

A man wearing tatty clothes stands on sun-lit, green grassland with hay bales on fire, traumatised looking sheep, a semi-destroyed barn and a wooden fence on the outskirts. He looks around in disbelief with his hands on his hips as he says to himself 'Why?... What did I do?' He stares into the distance, now with a hand on his forehead to see a group of tanks aiming in his direction. He speaks sadly 'Have I done something wrong?' The sheep baa nervously. The farmer looks at them with concern and says 'I know you've been calling this farm home for years now, but we're in serious trouble and have to get the hell out of here!' He retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello?... This is bad, I don't know why, but I appear to be in trouble with the military, I've just been shot at and I simply don't know what to do! Do YOU have any idea what's going on??... I've done nothing at all! You don't think it's because I'm a bad farmer do you? Because I try!!... You think it could be a simple mistake as there have been lots of similar cockups over the last year or so? You really think I should stay here and see how things go? Well... if you're sure...'

Philip his gang and his gerbils in a cage are all sitting/resting on sofas as soft jazz plays in the background. Also in the room are lava lamps on desks and bean bags on the floor. Philip pulls a cigar from his pocket, lights it and gives it a puff. He then says 'Look, this is a stressful situation. I'm about to try and deceive one of the galaxy's best and most intelligent warlords and I don't want anyone here screaming in terror and saying something silly like 'oh no, we're all in trouble with aliens with unlimited power!!' Do you understand?' The group say 'yes' in unison. Philip continues good. Well... here goes nothing. He pulls a phone from his other pocket and makes a call 'Hello, field marshal Mooboo? Look, we got off to the wrong start when I sent missiles in your direction. You thought I was trying to blow your planet up whilst REALLY, I just wanted you to improve my weapons in your research facilities! Could happen to anyone! No, in fact it was my fault completely, NOTHING to do with you!' Everyone in the room smiles nervously.

Philip continues 'Anyway, the reason why I'm phoning you and your fine military is because I've just received 100% credible evidence that Earth is about to attack you imminently. Needless to say we need to destroy that planet before they destroy you... I know right? Wow... Anyway, I've already phoned King Woo, and whilst he's usually too lazy to take any actions or make any decisions, he says invading Earth is the best option... Oh I wouldn't bother phoning your king to find out what's going on, I told you already... Yes, I could be stirring things up but at the same time trust is very important. I trust you, you trust me, everyone is happy, right?... Thanks, I'm glad you agree with me!' The gang sigh with huge relief. Philip covers his face with his hand in frustration and continues 'What was that relieved sighing about? Oh, that was just my gang showing how happy they are that you'll be destroying Earth soon. I'm happy too!... Yep, that's all I phoned to say! Sorry it wasn't better news but Earth doesn't stand a chance anyway, right?' Philip chuckles and says 'Ok, bye!' cheerfully.

An orange, pyramid shaped alien with one eye on the top of his body/face, a mouth just below it, two hands sticking out of his sides and wearing a military uniform decorated with countless medals sits in the centre of a room. There are no windows. Surrounding him are dozens of similar aliens sitting on the floor and typing on keyboards with computers behind them. The alien in the middle of the area hovers around the room as he addresses his workers 'I've just had a totally valid call

warning us that Earth is about to try and destroy this great planet very soon. How about we send them a message by firing our fastest, meanest, most destructive missile we have at them? After that, we can mobilise our whole damn military force!' An alien puts his hand up. The boss asks 'Yes?' The curious alien asks 'Who told you?' The boss continues 'Good question. It was Philip the Angry Gerbil.' The other alien says 'It's just that we have a file on him and it suggests that he is paranoid, angry and may even have schizophrenia...'

The boss scratches his head and says 'A good point...' The other alien says 'Maybe we should get the king's opinion, first?' The boss says 'Look, he's far too lazy to talk to anyone most of the time and we simply don't have that kind of time. Just send the damn missile, ok?' The other triangular extraterrestrial says 'well... if you're sure if that's the right thing to do in this rather dangerous situation...' There is an annoyed silence from the leader. Another alien worker says 'I'll send the missile, right now, sir...' After a few seconds of typing a thunderous rumbling is heard that gradually gets quieter. Over the noise, the boss shouts 'Wow... THAT'S a missile...' The 2nd alien worker says 'Well... as our planet is hidden just behind Jupiter at all times and our weapons can travel roughly a quarter the speed of light, that means our missile will reach Earth in just one hour!' The boss says 'Excellent. There will almost certainly be a few gerbils that will be harmed, but Philip doesn't need to know! Actually, I'm a little bit surprised that concern wasn't raised with me.' Philip is still sitting on his sofa whilst puffing a cigar. He suddenly spits the thing out and shouts 'THE GERBILS!'

Back in the darkness of Area 5000, Arthur Noble coughs and says 'Friends, I need to clear something up.' A literally shadowy figure asks 'yes?' and the leader says 'When we said we saw just the one missile being shot down by the alien planet... it was lots of missiles, wasn't it?' The same agent responds 'Oh yeah. Does that matter?' Arthur replies 'Well... it was a plot hole, wasn't it? When, not IF a movie gets made about this whole situation, it's the kind of thing we'll have to clarify. It's just those missiles were flying so damn close together it LOOKED like one! Does that put things right?' The agent says 'You know what? I think that will do. Arthur says 'Thanks for that. If anything I find plot holes to be more annoying than potholes which is an interesting play on words, isn't it?' The agent says 'Very amusing, sir. It's just that... well there are bigger things to worry about, surely?' Arthur says 'Of course. To be fair though pot holes will be a worry if you're travelling a few hundred miles per hour over them... I do feel bad about people not travelling fast enough and getting arrested, I just believe in justice, that's all.'

Whiskers is lying on an extra-fluffy rug in the middle of a warm-coloured room. Also in the room are sofas facing a TV. The curtains are drawn, I believe it's called a 'lounge'! The pet gets patted on the head by a mysterious kneeling man in black and wearing sunglasses. The cat stretches and yawns and then says 'Thank you for helping me broadcast my message to the world, by the way. I've been thinking these last few minutes...' The man asks 'Thinking what?' as he continues petting. The cat continues 'It will be a challenging mission, but we find out when and where Sexy Moon Bazooka's next big TV speech is. As he's speaking, we rush behind him and past security, we place a minimum speed sign of one hundred thousand miles per hour, and when everyone sees he can only run ten or so miles an hour, everyone loses his respect for him, he gets jailed and they make me leader instead...' The

man stands up and smiles 'Whiskers! That was brilliant! Not only will it change everything, I can totally organise that for you! I have worked for the intelligence services after all! You and I both know why I had to leave, and we both know why I left in secret. We're the same...'

The farmer is still in somewhat of a daze as he looks at the destruction and distressed animals in disbelief. He tuts to himself as he turns to his barn and sees it crumble to the ground. The tank commander gently taps on the farmer from behind. The worker turns to face him as the military man smiles awkwardly and says 'Rough day, huh?' The farmer responds 'You have no idea... Where in God's name did you come from?' The tank commander laughs 'In these times where you're expected to run faster than jet fighters, you learn to adapt!' The farmer says 'How fast can you run? And how do you do it so quietly??' The leader says 'Forget that. I wanted to apologise. About your farm, I mean. One of my tanks blew it up.' The farmer looks sad 'What did I do??' The leader looks down 'You did nothing wrong... It was an accident, please forgive me.' The farmer says 'You could pay for a new farm, maybe?' The leader says 'Could do, could do... The thing is I don't really have much money but what I DO have is a tank! Would you like one?' The farmer looks up in thought and finally says '... Sure!'

In Area 5000, all screens on the walls show a missile in space flying at incredible speeds. The room's lighting flashes red, repeatedly lighting up the staff. A woman's voice says 'Emergency, emergency!' over and over again and Arthur shouts over the chaos 'A super duper mega missile is flying right towards us from planet Boo! We only have one hour until impact, does anyone have any suggestions??' A man puts his hand up and the boss asks 'Yes?' The man replies 'Lots of laser pens?' The boss says 'Bingo. That missile may be damn fast, but it can't outrun a laser, we just need to sellotape thousands, perhaps even millions together. This is going to be a massive job, but laser pen production is going very well. As we need the super pen ASAP, I suggest contacting the laser pen factory, right now. Those once delivering the pens need to help out too, everyone needs to get involved. Not only that, firing all the lasers together will require a ton of effort and manpower. May God help us all...' Another worker puts his hand up. The boss asks 'Yes?' The worker says 'Why ARE three planets slash moons attacking each other now, anyway?' Arthur says '... I don't know...'

Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter McDonalds are lying on a king sized bed as they watch cartoons on a huge flat screen TV in front of them. The carpet, walls and ceiling are all gold and diamond chandeliers hang. The mother says 'THIS is living. Thank McDonalds... for saving the world and earning the five star hotel room. I mean... This is great!' The child says 'Yes, I should save the world more often!' The TV switches to a news broadcast. On the program, a female news reporter behind a desk is gravely serious 'Viewers, I hate to say this, but a new missile is approaching Earth as I speak. A faster, more powerful, more badass weapon than ever before. McDonalds Jenkins, if you're watching this... Please help!' A phone rings from the child's pocket and she takes the call 'Hello?... Arthur Noble?... Do I have any ideas on how to stop the missile? Well... how about more laser pens?... I'm a legend, you completely agree and you want me to visit you in Area 5000 to discuss ideas? But all I suggested was more of the same!... You know and it was awesome?... The laser pen factory boss loves me, too?'

In the red-lit moon prison, Ryu, Ken and Biff are still held in the tubes with green lasers behind and in front of them. The Street Fighter says 'Look, I know you're all scared and want to get out of here as soon as possible, but this is really hard, that's all...' Ken shouts 'Just tell me what we have to do!!' Ryu slaps himself in the face repeatedly. Biff asks 'What are you doing??' in disbelief. Ryu sighs 'I'm building myself up!' Biff screams 'WHY?' Ryu tries to calm himself down 'Look, it's very simple getting out of here really, but it's hard too.' Ken shouts 'What does that even mean??' Ryu says 'All I have to do is say one phrase. HOWEVER, I really don't want to say it. The reason it's such an effective password is because it's the kind of thing I'd NEVER say and at the same time Philip really means it, he has done way back in my Super Nintendo years as he found my character to be annoying, that gerbil keeper is smart!' Ken says 'Say the God damn phrase!' Ryu looks down in shame and mumbles 'Ryu is a twat...' Ken and Biff burst out laughing. The former says 'What did you just say??' Ryu says 'Ryu... is a twat'.

The tubes suddenly disappear and Ryu comments 'Great. Now we have to deal with the lasers'. Ken asks 'And how do we disable them? You don't have to say the same thing again, do you?' Ken and Biff smile. Ryu stamps in anger 'Yes. You open locked doors that way, too...' Ken yells 'Ryu is a twat!' Ryu stares at Ken and says 'I'm warning you... you can say that if you have to, fine, but you can't enjoy it.' The lasers disappear to the relief of everyone. Biff bites his thumb 'Now all we have to do is worry about Philip finding and killing us...' Ryu nods 'Exactly. Whilst we do only have a small chance of escape, it IS better than certainly dying here, though.' Ken says 'If Philip is onto us already, that means we have maybe one minute to live?' Ryu says 'Yep. I suggest making a run for it right now. I've memorised the map of this whole moon base so I do know where to go, but it's not going to be easy... Ok... I guess... Ryu is a twat...' The prison door opens.

Constable Smith and Agent 47 are walking through fields with more scattered trees, as they admire the scenery, looking all around. (Apart from up). The Agent says 'It was the right thing you know? Giving our dingy and fishing equipment away to a seven year old boy, so he could try and find the SRK for himself?' Smith nods 'Oh definitely, some children are very smart. Brave, too.' The Agent points to the sky with his mouth open wide. He eventually says 'Now THAT'S a fast missile... Seriously badass, too...' Smith asks 'How fast is it going??' The Agent says 'God knows... A quarter of light speed, maybe? If it really is going that fast, we are going to need a lot more laser pens...' Smith asks 'How powerful do you think the missile is? And why is it coming here??' The Agent says 'That's for Area 5000 to find out. If I had to guess? Philip has gone mad and said something weird to an alien race who he seems to be fighting. Whatever was said, clearly someone out there has taken it very seriously...'

In Mooboo's war room, the field marshal addresses his workers 'Great, our special missile is making great progress, already. Now's the time to mobilise our whole damn army!' Everyone cheers. Mooboo continues 'I want my tanks loaded into my spaceships right now, I want my soldiers in my ships as well, every single one of them! Once the missile causes maximum chaos, we simply claim the Earth as ours! Let's see that planet harm us, now! They won't even destroy a single tank of ours!' Everyone cheers again. Mooboo hesitates 'Well, I want you to do that after I get the one confirmation from King Woo. God knows when he'll reply to my call, though. It

could be well into next week...' He retrieves a phone from under his uniform and makes a call 'Hello?... King Woo?... Are you there?' He hangs up and says 'Nothing...' He puts the device back and says 'I suppose in the meantime, we do need to work out how deal with the problem of Earth's weapons. I guess I got cocky...'