 'You're nearly free, you're nearly free. I just need to make it to the trap door, but I can't find it anywhere... Near the prison and by a tree in the shape of an F...' He stops walking and mumbling and taps on a man's shoulder, facing the other way. The man turns to face the moustached man and says 'Yes?' The suspect person replies 'Say, have you noticed any trees in the shape of an F around here? Near a prison? I'm just curious, that's all. Some spot trains, others spot planes! I however, spot oddly shaped trees. I love 'em!' The man replies 'I'm sorry, I have no idea what you're on about...'

In the pitch black tunnel, Biff says 'How much more walking do we all have to do now? And who made this tunnel and how long ago? It's not going to like... collapse, is it?' Philip is angry 'No it's not going to collapse, you fool. Do you think I'd let an idiot do anything for me? Apart from you, I mean.' Biff replies 'See, you just contradicted yourself, you admitted that's the kind of thing you WOULD do!' Philip replies 'Look, the only threat of death you have right now is coming from me. Or maybe from Henry and Gary, they're angry too.' Gary says 'Yes, thank you for that, Philip. I was just about to say the very same thing.' Bjorn adds 'Wise words Gary. And Philip. Wonderful words. Very well chosen.' Ken says 'I've never been with a group of people like this before. NEVER.' Philip shouts 'Good! Now let's all just stop talking, ok???'

There is an icy silence. Philip shouts again 'Oh my gerbils are getting agitated, now! I

can feel them hurrying around in my cage! Oh you've really done it this time, Biff and Ken!! Say sorry to my gerbils right now!' Biff and Ken say 'Sorry' in unison. Henry says 'I DO get you Philip. Some people say you're strange, but they just don't understand people like us.' Philip calms down 'Thank you, friend. Now, I want everyone to keep their ears open as a friend who stole a missile for us should be joining us soon. However, I gave him some very vague directions and in hindsight I messed up a little. We also obviously need to be on the lookout for any kind of cops or secret services, and that means... we need to walk in silence!' Biff and Ken start crying. Philip shouts once more 'No crying!'