

A man in a black suit and wearing sunglasses drives a jeep over bumpy and grassy terrain as he dodges the occasional tree. The view in front of him is rather samey but on the plus side... it's sunny! He talks to himself over the noise of the engine 'That dumb fish has no chance of hiding from me, I lure it towards me with a harmless looking fishing rod, he thinks he can eat me and then I stun him with my stun gun. It can't fail! What I don't know on the other hand? His motivations. God I have so many questions for him'. What seems to be a policeman looking bored and carrying a speed sign gradually gets closer. The agent says 'Is that...? It couldn't be... It is you know? That's Constable Smith! Oh God how fast am I supposed to be going THIS time? 300 mph??? I'm going to have to have a word with him, but why isn't he doing anything to stop Philip?' Once Smith's face becomes truly visible, the police officer smiles and waves at the secret agent. He pulls up beside the cop, unwinds his window and starts a conversation.

'Hi, Smith? How are you? Bored much?' The police officer sighs 'I am a little bit bored Number 47, I've been standing here for hours!' The agent replies 'Why??' The cop continues 'It's all I've been trusted to do after being caught walking in a 200 mph zone. They know I can't walk that fast! It's as if I've been made some kind of scapegoat, giving a message to the public that no one is above the law.' The agent says 'Why YOU though?' Smith says 'I guess maybe... maybe I've been underperforming... And now I'm just a speed sign...' The agent rolls his eyes 'Look, I have a REAL job for you, how about we find the fish version of the Sausage Roll Killer? He's apparently massive now and he keeps eating everyone's fish and I mean really, at this rate there won't be much left!' Smith looks stunned 'Wow. Here's a thought... Maybe I could just leave my sign here? I mean people already know that us policemen and agents have to face the same justice system as everyone else, right? At the end of the day, I'm not really needed to stay by the sign. There are fish to catch!'

Number 47 winks and says 'Get in.' Smith drops the sign on the ground, sits by the agent's side and puts on his seatbelt as they speed forwards. Smith says 'The SRK is really eating that much fish, then?' The agent shakes his head in disbelief 'It doesn't sound possible, does it? Then again, you wouldn't think is possible for anyone to just turn into a fish, that's what's really getting to me. It can walk, too. Or bounce, anyway.' Smith replies 'It's getting to me, too. Not just the fish, everything is. The missiles from a gerbil expert, the crazy speeds, the offended and baffled looks I get, all the police get, even. It's just too much for me, sometimes...' The agent says 'Well, it will be all over soon, I'm sure. It was the same with the pizzafication epidemic. People were like 'this is Hell, this will never end, but I just want ONE more evil Hawaiian and I'll be fine...' It's just a distant memory, now. People have moved on.' Smith nods 'You're right. Anyway, how are we going to stop this fish, then?' The agent says 'There's an inflatable dinghy right behind us... Smith?' Smith looks blank and says 'Yes?' The agent responds 'Are you ok? You look preoccupied with something...' Smith shrugs his shoulders 'I'm fine.'

Philip, his carried gerbils in a cage and his gang (excluding Ryu, Ken and Biff for obvious reasons) are all wearing (including the animals) green suits saying 'Bio Hazard' on them and helmets that fully cover the face. In front of everyone in the cramped, well-lit cylinder-shaped room is a massive missile, at least ten metres high. It has the writing 'Gerbil-friendly Gas Missile' written on it with huge red letters, and

on its base is a closed panel. At the top of the area, there is a closed, circular hatch. Henry breaks the impressed silence 'Philip, your missile and indeed your others are truly impressive. Really. But with all due respect, shouldn't you be monitoring your captives?' Philip is as cold as ever 'I wouldn't worry. I've already told them they're being monitored constantly, they won't dare do anything wrong. We might as well all be in the observation room, right now. Let's just focus on giving these missiles the right setting, so we can send them to Planet Boo without them blowing up. Then, THEN the alien scientists can work on making them REALLY powerful!'

Philip opens the missile's hatch to reveal a button saying 'Don't explode on impact' which he presses. There is also a touch screen featuring all the letters of the alphabet, and Philip inputs the words 'Send missile to planet boo at full speed.' He doesn't press the button saying 'Launch', though. He then puts his hands on his hips. 'Awesome. Now let's just stay here in awe of this beautiful and wondrous weapon.' Gary says 'It IS good, sir.' Philip is full of life 'Shhhh. Silence...' Gary gives a thumbs up and everyone apart from Philip copies him. Philip then inputs the words 'Once the missile has landed, deploy box of special chocolates and play the message 'these are for king woo.' Philip then says 'A little treat for my friend, hehe. The chocolate feature took a while to organise, I knew it would come in handy some day...' He gets more thumbs up and Philip says 'You can talk, now...' Henry says 'The most kindhearted missile launch of all time, sir. The rocket really has chocolates in it?' Philip nods 'Yep. Again, not all missile launches are evil. They will be soon, though!'

In the kitchen, Biff and Ken, now wearing chef's costumes along with hats, are desperately making pasta on frying pans over an oven as they wipe the sweat from their foreheads with their available hands. All cupboards have been ransacked. The identically dressed Ryu on the other hand looks fearless as he speaks in the centre of the area 'Look, we all know that pasta is never going to be good enough for the Mr. Filipov nutter and our attempts to impress him with our clothing and spices is going to do nothing whatsoever. I say we try and break out now whilst we still have the chance. We have only have a few seconds and I suggest we make the most of them.' Ken and Biff say 'You're crazy!' as they continue cooking. Ryu points to a closed hatch on the ground that blends in with the rest of the floor and says 'What's that? A secret room?' Ryu tries to lift the panel but can't. He then says 'Maybe I can squeeze in through the edges, with me being 2D and all...' Ken cooks as he says 'Do you have a death wish or something?? You CAN'T get out of here that quickly, no chance!' He coughs '... Not that any of us want to of course!...'

Ryu takes a deep breath, walks to the crack of the hatch, jumps high in the air and slides right through the tiny gap on the way down. He crashes into a small, poorly lit and rustic chamber with many boxes, tins and books stored on shelves that are beside all walls. A ladder, leaning on a shelf leads to the opening. Ryu goes in for a closer inspection of a tin and reads aloud 'A month's supply of gerbil food? But there are dozens of tins of the stuff here, what are Philip's plans? I mean, do him and his pets want to stay here forever or something? Well, it may not be gourmet food, but it's going to have to end up being food for me, until I find my way out of this mess of a situation, that is. A million miles away isn't enough for me... What else have we got, here?' He reads from a box just as close as before 'Tools for gerbils?? This is just getting weirder and weirder, isn't it?' He walks to a book and comments on its spine. 'A book by Philip the Angry Gerbil? Called 'Plans for Gerbils and How to Make

them Super Intelligent?’ He picks up the book and reads from it ‘Chapter 1: How Gerbils (and Technically People) can Escape from any Base, Including Moon Bases, if Need Be?’ Now THAT’S useful...’

He puts the book back, opens the tool box to reveal all sorts of equipment and comments ‘Drills? Saws? Hammers? Now we’re talking!’ He picks up the hammer, climbs the ladder and hammers his way through the hatch. Back in the kitchen, Ryu and Ken run to the Street Fighter. Ken says ‘What’s down there?’ Ryu is elated ‘Only enough food to last years and years! It’s not the best food in the world, granted, but it will have to do. There are tools as well, they will come in VERY handy. And note how Philip hasn’t stopped us? Maybe his so called friends have turned against him, he could be dead for all we know!’ Biff is concerned ‘Maybe this situation is a trap? Maybe Philip is plotting something very evil as we speak!’ Ryu is pumped ‘No, I don’t think so! It’s just a funny feeling I have!’ Biff sighs ‘Fine, say we’re not being monitored. How are tools going to get us out of this place, exactly?’ Ryu says ‘Good question. Well, there’s a book down below that should give us all the answers we need! Follow me!’

Back in the missile silo, Philip is on his mobile phone. Everyone looks at him in anticipation as he talks confidently ‘Hello, dearest King Woo. I’m in the missile room right now and I’m just about to send the rockets to you for your... special modifications. I just wanted to make this clear: Do not, repeat DO NOT blow them up. They are FRIENDLY missiles and I know that you’re lazy, but I want you to tell everyone on your planet to guide them into your military research centre. Ok, friend? And this is even more important: Whilst I want you to make my gas even stronger, the gas must NOT be harmful to any gerbil? Got it?’... Great, thank you.’ Philip hangs up. Henry talks hurriedly ‘Wow, we’re yet another step closer to world domination! This is something no empire has ever achieved!’ Philip replies ‘Right. Not on Earth, and not even in this galaxy. Hell, perhaps not even in the universe.’ Gary smiles ‘Maybe the multiverse!’ Philip says ‘Yes, about the multiverse... I don’t mean to sound like I don’t know what I’m talking about, but how would I conquer that, exactly?’ Everyone rubs their chins with excitement.

King Woo is still enjoying his bubble bath now with a rubber duck floating happily, which he talks to ‘God I love being lazy. But do you know what I like even more, pal? That’s right: Rubber ducks. And of course real ducks, so much so that one day I dream of ruling Earth with Philip, his gerbils and of course, ducks like you. Heaven. However, I kinda can’t be bothered to tell everyone in the research centre to simply let Phil’s rockets in, I mean it’s common sense, right?’ The duck is silent. King Woo says ‘I’ll take that as a ‘yes’, then. You’re so sure of yourself, you don’t even need to answer. I like that about you!’ The king grabs the duck and pats it on the head. There is more silence. King Woo then says ‘You’re too humble to reply, eh? Another duck would boast to everyone after being patted on the head by me, you know? A fantastic rubber duck. My favourite! Here’s an idea: If you love me, please don’t say anything at all!’ The duck says nothing. King Woo says ‘News just in: Rubber Duck Gets A Star!!’

Here is a bleak and spacey, concrete interior with no windows. Hundreds and hundreds of laser pen parts are transported on a conveyer belt, a foot away from a wall, as a dozen or so workers in denim hurriedly assemble them in the gap. The

longer the belt goes on for, the more complete the equipment is. It's hard to explain. By the start of the belt is massive box of laser pen bits other workers place on the transporter, when there is space to do so. The finished pens are placed in another box. A 50 year old man in a suit shouts over the hubbub 'Listen workers!' The employees shout 'Yes sir?!' in unison as they carry on with their duties. The boss continues 'We've never had such demand for laser pens in this company's whole history to put it VERY mildly! Now I know there are rumours that gas mask production has massively increased and fish supplies have dramatically decreased, and many of you are wondering what the connection is. Well, to that I say... don't worry! Just keep working and you can all expect a massive pay rise! Just not QUITE yet... There's too much peril...'

Dozens of battle tanks with soldiers popping out of their tops, are lined up single file on a road that leads to what looks like a massive warehouse. The whole countryside area is very flat and is so far as far as the eye can see. A 40 year old man wearing camouflage faces the convoy and shouts to the group 'We are all here today to send a message to aliens from outer space that we WILL NOT MESSED WITH!' The soldiers cheer. The man continues 'So... any ideas what to do when we see any flying saucers?' There is no reaction. The man says 'Yeah, me neither. But dammit do we look impressive! Flying saucers on the other hand? They look like cutlery! Let me make this clear: We will NOT be scared by cutlery! Do you understand???' Everyone cheers again. The man shouts 'Now I know we've never been trained for this situation, but this great country has been threatened before, many times in fact and we will prevail once again!'

The agent and Constable Smith are on their dingy on an extra-peaceful lake surrounded by trees, as the former dangles a fishing rod. He speaks like a child 'Here fishy...' Splashing sounds are heard far in the distance. The agent whispers 'Do you hear that? It could be the SRK...' What looks like a whale repeatedly jumping out of the water and crashing back down gradually approaches the two. Smith freezes 'Hey... are you sure your fishing rod is enough??' The agent sighs 'Don't you ever listen? I have a stun gun!' The fish turns back and swims away. The agent throws his fishing rod in the water 'Oh great. Our one chance of catching the fish and you've scared it away! Why don't you go back to standing in a field?' Smith wipes away a tear 'You said you have the stun gun just then, not me!' The agent face palms 'Oh it's my fault, then?? You not listening is my fault?? I'm going to tell you something you clearly need to know: Be prepared. In this case I'm prepared by having a pen in my pocket. Stay still, I do have a use for you, actually.' The agent writes 'Minimum speed in lake: 0.01 mph.'

The sad-looking Smith points to the sky at more missiles. The agent scratches his head 'That's funny...' Smith asks 'What is?' The agent responds 'They're not heading towards Earth...' Smith says 'Where are they heading to, then?' The agent says '... I don't... know...' He retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hey, Mr. Noble? I've just seen another moon missile launch, but the thing is they're not coming here... Any idea what's going on?... No one does?... It could be a trick, a mistake or even a space war we know nothing about?... There's something else you want to talk to me about?... Yes, I do know where Constable Smith has been stationed, why?... You've had reports of people not travelling fast enough in that area?... Ahem... That may have something to do with me, actually. I took him with

me to find the fish, I'm really sorry... Do you want me to take him back? It's just I've found another use for him, I've made him a speed sign on a lake... Oh good, he can stay. Thank you.'