It's a dimly-lit room. An impeccably well-groomed cat on a bare, two-foot-high stage poses for a bearded and greasy-haired man. He stands behind a massive camera on wheels on the floor. On the wall in front of him are pictures of other cats. He says things like 'Beautiful, beautiful… make the other cats jealous, Spot. I'm going to make you an even bigger star than you are, now…' A dozen or so similar animals hang around by the side of the stage and also on the floor. On the other end of the room are a few rows of seated adults of all shapes and sizes but mostly old ladies, with cats on their laps. A secret agent enters the room through a door on the left. The cameraman stops filming and turns to the newcomer, irritated 'Who are you? Do you have an appointment? I've never met you, before. You do know this is Kyle's Beauty School for Cats, don't you?' The agent is cool 'I just have one question for you and I'll get out of your hair.' The cameraman taps his foot in annoyance 'Go on.' The agent continues 'You haven't seen an evil cat calling himself 'Whiskers' and a mysterious man dressed in black, have you?' The cameraman sighs 'You're dressed in black…' The agent replies 'No, I mean someone else.' The cameraman is blunt 'I've seen neither.' The agent responds 'Oh. It's just I thought the cat might be here, that's all. I thought he might be looking for love.' The cameraman taps harder 'Are you a weirdo?' The agent says 'No…' 'Why are you here, then?' The agent says 'I've told you! I'm looking for an evil cat and someone who looks exactly the same as me but isn't the same! Oh, forget it!'

King Woo is alone, bobbing up and down on his extra bouncy, circular bed. Do you think it has lots of pillows on it? No, the bed IS the pillow. Countless pillows cover the floor and the walls and ceiling are made of pillows, too. The ruler comments 'Ah, the comfy room, I certainly need it right now. Radio, play me 'Simon's Special Electronica'.' Simon's 'boo' music plays. The king comments 'This stuff is getting me seriously pumped. Not enough to make me get out of bed, though. Anyway, fancy my own planet starting a war without my permission. Those responsible need to get seriously punished but the punishment room is just so far away.' He retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello? It's King Woo, I want you to punish all those responsible for starting a war with Earth, even though it was a good idea… Who's responsible, you ask? Do you really think I have the energy to tell you whilst I'm chilling out in my comfy room?? Find out for yourself!… Who's in my room saying 'boo' over and over again? Have you been living under a rock?? It's only this planet's biggest electronica artist!… Oh, you thought I was having a party with like-minded individuals, I understand. Ok, you can go now, boo. Sorry, I mean 'bye'. No, I do mean 'boo' actually. Good day, boo.' The king talks to himself 'I must ask Simon if he's working on any more material, this music is the (rhymes with 'hit'). I simply love the song that says 'wooooooo', it's so catchy!'

Fred Blackwell is now dressed in black and white-striped clothes, sitting in the same cell as Keema Nan, by her side. He says 'Nice to meet you. I've never really been in jail, before. I've done something pretty bad though, which is why I've been sent here so quickly. I was actually flown here by supersonic jet fighters. What a day, what a day.' The granny is curious 'What did you do?' Fred says 'I referred to a huge number I'm not allowed to say. It's all over for me now. I had a wife and family, now I've thrown it all away, I've been such a fool.' The granny smiles warmly' You think THAT'S bad? I was walking WAY too slow! You do know what happens to people going as slow as me, don't you?' Fred nods 'They throw the book at you.' The granny replies 'Exactly. You've done nothing wrong and neither have I. Fred, will you do

something for me?' Fred asks 'What?' The OAP says 'I want you to say the word 'infinity'. Is that what you said?' Fred laughs nervously 'Yes, but I couldn't! You shouldn't!' The granny is serious 'I'm deadly serious. Both of us getting treated this way? It's not acceptable. Infinity, infinity, infinity!' Fred rolls on the floor laughing. The granny says 'Ok, you can stop now, you shouldn't be THIS brazen.' Fred pulls himself together and stands up 'Of course.' Keema Nan pulls a mobile from her pocket. Fred freezes still 'What's that??' Meowing sounds come from the device and the OAP laughs 'I'd just ignore that, Fred, that has nothing to do with my mission.'

Fred looks puzzled 'You've been watching cat videos?' The granny says 'Yes, but I've been given the phone to film the guards not walking fast enough. I'll then send the footage to a secretive cat called 'Whiskers' and he'll share it with the whole world. When it's seen what really happens in these jails, we'll be let free as will everybody!' Fred rubs his chin 'Now THAT'S a good idea.' A man is heard walking to Fred and Keema Nan's cell from outside. She casually puts the phone in her pocket, with the device's camera only just sticking out and turns the camera on. She loudly says 'Dearest guard, I've listened to what you've said about me not walking nowhere near fast enough and I COMPLETELY agree with you.' The guard sounds confused 'You do?' The granny is cheerful 'Sure! Can I try, now? If it's not too much trouble, I mean?' The guard opens the cell door with a malevolent smile 'Sure. Try RIGHT now.' The granny says 'Will you run with me? It would mean the world.' The guard says 'Sure, I'll run with you'. Keema leaves herself and does a light jog around the jail outskirts with the guard still by her side. She says 'I'm doing it, everybody! I'm running as fast as I can!' The other locked-up prisoners shout encouragements. The guard laughs 'That was a pathetic attempt of running fast enough. Come with me to solitary confinement.' Keema Nan looks down 'Oh really? I thought I would finally be complying with this 100% legit and logical law… Well, rules are rules, I suppose…' The guard scratches his head.

A man with blood all over his clothes and part of his skull missing limps on a busy street's pavement with terraced houses on both his sides. It's a sunny day, at least. Various pedestrians stare and say things like 'Dude… Are you ok?' The casualty mumbles just loud enough to be heard 'Just ignore me. You don't want to get involved, trust me. You'll only make yourselves part of the crime.' The witnesses nod with understanding and go about their days. Out of nowhere, a man with a jetpack crashes onto the road immediately in front of the other casualty. The latter says 'Not going fast enough, eh?' The other man picks himself off the ground and slams his jetpack down. He says 'I think I've cracked my ribs…' The other man laughs 'I wouldn't worry, part of my brain is missing. Look, we need to get out of here. Follow me to the forest not far from here. It's either we start a new, survivalist life together or we get sent away for good. Do you like your family or do you find them annoying?' The other man replies 'I guess if I were to leave them behind, I wouldn't have to put up with them asking things from me, anymore.' His new friend says 'Well, that was an incredibly selfish thing to say, but it was exactly what I wanted to hear. I know you're in a great deal of pain, but just act like everyone else. I'm sure I'll find a way to mend your bones. It will be experimental, but I think a branch can replace your broken ribs! That should of course be taken with a pinch of salt though as again, part of my brain is missing.'

Philip is marching through a bare and white corridor, dragging Bjorn, Henry, Gary

and Thomas Bachmann in that order on what look like two-wheeled scooters along with handles. All are connected by a rope and all have their hands and feet cuffed to the vehicles. The wheels give high pitched squeaks which makes the severity of the situation seem smaller, angering the captives even more. Philip carries gerbils in his cage with his other hand and speaks 'This is it, we're meeting my soon to be Earth bride Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene, right now. Do you have anything to say, Thomas? I haven't heard from you in ages, you look like you're in a complete daze…' Thomas breaks his silence 'Sorry, WHAT'S happening?' Philip sighs 'Look, we've been through this a million times, why don't you pay attention?' Thomas says 'Eh??' Philip replies 'Oh never mind. Anyway, before leaving for Earth, I need to rescue Ken, Biff and Ryu. You don't think they'll be mad at me, do you?' Thomas says 'Come again???' Bjorn says 'Philip, there is nothing special about Thomas at all, other than the amount he puts up with you. Everyone else is outraged. I don't care if Ryu and his friends absolutely hate you. This is not a happy experience for anyone here apart from you. What else wacky have you got to say??' Philip shrugs his shoulders 'I'm not sure. I still remember how you looked at me when I said gerbils can turn wool into gold. I can't wait to see your priceless faces when I prove my claims!' Henry says 'And this is what Gene is attracted to? Her and her special sheep-like hair? She should be going out with a movie star, not someone like you!' Philip is calm 'You're upset about having your freedom taken away from you. I understand that, but there is a better life ahead of you.'

Philip opens a door to see the three captives in the observation room. All look terrified. Philip on the other hand, looks ecstatic with energetic body language 'Great news, friends! You're free and you're coming with me back to Earth! You're not mad at me are you?' Ryu says 'Mad?? No! I mean… a little confused, maybe… I guess what me, Ken and Biff are wondering is… what will you say next?' Philip laughs 'How's this for a surprise: The helicopter you crashed? That's fine! Consider your debt already paid off!' Ken backs away 'Why?' Philip says 'Why? Because Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene has changed my ways!' Gary says 'Yeah? And what if she dumps you?' Philip screams 'If she dumps me?? You're all dead!!' Henry says 'See, this is what we all mean! This is not you changing your ways!' Philip is calm 'Sure it is. Look, come with me to my spaceship, you'll all enjoy the ride! There are some people who pay many millions for the trip alone!' Philip looks down 'Look… I'm sorry for shouting at you. I DID mean it, I'm not going to lie but at the same time me and Gene have a great thing going on, the only way you're going to end up dying is if Gene ends up turning into a pizza or something and those days are behind us.' Philip gives a kindhearted smile and continues 'Now let me hand and feet cuff you three as I drag you to the spaceship. Don't worry, I have more of these scooter-type things, even THEY are fun to ride!' Ken, Biff and Ryu start crying.

On planet Boo's grey and rocky surface, huge sound systems are scattered. More disturbingly, there are a hundred or so, one hundred metre-high space rockets with huge open doors on their base. All such crafts are right beside equally massive metallic structures not so different to pylons (but rectangular pylons) and all ships are one hundred metres apart. There is a line of ten battle tanks for each rocket. As a tank gets loaded into a rocket, it gets transported upwards by a lift and another tank gets loaded and so on and so on. Triangular, hexagonal, square, etc. aliens with hands and feet sticking out of their bodies and with eyes in their centres guide the tanks safely. Other aliens enter the rockets themselves. Hundreds of rockets in the

distance and in all directions shoot up in the sky and then towards Earth as fast as bullets, all leaving trails of thick smoke behind them in the shape of a curve. Everyone cheers and jumps up and down. Perhaps most impressive is the flat and triangular spaceship that is higher than any other flying craft. It must be a mile across and it travels at an ominous, slow speed. That is until it fires several jet boosters and accelerates forward, vanishing in an instant. An alien shouts over the hubbub 'Earth is (rhymes with 'ducked').' His friend replies 'Oh, I know. This is very exciting, a time to party!' Coincidentally, immediately after the warmongering comment, Simon's special 'Boo' music plays at an uncomfortably loud volume. The aliens jump up and down again.

Philip is sitting on a leather chair that circles the whole dome-shaped room. Gerbils in a cage are on his lap. A starry view is above and all around and the spaceship is flying at insane speeds. A number of jambs reinforce the windows (I recommend Googling 'jamb'. I had to Google what the sides of windows were called, anyway and I'm still not 100% sure I used the word correctly). Philip's gang on the other hand are gaffer-taped to the windows. Phil's mobile rings from his pocket and he answers it 'King Woo?… You've invaded Earth, just now? Your spaceships will reach Earth in minutes? Wow, what a coincidence, I'll be reaching Earth in minutes, too! Not to blow it up, though. In fact, I'm going to have to be fighting against you, I'm sorry… Yes, I know I was the one who told you to invade Earth in the first place… I'm not (expletive) mental, actually…' His gang shouts 'Oh yes you are! You're getting loopier and loopier every minute!' in unison. Philip continues with his call 'Anyway, I'm not mental actually. Quite the opposite in fact, I've just STOPPED being mental. You should, too. I trust that you'll be taking the welfare of Earth's gerbils into consideration?… No, because I've betrayed you?' Philip's face darkens 'Oh. You have absolutely no idea what you're in for now… Let me be as clear as possible: If one SINGLE gerbil gets injured or even upset, your whole planet is gone.'

Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene, with her famous sheep-like hair is wearing a red dress as she sits by a candlelit table, alone in a fancy dining room. The curtains are drawn and the lighting is dim. A laptop is immediately in front of her and she types as she talks 'Dear Simon, Philip the Angry Gerbil, or as I call him 'the Sweet Gerbil' will be visiting me very soon and I'd like you to meet him with me. I know you've been busy promoting your friend James on Wiedemanncomedy.com, but I think you deserve a break. One of the reasons I want you to meet him is to try and talk some sense into him and make his personality even kinder. One of my friends has changed his username to 'Gerbil Upsetter' as a joke, but I urged him to change it as it will only bring the worst out in my beloved Philip. I believe that one day Phil will be known only for his benevolence and his supervillain ways will be forever forgotten, much like my elderly friend Frank Smith. Who's he? No one knows! (Smiley face). Also, you have no idea how successful your music project is outside of this planet, Philip told me himself. My advice to you is to believe in yourself more, however Philip has also told me some of your fans are simply no good. In fact, he may even end up killing them in an interplanetary battle. Anyway, hopefully I haven't said anything that worries you. To lighten the atmosphere, I'll play your music now! Good day!' Gene says 'Radio, play Simon's special music'. It does so.

Whiskers and his accomplice are in the same wooden room and the latter is still sitting on the floor with his laptop in front of him. Now however, his eyes are lit up

with enthusiasm ‘Oh my God, I can’t believe Keema Nan has actually recorded the guard not going fast enough, this is seriously big news!’ The cat purrs as the man continues ‘Now that I’ve hacked the news channel, all I have to do is press a single button on my computer and the film will play on televisions all across the country through the news itself! After that, it will spread across the whole damn world!’ The man looks confused ‘Hm… Why has Keema Nan sent me cat videos? Oh never mind, it was probably a mistake.’ Whiskers comments ‘We probably don’t want to show cat videos on the news, it would detract from the seriousness of our message…’ The man replies ‘Exactly. For now, you can memorise the speech you were working on. Combined with the footage? Those currently in power won’t stand a damn chance!’ Whiskers is awkward ‘I don’t mean to sound silly or anything, but…’ The agent is curious ‘Yes?’ Whiskers says ‘Can I… watch some of the cat videos, please?’ The agent laughs ‘Of course you can. But try to keep focused on our goals, at least for now.’ Whiskers replies ‘Oh I’m focused, don’t you worry. You don’t by any chance have videos of Spot the cat, do you?’ The agent asks ‘Who?’ Whiskers looks embarrassed ‘Oh never mind’.